

*Blue
and
White*

2121

1881

May Phillips

20-

Paul M Phillips

1115 S Hope St.

Los Angeles Cal

Room 24. LAH5



Press of Kingsley-Barnes & Neuner Co.

Engravings by C. M. Davis Co.

Class Photos. by Schumacher



LIQUID AIR...

May revolutionize things in the commercial world. It may shake everything up and turn some things upside down, but it can never do away with BUSINESS; in fact

IT WILL CREATE MORE BUSINESS. That's why a business education will be even more desirable than now, and that's why this school is better prepared than ever to

EDUCATE YOUNG PEOPLE FOR BUSINESS

The past year has been very successful. Vacation? Not for us. We are now working harder than ever. No one need wait till fall. Enter now if you are ready. All departments in full blast. Take up any study desired.



SPECIAL SUMMER SCHOOL

Opens July 10th and continues for six weeks. In this the regular Commercial and Shorthand work can be pursued, or any of the High School branches.

Illustrated Catalogue Free. Call at the College, or write to the

Los Angeles Business College

212 WEST THIRD STREET

Telephone Main 568

INGLESIDE FLORAL CO.

F. EDWARD GRAY
Proprietor

140 South Spring St.
LOS ANGELES
CALIFORNIA

We grow all our own Flowers
and Plants at our Nurseries
at Alhambra. • • •

JOE POHEIM

THE TAILOR

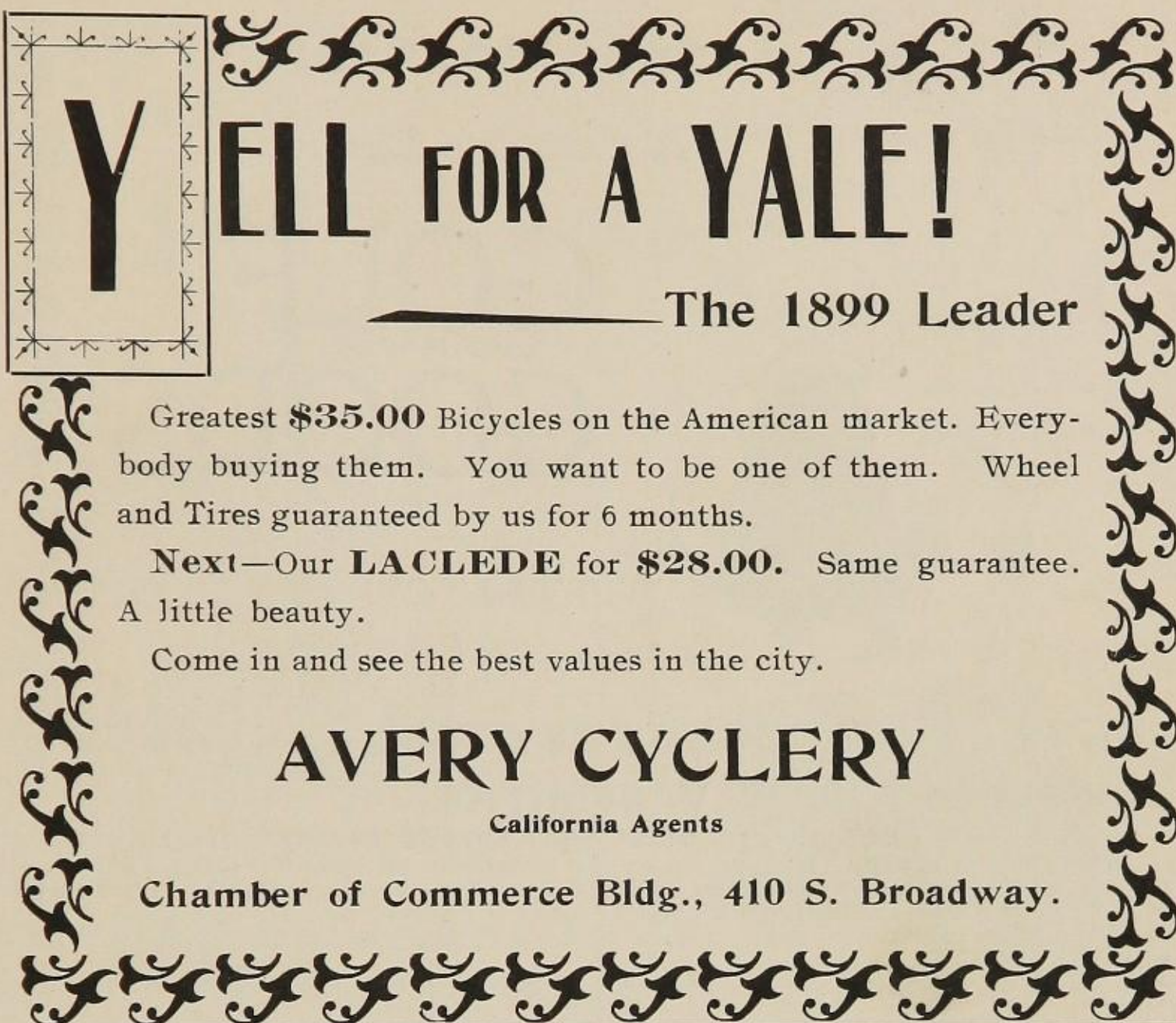


FOREIGN
AND DOMESTIC
WOOLENS



MODERATE PRICES

143 SOUTH SPRING STREET



Y

ELL FOR A YALE!

The 1899 Leader

Greatest **\$35.00** Bicycles on the American market. Everybody buying them. You want to be one of them. Wheel and Tires guaranteed by us for 6 months.

Next—Our **LACLEDE** for **\$28.00**. Same guarantee. A little beauty.

Come in and see the best values in the city.

AVERY CYCLERY

California Agents

Chamber of Commerce Bldg., 410 S. Broadway.

Personals.

No apology is made in presenting to you our personal department. In compiling these bits of nonsense, our aim has been "the greatest good for the greatest number."

It should be considered an honor to have one's name inserted among such a galaxy of stars, for it is only celebrated personages who appear on our pages.

All young gentlemen who are looking for trouble are referred to the young lady editor, as she has charge of the masculine department. Any young ladies wishing an interview will apply to the other editor ; but unless they are prompt it will be useless, as he is leaving on an acclimatizing trip to warmer places. Any information wanted will be sent by return mail, provided a stamp is enclosed.

We understand that Donald Irvin is making an exhaustive study of Chaucer.

For information about anyone else's affairs, apply to J. Pirnie Davidson or Leo Gibson.

A BARREL OF MONEY

TO LOAN ON ALL
FIRST-CLASS SECURITIES

SUCH AS

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, PIANOS, FURNITURE
REAL ESTATE, Etc., Etc.

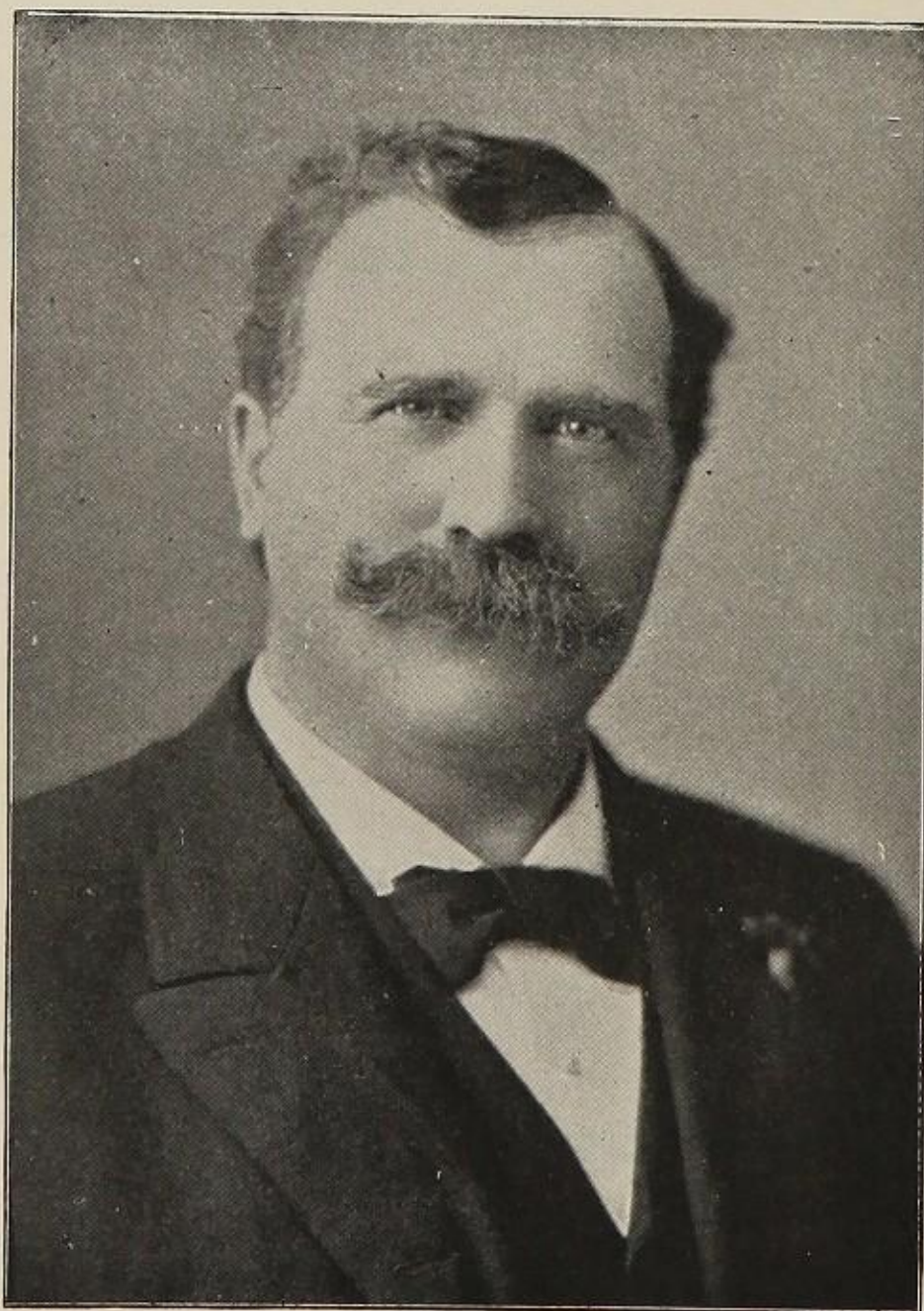
Loan from \$50,000 to \$175,000 every month, and in 15 years of this work have never lost a dollar for a customer, nor has there been a mortgage foreclosed. The records show it. Real estate for sale or exchanged in all parts of the United States. Please write me if you have property for sale or exchange for California property

If You Have Money To Loan

I can get you a good rate of interest and will guarantee every loan.

It matters not where you live, you can send it to me in New York draft P. O. Order or registered letter.

I have customers living in all parts of the United States. My reference is any of my customers, or inquire of your commercial agency.



I Loan on Income Property

in the city.

Improved
Orange
Lemon
Walnut
Prune and
Almond
Orchards.

Every loan is first-class.

You can draw your interest monthly, quarterly, semi-annually, or yearly, as you desire. Just let me know how YOU want it, and it will be done.



S. P. CREASINGER

218 SOUTH BROADWAY (ROOMS 207-208-209) LOS ANGELES, CAL.



H. C. Lichtenberger

CLASS OF '86



Artistic Picture Frames
Art Material ❧

Sole Agent for
SOULE'S UNMOUNTED PHOTOS

Educational Pictures Suitable
for School Rooms ❧

202 South Spring Street
Wilcox Bldg.



Who says Walton can't debate?

Florence Clute has left school on account of her ill health (?)

We are glad to hear that Boynton does not understand everything in Roberts' Rules.

Wasn't it considerate of Phila Johnson to advance the sixty-three dollars for the Senior B pins?

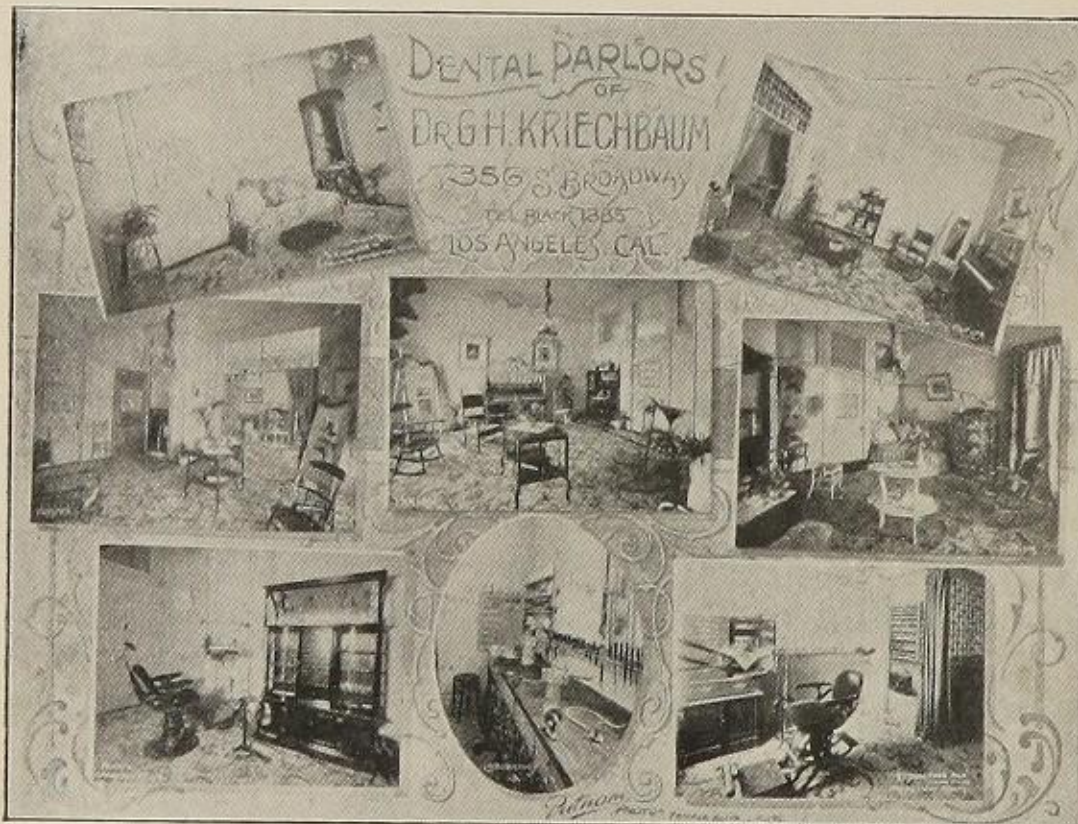
Frank Barham has just recovered the use of his leg, which was severely sprained. Who pulled it?

Jack Davidson makes an all right host, and so does Ham. They know how to do things up proper.

Who was it said that Sam Bonsall's trousers fit like the paper on the wall, or like umbrella covers, etc.

Samuel Kreider knows the exact dimensions of room 14. He has measured the floor. Of course the wax had nothing to do with it.

Kreichbaum Dental Parlors



MOST BEAUTIFUL
IN
LOS ANGELES

356 SOUTH BROADWAY

Rooms 8-9-10-11-12

Semi-Annual Fraternity Announcement.

At the earnest solicitation of the High School Fraternities, the Blue and White will issue, free, an announcement showing the various inducements offered by each.

Gamma Eta Kappa.—One of our important members *expects* to graduate this June. We would like to establish an auxiliary in Lambda Theta Phi. Tufts says it's possible.

Sigma Tau Epsilon.—We want to get into the High School awfully bad. Davy White says we may. Any boy as cute as he is will be admitted.

Pi Delta Koppa.—Don't join any "cheap sport" crowd, but apply to us. We will treat you right. Pembroke Thom belongs to us, in fact *is* us. No reasonable offer refused!

Lambda Theta Phi.—We are winners! Get in the push!! Our latest members are Ruth Bosbyshell and Joe Lewis. The D. I. X. wanted them, but we got there first. •Our colors are green and white; we hope they are not symbolical.

Beta Sigma.—We're the youngest, but they say practice makes perfect. Any eligible Senior A will be admitted. No left-overs need apply. We think Delta Sigma Delta is cheap.

Delta Iota Chi.—Wanted—Some brilliant, studious new members. All additions made on the wholesale plan. We average three a day. Come early and avoid the rush, and bring your friends.

Phi Sigma.—We are the only hot numbers in the school. We have the President and Treasurer of Star and Crescent, the editor of Blue and White, and OLIN WELLBORN. We all wear No. 8 hats.



In Glancing Over ❀

The pages of this book note the beautiful half-tones of the different members of the class. This can only be accomplished from good photographic work, such as is made by ❀ ❀ ❀

Schumacher

Of 107 North Spring Street

Los Angeles. ❀

Who has been the official photographer for the class, and many others, whose portraits are among the collection of the High School.

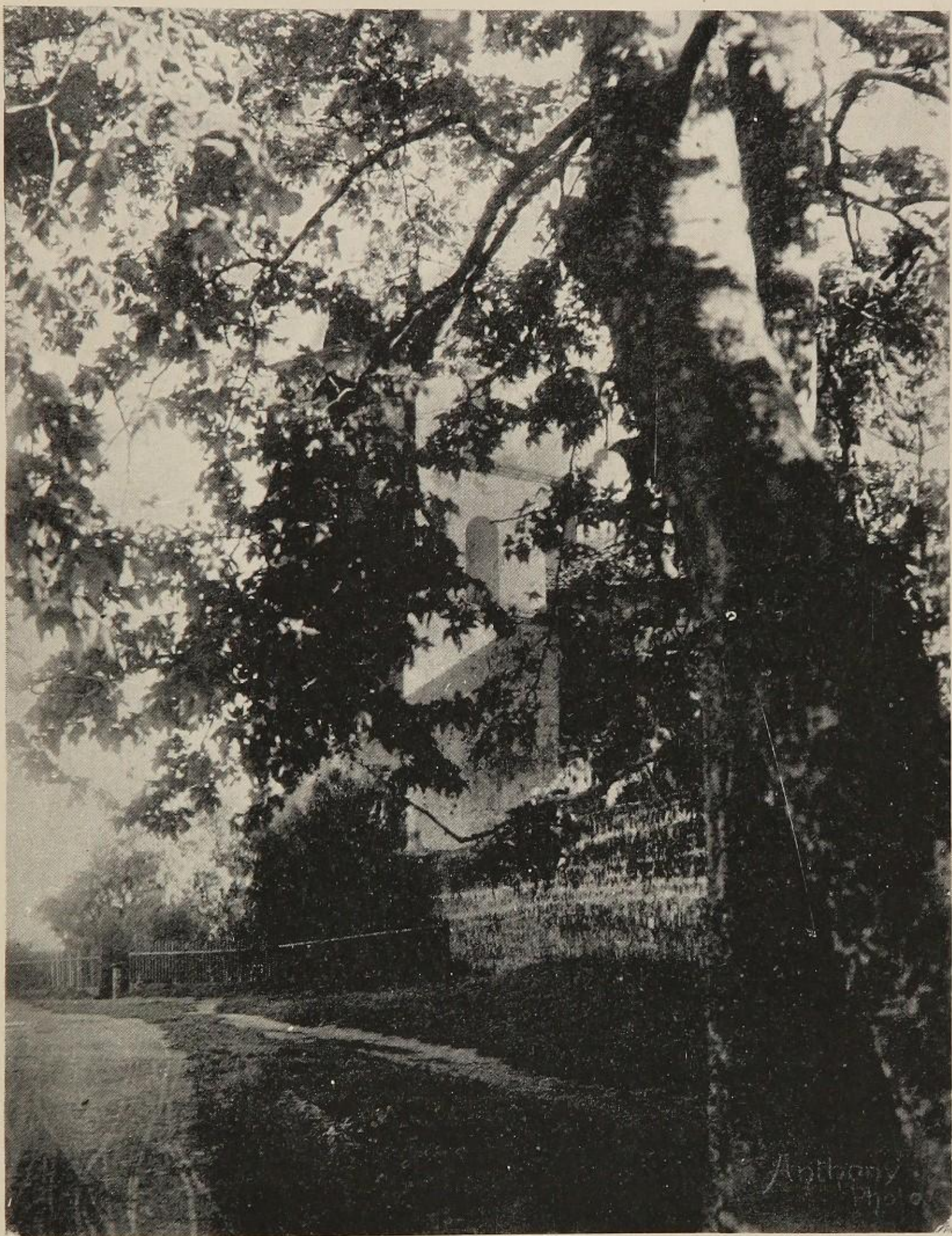
This studio has the reputation of doing a high grade of work, surpassed by no one, and the work turned out of this studio in the past fifteen years bears out this assertion.

The highest medals have been awarded on its work, such as

Gold Medal at World's Fair, Chicago, 1893 ❀ ❀

1st Prize Gold Medal, above all other Photographers, Mid-Winter Fair, San Francisco, 1894

And at all exhibits where work was entered in competition in Southern California this studio has been awarded first prize above all others.



Frontispiece.

Dedication.

To whom, O Muses kind, shall we indite

This product of our willing hands and hearts,—
Of Summer Ninety-nine the Blue and White?

And whom shall we endow
With all the bright renown we have obtained

During our four-years' course? Whom but the one
From whom our store of knowledge has been gained?

To thee, our Alma Mater, we inscribe

This book, a tribute to thy loving care;

For now the time has come when we must part.

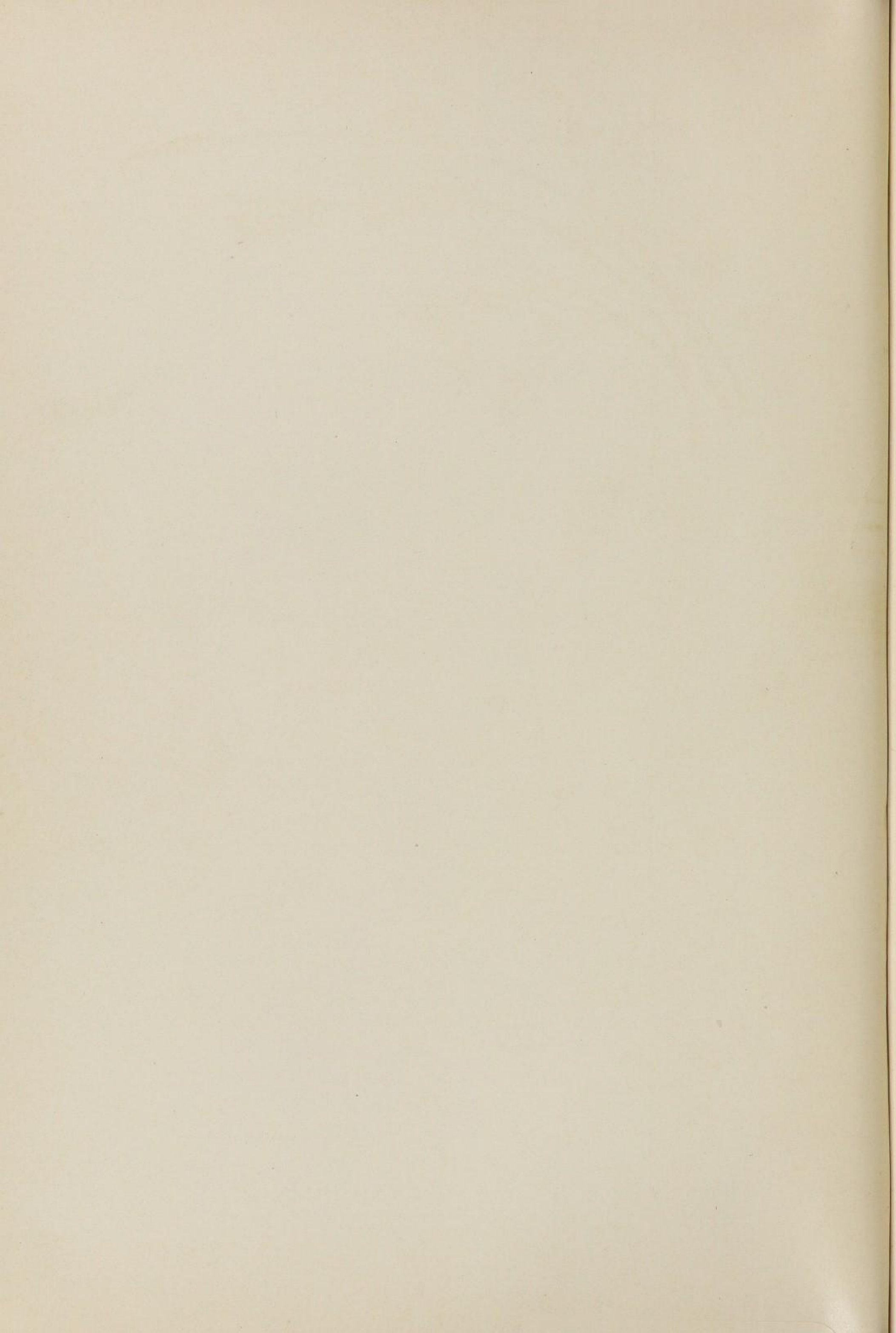
And so to fate we bow,

And bid to thee and thine a long farewell.

B. T., S. '99.



Published by the
Summer Class of '99





FORD SMITH and LITTLE CO.

329 South Broadway,
Los Angeles.

PRINTING, STATIONERY AND ENGRAVING.

Specialties :

Wedding Invitations

and Announcements,

at Home Cards,

Calling Cards.

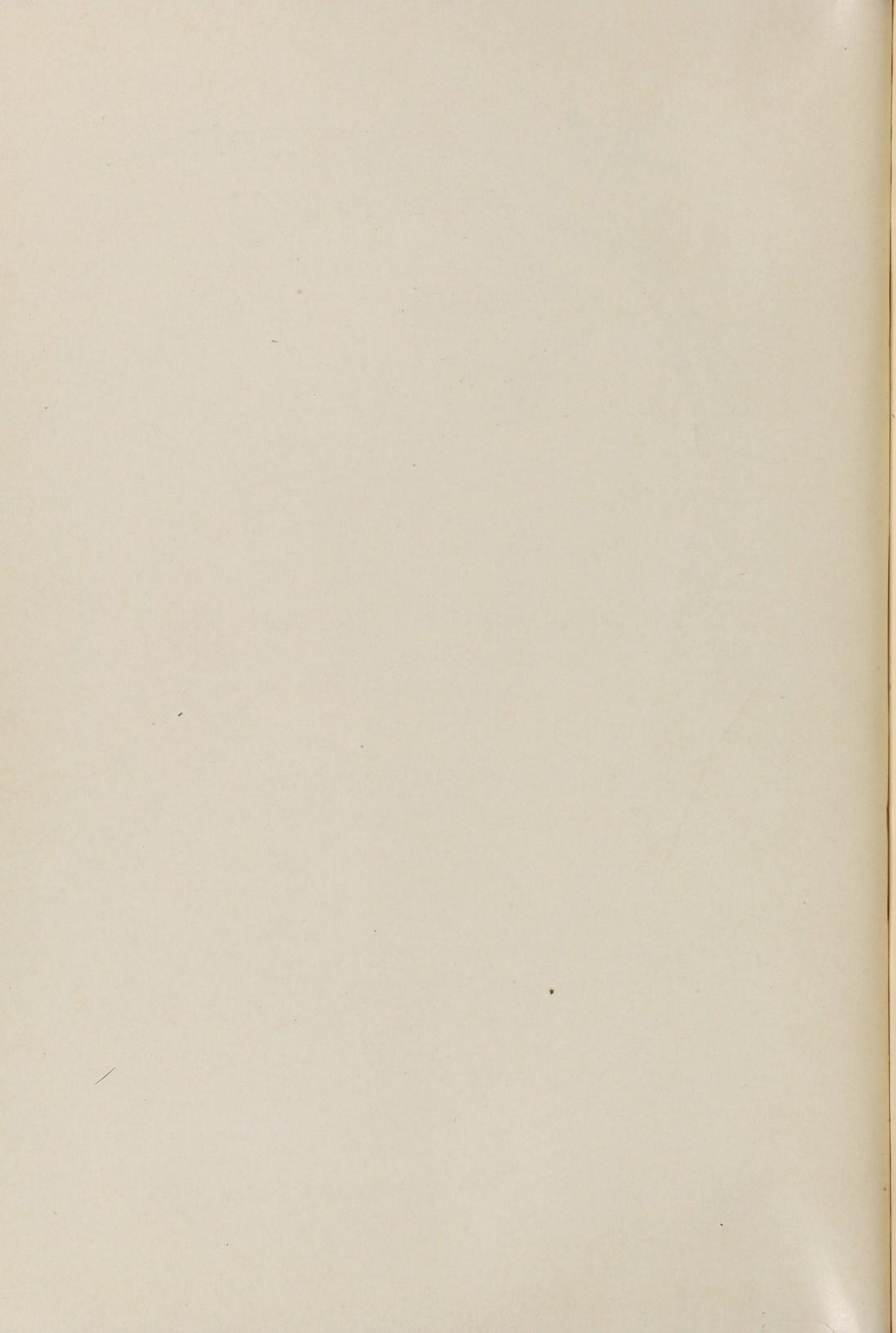
Tally Cards,

Dinner Cards,

Favors,

Souvenirs.

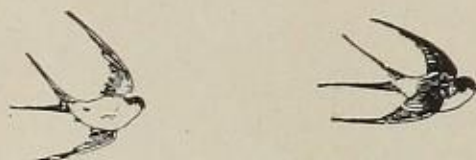
Monogram and Address Stationery.





Los Angeles High School

ANTHONY, PHOTO



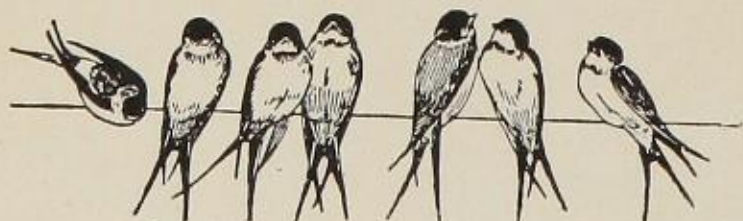
EEDITORIAL STAFF

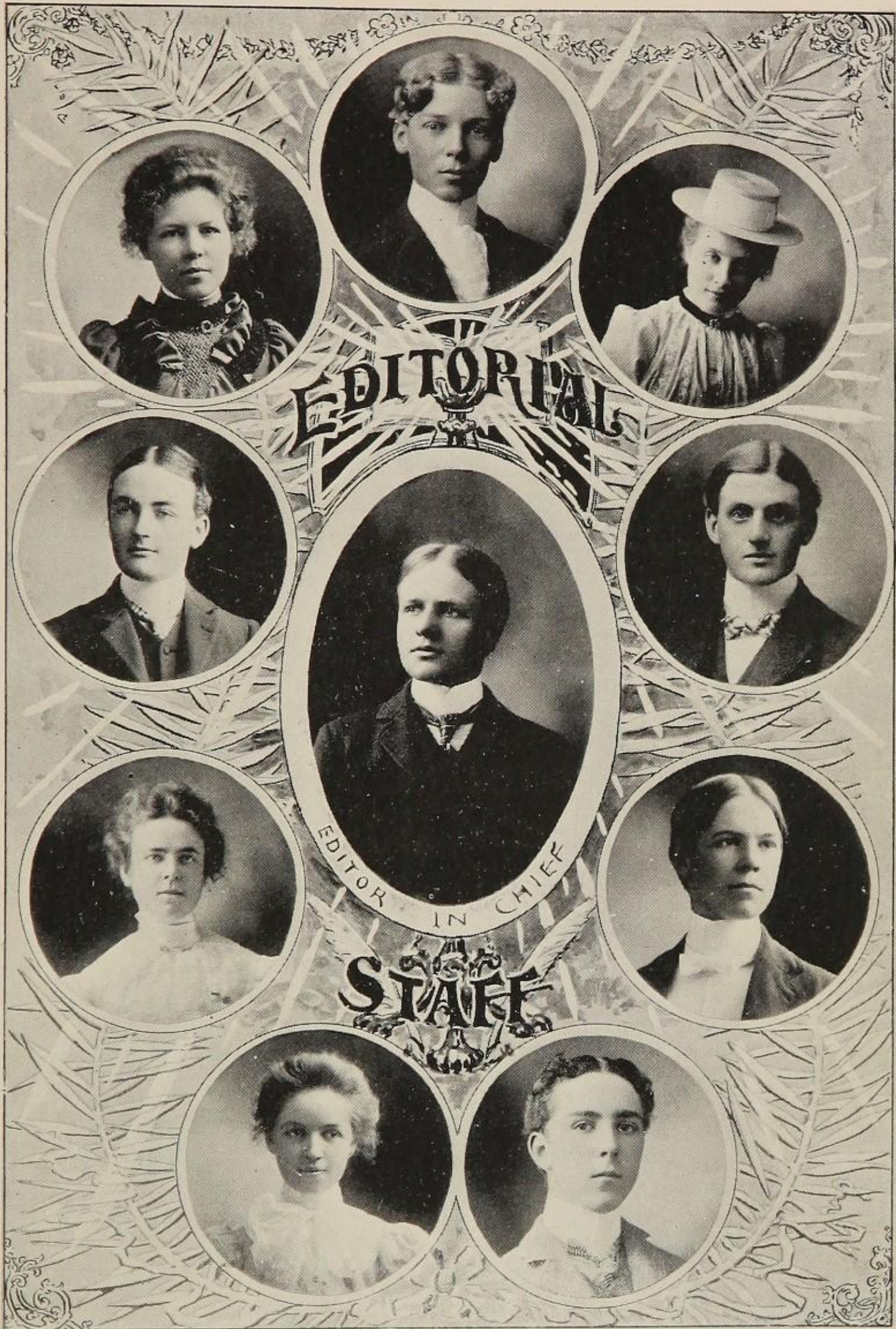


Editor in Chief - - - ROY PALMER HILLMAN

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Literary	-	-	-	-	BEATRICE SNOW
Alma Mater	-	-	-	-	CLINTON JUDY
Athletic	-	-	-	-	WILLIAM HUNTER
Organizations	-	-	-	-	JOHN BOWLER
Society	-	-	-	-	ROWENA MOORE
Senior A	-	-	-	-	STELLA SCHMIDT
Fraternity	-	-	-	-	HARRY WALTON
Personal	-	-	-	-	{ HELEN NORTH EARLE ANTHONY





Beatrice Snow
Harry Walton
Helen North

Rowena Moore

John Bowler
Roy P. Hillman

Earle Anthony

Stella Schmidt
William Hunter
Clinton Judy

MANAGERIAL STAFF



Manager in Chief - - - ARTHUR C. WRIGHT

PHILO LINDLEY

FLORENCE FIELD

JOHN LASHBROOKE



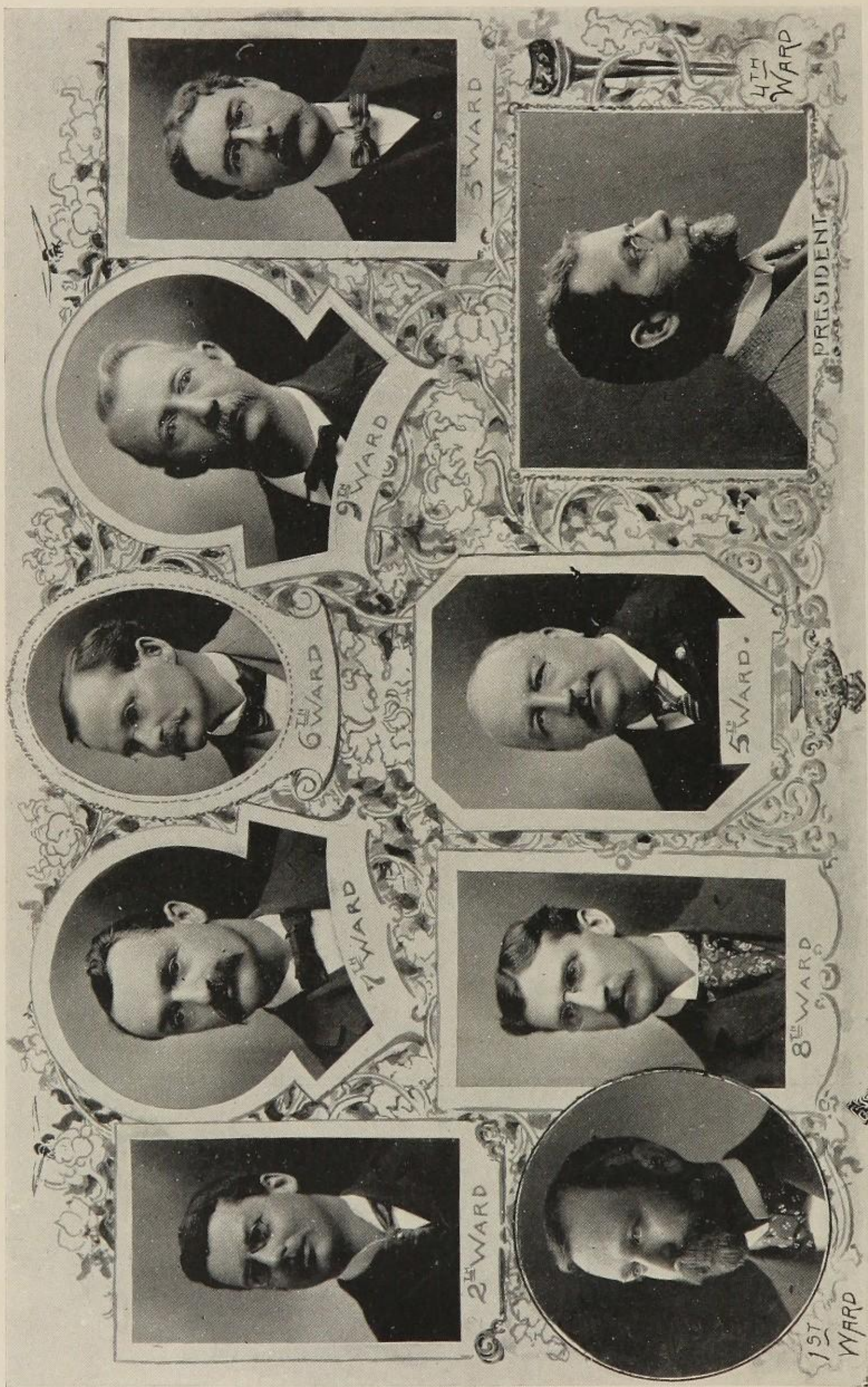


Arthur C. Wright

Florence Field

Philo Lindley

John Lashbrooke



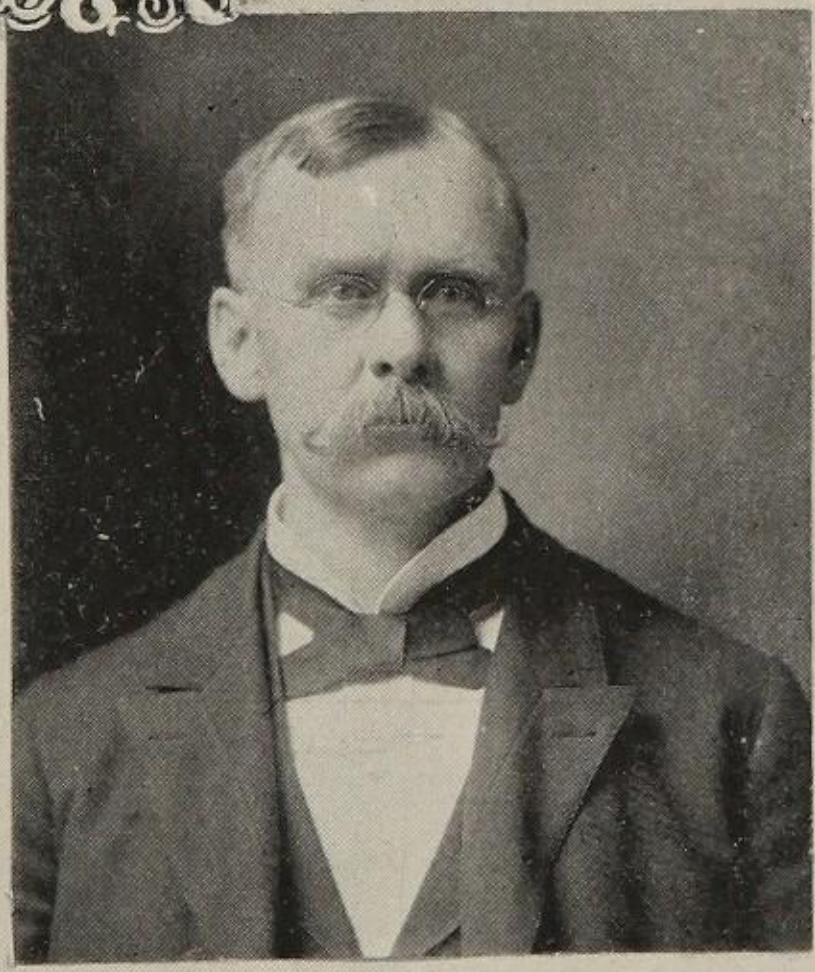
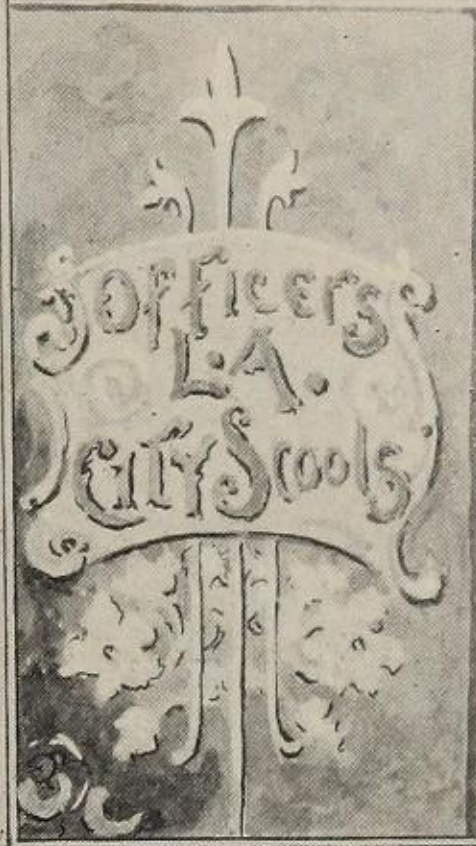
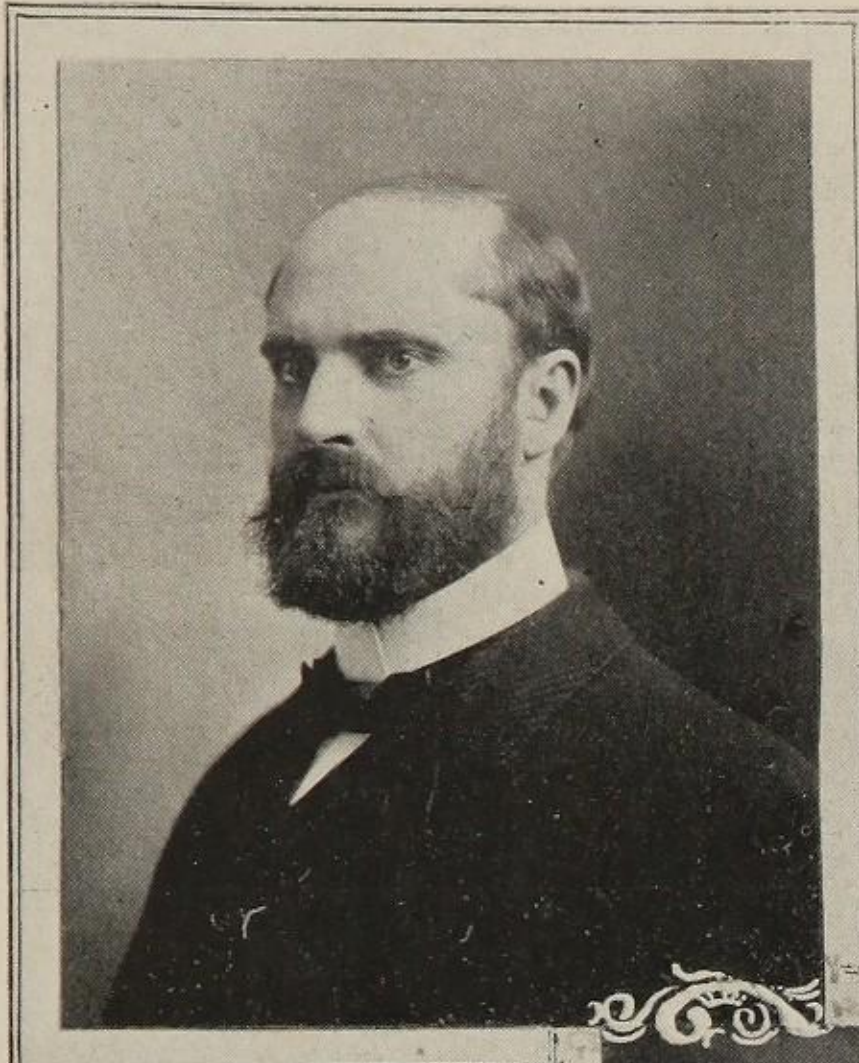
Wm. Chambers
W. J. Washburn

H. I. Jones
Wm. H. Stearns

Charles Udell
Wm. Wincup

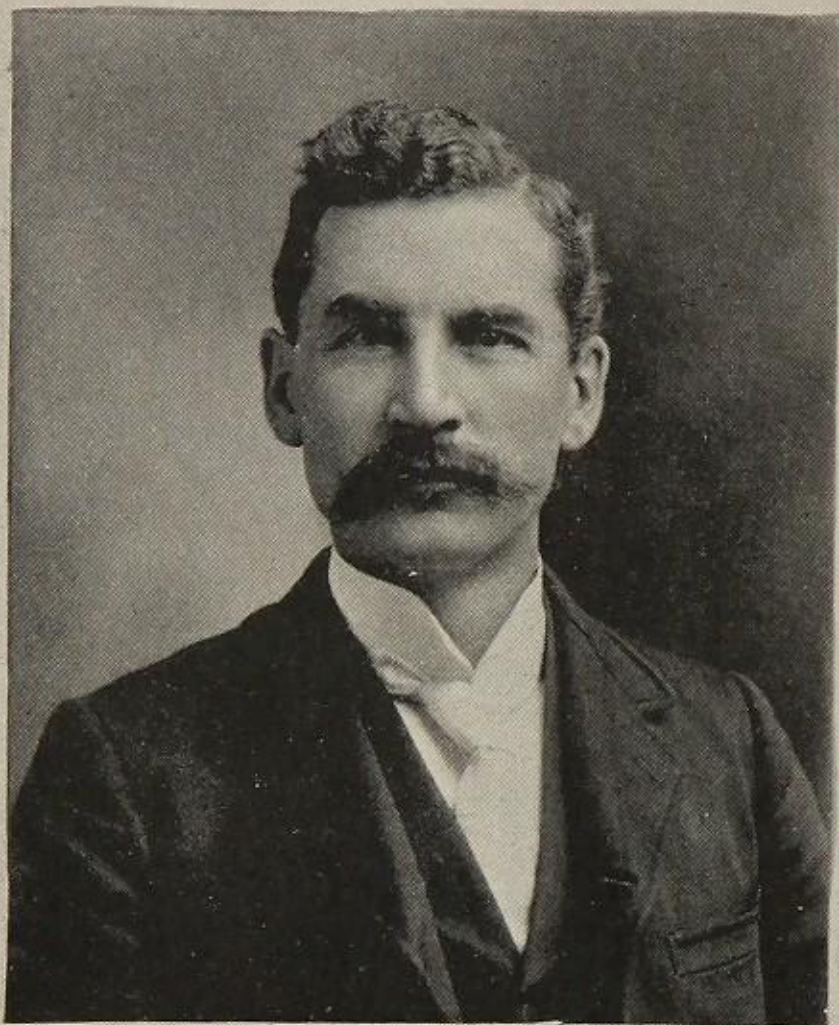
J. W. Hendrick
Chas. C. Davis

R. L. Horton



James A. Foshay, Superintendent

C. L. Ennis, Deputy



W. H. Housh, Principal



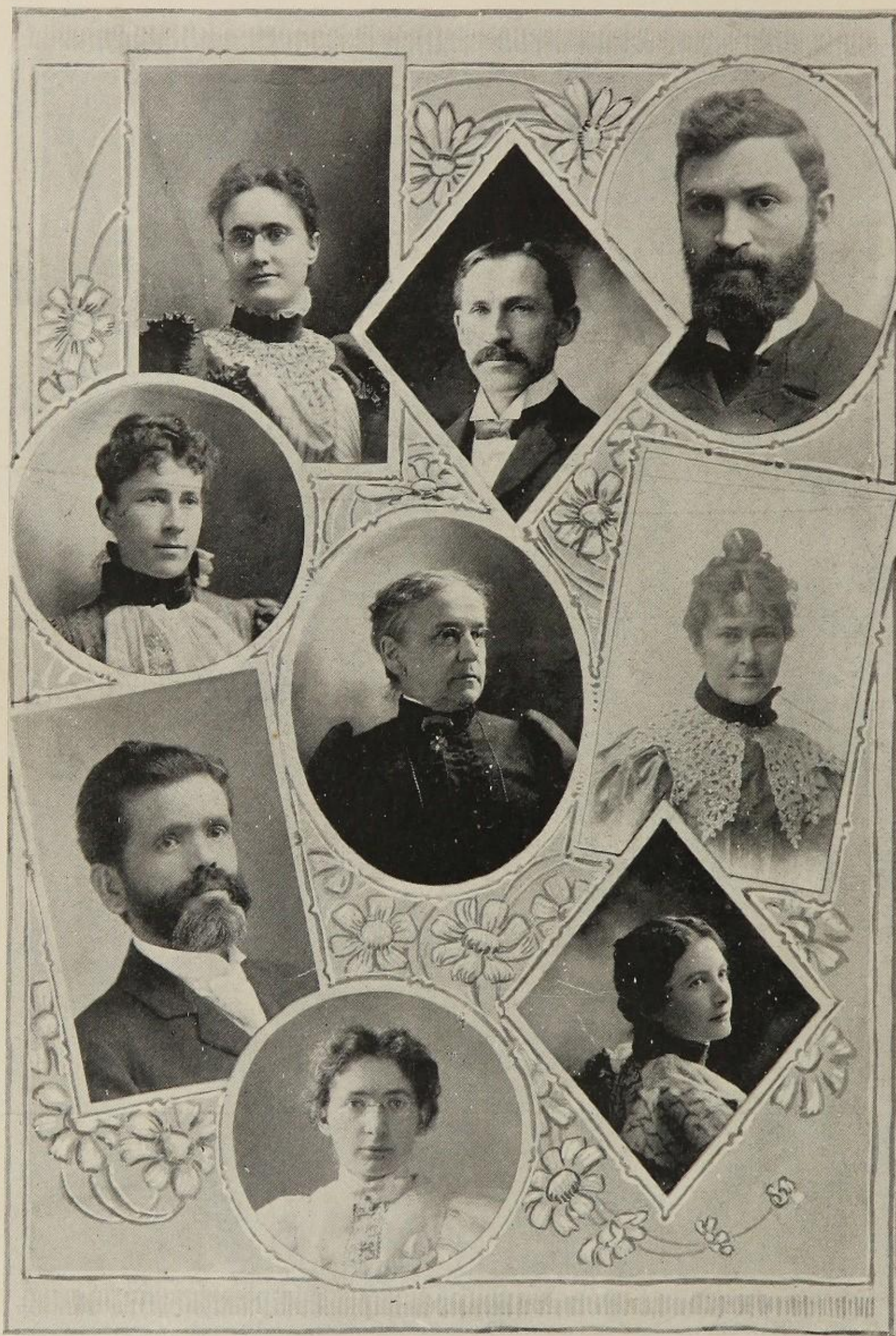
Mrs. M. J. Frick, Vice-Principal



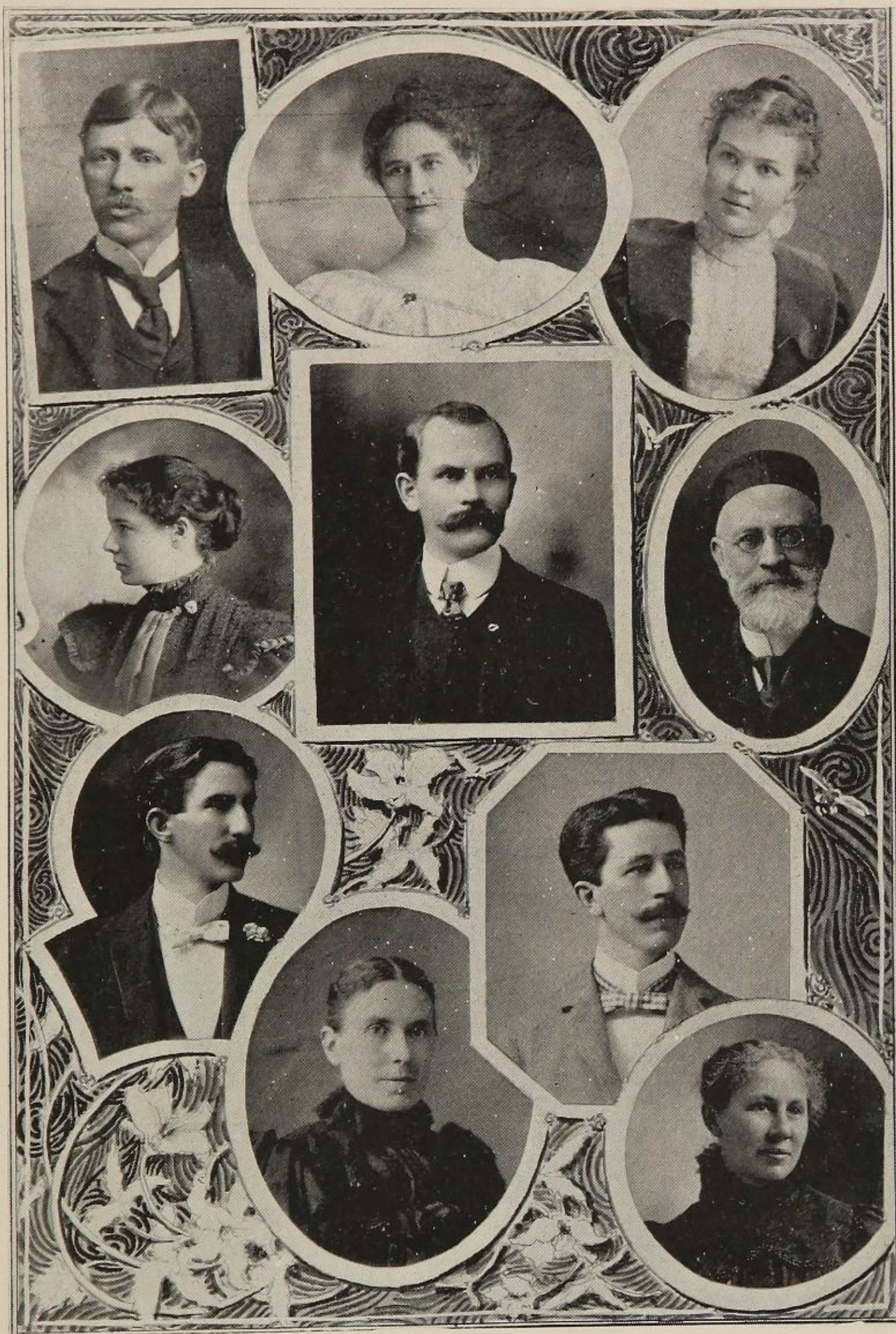
A. G. Van Gorder
Miss Florence Dunham
J. W. McPherron

Mrs. Regina Dixon
A. E. Baker
Miss Alma S. Brigham

Miss Margaret Huston
Miss Helen M. Wooster
Miss Helen W. Davis



Miss Maud Blanchard	J. W. Henry	Geo. L. Leslie
Miss Frances V. Harrow	Mrs. C. P. Bradfield	Miss Blanche Leviele
Carlos Bransby	Miss Emily C. Clark	Miss Anna Stewart



W. H. Wagner
Miss Gertrude Henderson
Milton Carlson

Miss Ida M. Frye
J. H. Francis
Mrs. Susan M. Dorsey

Miss Bertha Oliver
Wm. Haveman
L. G. Brown
Miss Louise M. Hutchinson



Miss Bertha Hall

Miss Elizabeth Palmer

B. F. Wright

Miss Stella Young

Miss Margaret Philipson

Miss Eleanor M. Joy

S. E. Coleman

Chas. A. Kunon

Miss Katherin V. Morrissey

H. La V. Twining

FACULTY LOS ANGELES HIGH SCHOOL



W. H. HOUSH, Principal



ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

MRS. M. J. FRICK, Head of Department

Miss Helen W. Davis	Miss Gertrude Henderson	Miss Stella Young
Miss Bertha Hall	Miss Emily C. Clark	
Miss Bertha Oliver	Miss Katherine V. Morrissey	

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT

A. E. BAKER, Head of Department

Miss Alma S. Brigham	Miss Helen M. Wooster	Mrs. Susan M. Dorsey
----------------------	-----------------------	----------------------

MATHEMATICAL DEPARTMENT

J. M. MCPHERRON, Head of Department

Mrs. Regina Dixon	J. W. Henry	Miss Margaret Philipson
Miss Frances V. Harrow	Miss Anna Stewart	

SCIENTIFIC DEPARTMENT

GEO. L. LESLIE, Head of Department

A. G. Van Gorder	Miss Elizabeth Palmer	S. E. Coleman
Miss Maud Blanchard	Miss Eleanor M. Joy	

MISCELLANEOUS

History

Miss Florence Dunham	Miss Margaret Huston	Miss Ida M. Frye
Spanish ✂ Carlos Bransby	German ✂ Wm. Havemann	
French ✂ Miss Blanche Leviele		
H. La V. Twining, Substitute		

SPECIAL TEACHERS

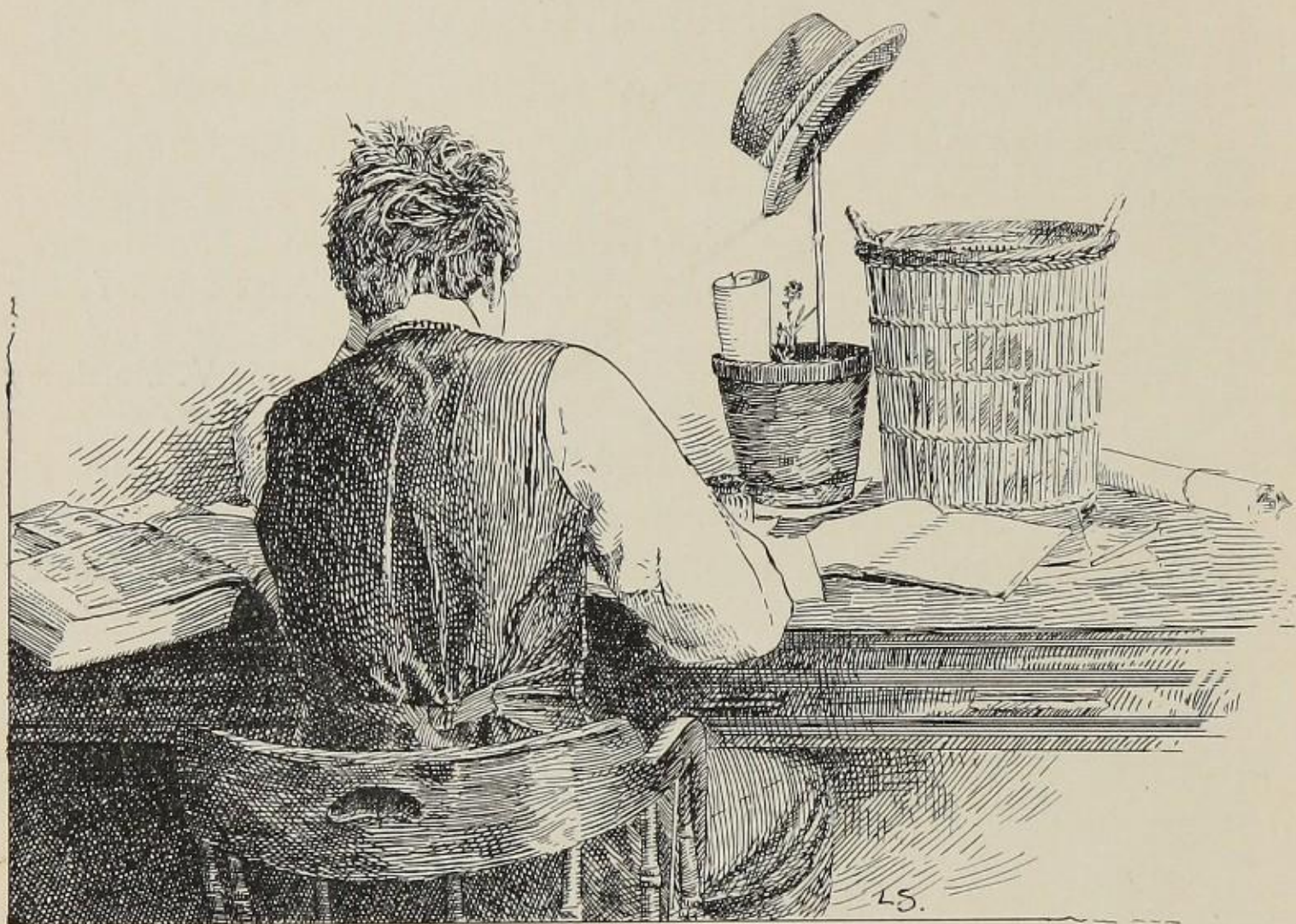
Drawing

Mrs. C. P. Bradfield	Miss Louise M. Hutchinson
Sloyd ✂ Chas. A. Kunon	

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

J. H. FRANCIS, Head of Department

Milton Carlson	L. G. Brown	W. H. Wagner	B. F. Wright
----------------	-------------	--------------	--------------



Editorial.

FELLOW-STUDENTS, friends and patrons of the Los Angeles High School, the Summer Class of Ninety-nine bring you greeting :

We have labored long and faithfully to create something which will cause us to be remembered in after years. We hope that we have left our mark in the school, but, as the records of school days are soon forgotten, this volume may act as a reminder of us. And when, many years hence, we open its pages, our thoughts may go back to the pleasant times spent in old High School, and especially in the Senior Class.

It has not been without work and pleasure that this volume, which we submit to you, has been produced. We have striven to please all, and have spared no pains to make our book a success in every way. Our only wish now is that you, our readers, will enjoy its pages.

IT MIGHT be well to give a brief insight into the High School publications of the past.

The High School "Idea," a monthly paper, was launched in 91-92, by Arthur Kinney and Lionel Wells. It had a successful life for three or four years, but finally succumbed to the combined attacks of inanition and a formidable rival, "The Lyceum."

To the Summer Class of Ninety-seven is due the credit of the issuance of the first "Blue and White." This publication is founded on entirely different lines from any of its predecessors, in that the paper is edited and managed entirely by members of the Senior Class, and is issued only twice a year; each Senior Class is responsible for the policy of its issue of the "Blue and White." The first "Blue and White," although not so large by nearly one hundred pages as the present issue, far surpassed any previous issue of the "Idea" or "Lyceum." This one was bound in blue and white.

Then the Winter Class of Ninety-eight furthered the idea, and a handsome volume, bound in a yucca cover is the monument to that class in the literary world.

The third issue was the result of the energies of the Summer Class of Ninety-eight, and this edition of the "Blue and White" was conceded, at that time, to be the best effort of our High School's journalism. This one was gay in red, white and blue.

The Winter Class of Ninety-nine was certainly deserving of much praise for their number of the "Blue and White." Its handsome cover of burned leather, enclosing one hundred and ninety-two pages, far outshone the previous effort of any class.

Now we, the Summer Class of Ninety-nine, the publishers of this volume, will leave it to the reader to judge its merits, and to those who have read previous issues to make a comparison.



THAT scholarship which a previous editor so longed for, is about to be realized by the almost unanimous action of the progressive girls of our class. A brief statement is made of the work under the Delta Sigma Delta, but with becoming modesty they do not claim much credit; however, the girls are deserving of high praise, and it is earnestly hoped that the initiative step will be followed by something greater in the future.

TO the National Educational Association our school, as well as our class, bring hearty greeting.

It is a pleasure we have looked forward to, and we hope your brief stay in Los Angeles will ever be to you a happy memory.

We are proud of our High School, and our faculty, and, although the building is not large enough now to comfortably accommodate all the pupils without crowding, it is rumored that in the not distant future a new building will be erected for the further extension of the city's High School facilities.

Our aims are to become stronger and better, although we are a fully accredited school in both the University of California and the Leland Stanford Jr. University. Yet we know our efforts must be unceasing. Our High School journalism is a special feature in which we take great pride, and being this year's Senior Class, we are especially proud of this issue. Has your school a paper equal to ours?

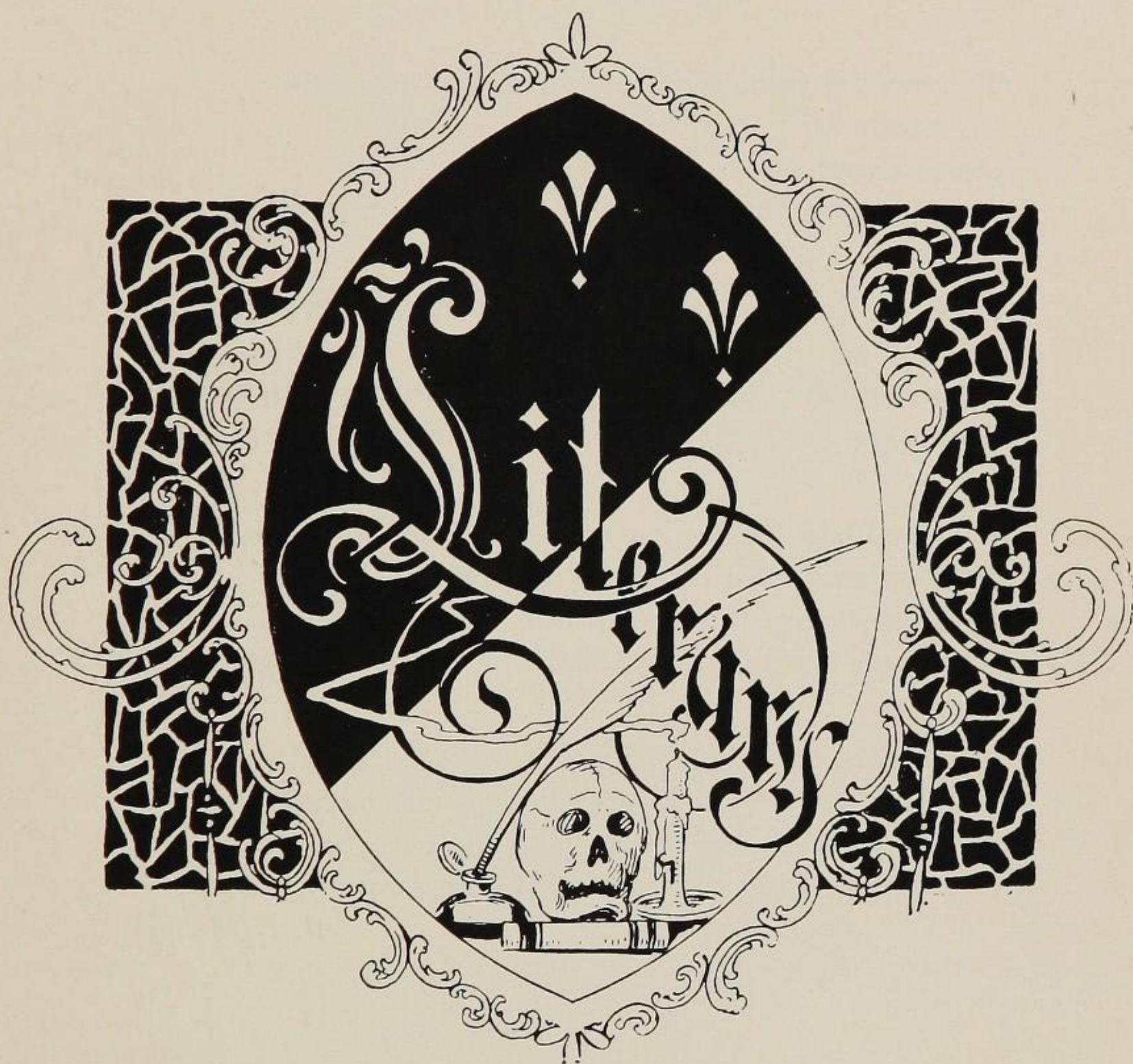


TO our teachers who have assisted us, and especially for the consideration shown by our principal, W. H. Housh, and vice-principal, Mrs. Frick, the staff is especially grateful.

To our teachers and friends in the school, we bid a fond farewell as students of the Los Angeles High School; it is with mingled feelings of joy and regret that we depart; but in view of the fact that our few years have been so enjoyably spent, the memory of our connection with the school will bring to us pleasant thoughts.

To the associates on the staff who have so nobly assisted in the compiling of this volume, the editor embraces the opportunity to extend his thanks, and to assure them that there will always be pleasant recollections of the days when we worked together on the BLUE AND WHITE of the Summer Class of Ninety-nine.

ROY PALMER HILLMAN.



Fall of the Chemistry Class.

(With apologies to Lord Byron.)

The teacher came down like a wolf on the fold ;
“ Prepare for a writ,” the pupils were told.
(In different words her remarks were dressed,
But those are the sentiments she there expressed.)

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
As they started that “ ex.” the pupils were seen
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
Were they the next morn when their credits were shown.

For the mark on the top of each paper—(ah, me !
It pains me to tell it)—but it was a red three ;
And the eyes of the pupils waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still.

The teacher was grieved that her class should thus fall,
And to see if they'd studied their lessons at all
She prepared a new “ writ ” for the very next day—
It was hard—but they passed it I'm happy to say.

F. F., S. '99.



The "Crammer's" Refrain.

My note-book now is missing,
My pencil can't be found,
My ink and rule I cannot see,
My blotter's nowhere round ;
My every hair stands on its end,
My pins have gone astray—
But all this woe is naught to me,
I've pass'd my ex. today.

What though my fingers ink-smeared are,
My manuscripts awry ;
I know that this betokens
How desperately I try !
What though the floor is overstrewn
With books, by night and day ?
Is there not pleasure in the thought ?
I've pass'd my ex. today.

'Tis drear to burn the midnight oil ;
Greek verbs at 4 A. M.
Are not just suited to my mind,
Yet I have mastered them.
And after all, it seems to me,
No one can well gainsay,
What joy untold these words express—
I've pass'd my ex. today.

.
So, book and pen continue on
Thy happy blest career ;
Ne'er shall thy owner interpose,
Or ask you to appear.
As far as I'm concerned, dear friends,
Cease not thy joyous way,
For no discomfort comes to me—
I've pass'd my ex. today !

BEATRICE M. SNOW, S. '99.

Little Nig.

LITTLE NIG wasn't really her name ; it was only the nickname that the invalid lady across the street gave her. Her real name was Almira Euphemia Clarabell Jones ; but it took so long to say it all that the whole neighborhood readily adopted the invalid lady's suggestion.

Besides, "Little Nig" was so appropriate. She certainly was little, and none who had ever seen her would have been so bold as to question her race ; for she was as black as the ace of spades.

She was an orphan. She told the young doctor next door that her ma had "gone to heaven to be a lady." She was not very clear in her own mind as to the whereabouts of her pa. She "'spected he'd done gone somewheres."

She lived with her "grammar" and "grampar" in a tiny little cottage on Oak street ; such a funny little cottage, set in among all those fine houses, no one knew how nor when it was built ; but it had been there for a long time, and various families, more or less interesting, had lived there.

Little Nig belonged to the class of the more interesting. She was the pet amusement of the whole block. The young man from Stanford pronounced her "no end of fun, and so rippingly smart for a little kid." Mrs. Failing the invalid lady, who was ill and rather lonely, never let her pass without raising the window to call good-day.

Mrs. Failing saw more of Little Nig than anyone else, for, as I said, she lived directly across the street, and being helpless, sat all day long by the window. A dozen times a day the gate to the little red house clicked open, a little figure bobbed out and went dancing down the street. Such an odd little figure it was ; for Little Nig had a pair of slim little legs, and wore skirts that came but to her knees ; she had a saucy little face, round, turn-up nose, wide, smiling mouth, and a pair of dancing black eyes ; the woolly head was covered with a multitude of tiny perpendicular braids. On week days each was fastened by a short piece of string, but Sundays they blossomed out in all the glory of scarlet ribbon.

Being a girl, and a very little girl, Nig was rather lonely. She craved some other companionship than that of her venerable old "grandpar" and placid "grammar." She considered boys un-

mannerly tyrants not to be endured, and little girls were not respectful enough to her own small self. So in a very short time she had made friends with nearly every grown person on the street. "I likes the grown-ups best," she announced one evening while walking home with the elderly widow, "they're more politer."

And there was little doubt that the "grown-ups" liked her. Sometimes when the neighborhood whist club was growing dull, some kindly member would go in search of Little Nig; if his search was successful the company need fear no more dullness, for Little Nig was possessed of all the ready wit of her race, and though not bold, certainly was not shy. In the steady fire of questions shot at her she bravely held her own and gave them tit for tat. Sometimes she amused them by telling anecdotes about her own life, anecdotes told with a quaint vivacity for a little child of seven years. Once she had gone by her dignified little self to a Salvation Army Sunday school, for since her mother was in heaven, she thought it was time she was "gettin' ligion" for herself. But I fear that the children of the Salvation Army, despite their uniforms, are children after all. The quaint little figure deeply amused them, and they entertained themselves by pulling her various braids. Little Nig told the story with indignant gravity. "I waited awhile," she told the company, "then I says to myself, 'what kind of 'haviors is these?', and I don't go there no more."

Little Nig's manners were marvelous. Her grandmother had been a lady's maid in her youth, and she had strict ideas as to the manners of her only daughter's only child. So Little Nig bobbed old fashioned little courtesies whenever she entered a room, and "suh" and "ma'amed" with old fashioned precision. "I don't go with unperlite folks," said Little Nig loftily one day, "no po' white trash fo' me."

A few doors down the street there lived a little girl who seemed both to fascinate and repel Little Nig. She was a delicate little thing, and the spoiled pet of her father and mother. When Nig first saw her she was dressed in pink, and from that day Little Nig invariably called her the "little pink girl." She was the only child-friend Little Nig possessed; and even she was not always a friend. I fear that the "'haviors" of the little pink girl were no better than those of the Salvation Army children, for she was

sometimes unpardonably rude to her guest ; then Little Nig went home in haughty silence, which she maintained till Little Pink, becoming lonely, coaxed her back to friendship again.

But Little Nig's chief friend was the young doctor. To him she confided her bitterest woes and greatest joys. She deeply admired him, and showed her admiration by an almost dog-like faithfulness. Often when he had been spending the evening with a neighboring friend, on his departure he would be startled by the appearance of her childish form behind the fence ; she would slip her hand into his, and go skipping home beside him, literally dancing with joy. The second time this happened, he remonstrated with her, saying she would catch cold so late at night with nothing over her shoulders. The next time Little Nig appeared with a little shawl pinned around her. It was in these night walks that Little Nig became most confidential. Here she often discussed the merits and demerits of the little pink girl. Once when this young person had been so very impolite as to call Little Nig a "blacky," Little Nig came in high indignation to the doctor. "I told my grammar that last night, and my grammars says, she says, Dat chile's mother ain't no gentleman,' and I agrees," said Little Nig. The doctor agreed, too, most fervently.

On the corner of Oak and Blank streets stood a handsome house, in which lived a lonely old man, rich enough to have bought half the town, but not rich enough to buy his own happiness. He was so taciturn and lived in such deep seclusion that no one had dared break through the wall he had built around himself ; no one, that is, save Little Nig. Her method was highly original. Every Thursday morning Mr. Rich left his gloomy mansion and went to the city on business. He left punctiliously at the same hour every Thursday, and returned quite as punctiliously ; so it did not take Nig long to learn his hours of going and coming ; this was the first step in her attempt. Every Thursday evening, just as the train pulled in, Little Nig made her appearance at the local station nearest Oak street ; this was the second step. Next came the third, oddest of all. She took her place directly in front of the testy old gentleman, and then danced backward all the way home, smiling most winningly every step of the way. She dared not address so formidable a person, and her childish brain could find no surer way than this for winning the friendship of this fascinating old man. And hard, indeed,

would have been the heart that could have withstood that fixed, unfaltering smile. Mr. Rich smiled back, perforce, at the very absurdity of the picture before him. This was encouraging, and the smile on Little Nig's dusky countenance widened preceptibly. The rest was very simple. The ice once broken, friendships—from Little Nig's standpoint—are easy to make. Mr. Rich asked her name, Nig smiled and answered him, then they were friends. After that Mr. Rich took considerable interest in this odd little girl. She was a new feature in his monotonous life. Every journey to and from the train was kept from being tedious by the little skipping figure and busy tongue; for Nig never changed her style of walking with him, and her tongue went as if by machinery. They were an odd pair, the white-haired old man and the tiny little girl.

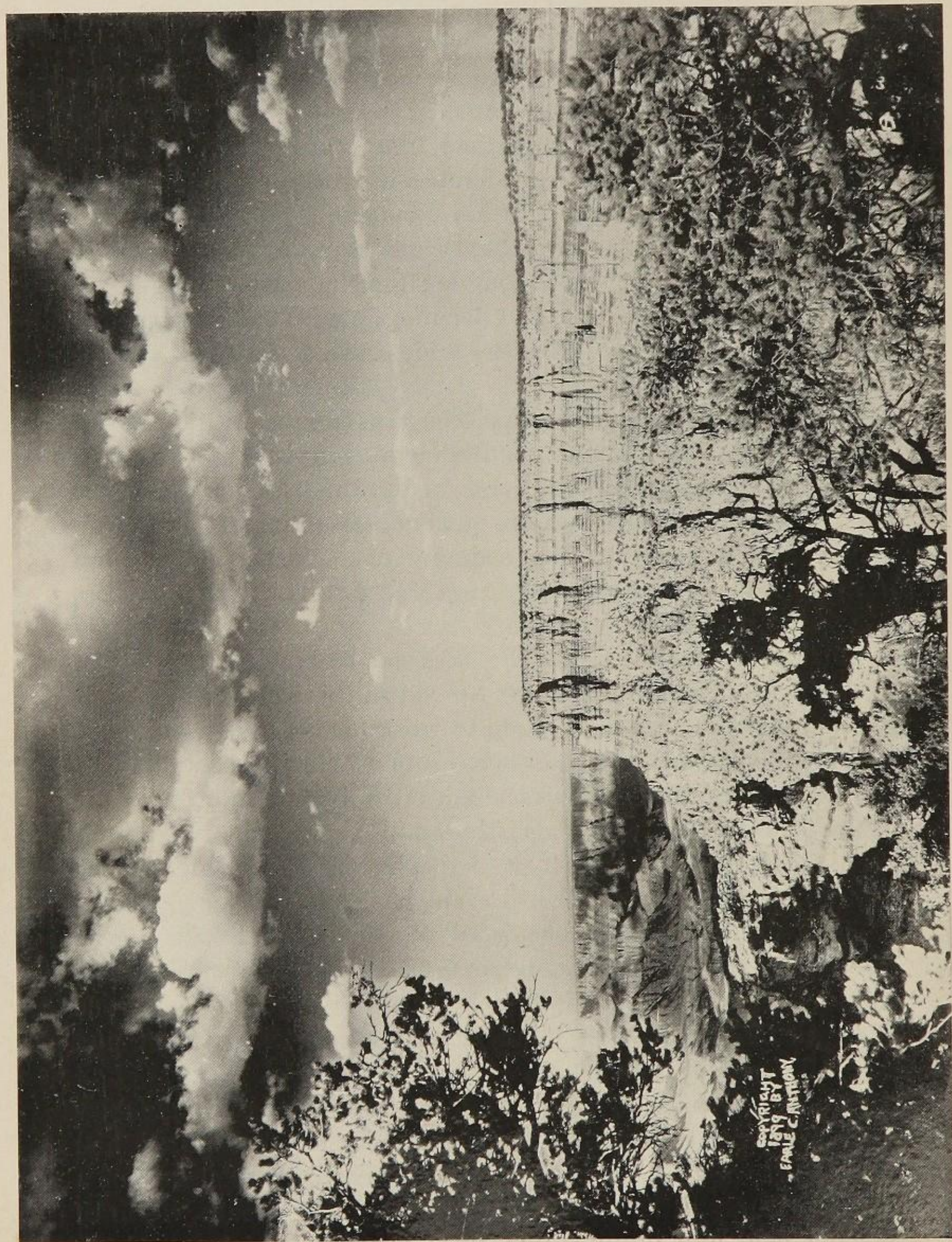
Yes, there was no doubt that she was an acquisition to the place. There was no more popular member in society. "Reckon I'll be growed up soon," she remarked to the little pink girl, one day. "Hmph!" said the more practical Miss Pink, "you'll wait awhile first, I guess." Nig sedately changed the subject, but not her ideas, for she evidently regarded her young ladyhood as something in the near future.

Time went on, and Little Nig was no less interesting than at first. But all good things have an end in this sad world. Nig's grandfather was growing too old to work for his living, and, as a nephew in the far South had offered him a home, he took his wife and little grandchild and left the fair city of Dash forever.

Nig shed many tears at parting, and gave each friend some keepsake from her tiny store of treasures. To the doctor she gave her first and only doll, with which she had never played, it is true, but which she considered of value incalculable. The Young Lady with artistic talents, being slightly sentimental, made a sketch of Little Nig which wasn't very good. Everyone preferred his or her own mind picture, which was perfect, and which time could not change.

Whatever became of Little Nig, no member of that neighborhood ever knew. She probably grew up as she herself had prophesied. But to the people of Oak street she will always be a happy, friendly little girl with a wide smiling mouth, a pair of dancing eyes and innumerable little pig tails which invariably stand on end.

JULIA S. BOYNTON.



Bissell Point, Grand Cañon of the Colorado.

Copyright 1899 by Earle C. Anthony.

The Grand Cañon of the Colorado.

EARLE C. ANTHONY, S. '99.

THE Grand Cañon of the Colorado! What a name to conjure with, and what happy recollections it brings up to anyone who has visited it.

The cañon proper consists of about three hundred miles of the course of the Colorado river, where it runs through Arizona.

Flagstaff is the name of the little town from which we make our start to the cañon. It is probably one of the most noted places of its size in the United States, for, besides being closely identified with the cañon trip, the Lowell Observatory, under Prof. Lowell, is located on one of the foothills half a mile from the village. This observatory is devoted to the exclusive study of the planet Mars, and nearly all the data which we now have concerning that other world so closely resembling ours was obtained here.

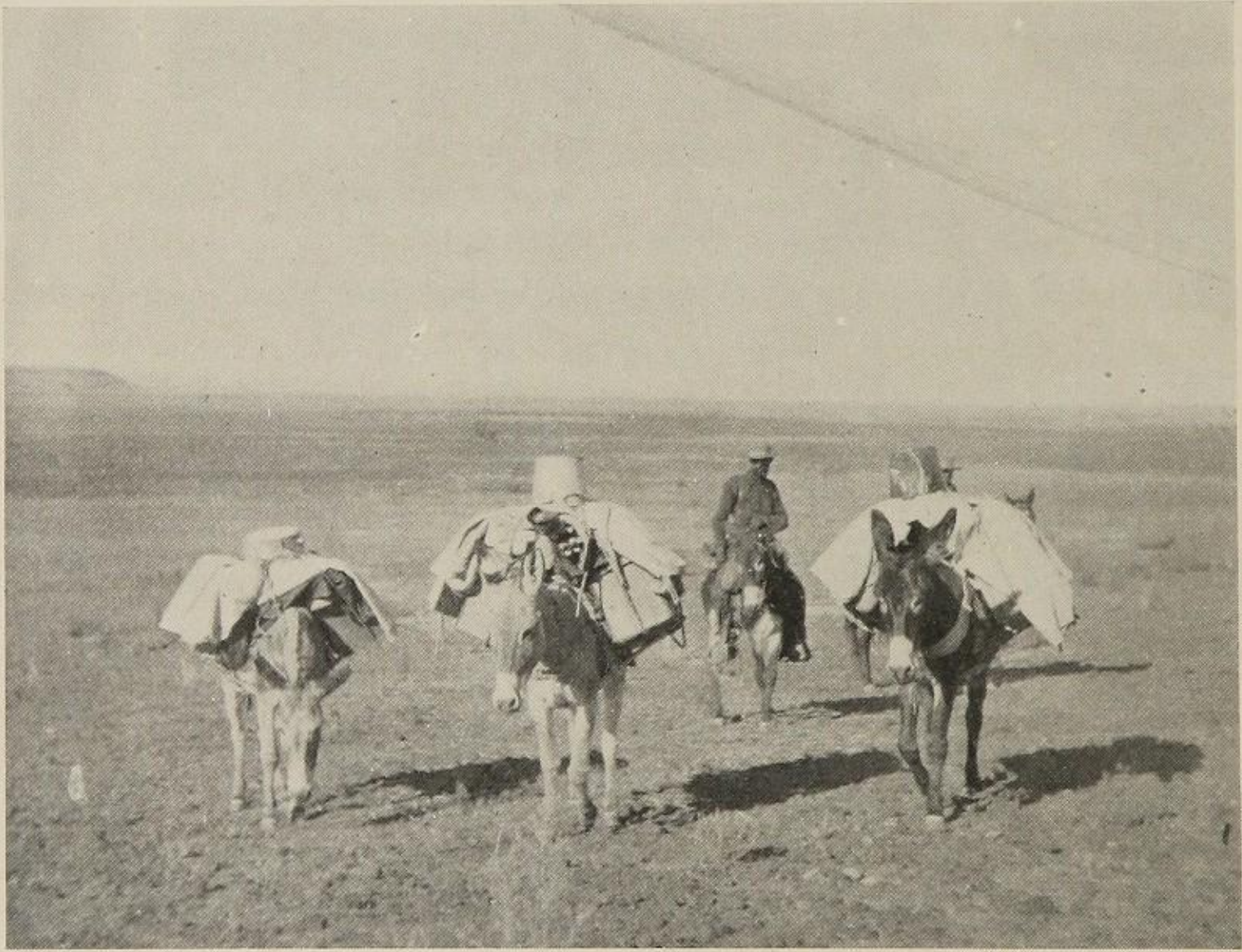
Flagstaff, itself, consists of one main street. It reminds us of the mining towns of '49 that we read about. Saloons and gambling halls alternate on Front street, and faro is played in open doorways and on the sidewalks with impunity.

We arrived in the afternoon, and at seven o'clock the next morning, after a rather questionable breakfast, we took the stage for our eighty-mile ride. In the circular it states, "We take a comfortable stage for a pleasant drive of sixty-five miles, over roads covered with pine-needles, through thick, shady woods; the road winds in and out among the giant pines," etc. This is only partly true; the first sixteen miles are such as the circular describes. Our four horses take us at a brisk trot up a gently sloping incline, through thick avenues of massive pines, from whose branches numberless birds make the morning gay. Through the interstices between the trees we catch glimpses of the beautiful San Francisco peaks, covered with snow.

Soon the character of the landscape changes, and the road becomes level and covered with rocks, for we are rounding the base of the mountains. Here we strike the dust. It is awful. Thick, white, dense clouds of this powdered alkali rise about us and dry our lips until they crack, settling on everything, until in a short time it seems as if we had been out in a snow storm. We gasp

for breath, but can only inhale the hot, poisonous fumes. In desperation we try to cool our bleeding lips with some water from the canteen, but our hopes are again disappointed, for it is almost boiling. For the next forty miles the drive is an intolerable, hot agony, over a trackless waste of desert.

Then comes a break in the monotony, for we meet the returning stage. The occupants covered from head to foot like a miller with white flour, show that they, too, have suffered. After passing the stage we round a bend and see stretched for miles to the right of us the indescribable beauties of the Painted Desert.



No artist could show on his canvas the gorgeous colors of this wondrous picture. Stretching away for a hundred miles are the multi-colored buttes and cliffs that enclose the desert itself. In the foreground are the reddish sandstone hillocks, on either side, the towering masses of pink and yellow rocks. As we look farther and farther away, the lovely colorings change from brilliant red to yellow, lavender, and blue, until away on the horizon a line of purplish pink denotes the opposite wall. The heat waves rising from the burning sands, cause the colors to blend and form an ever changing picture.

With inexpressible regret we leave this behind and plunge into the burning furnace. We pass a lonely packer, with his overburdened burros, and wonder at the contentedness with which he makes his lonesome journey over the barren alkali. After several hours of uneventful driving we arrive at the Cañon Hotel. By this time it is dark and the moon is risen. After a hearty supper in the log-built hotel, we scramble up the rim for a first glimpse of the object of our journey.

Flagstaff and the approaches to the cañon are on a broad lofty plateau, extending hundreds of miles in every direction. From this plateau the Colorado river has cut its way six thousand feet down, so when we reach the cañon we are on the top rim of the gorge.

The first view is unsatisfactory. We stand on the edge of a precipice and look off into space, empty space, save for a few fleecy clouds below us, which reflect a silvery white light under the moon. The distance across is so great that we cannot distinguish the opposite side.

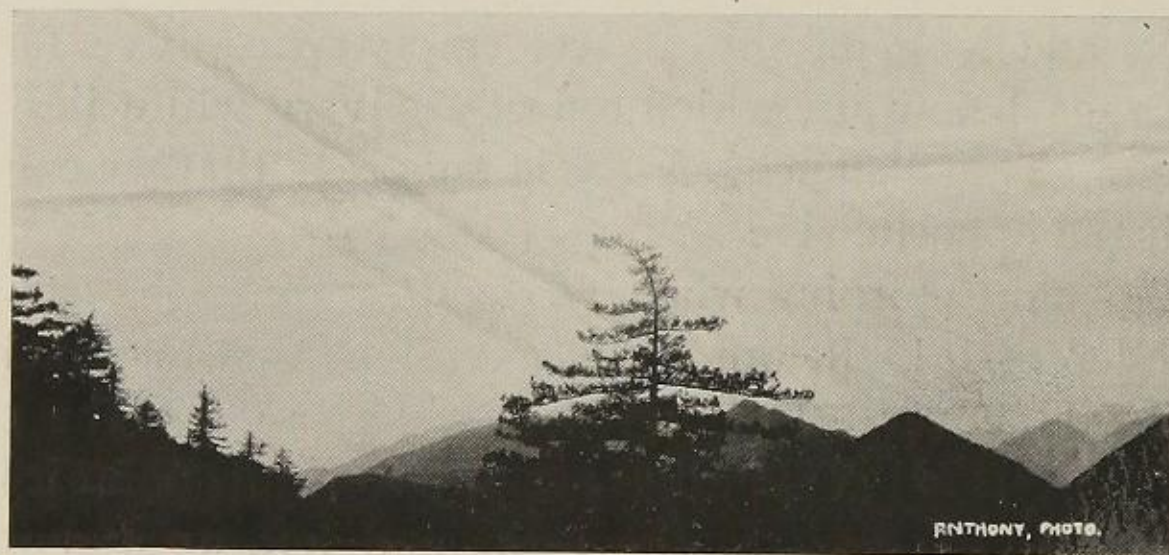
But the next morning when we again walk to the brink—oh! the wonder of it! Before us is a vast chasm, in which a few wispy clouds hover. Looking across, we can see the opposite rim. It appears about six miles away, but at this point it is really eighteen. As we look to the right and left, up and down the cañon, we can see the river, like a brown thread, twisting its way fifty miles in each direction. The general tints of the sandstone walls are reddish, pink and purple in the distance, but like those of the Painted Desert, are continually changing.

We eat our breakfast and then interview Capt. Hance, the "owner of the cañon." Of course it is government property, but Capt. Hance first explored it twenty years ago. Since then he has never left it, excepting to make a couple of trips East. In the winter when the snows come, he takes his horses and descends to his cabin by the river where it is always warm and his garden flourishes.

Under his skillful guidance, we set out for a trip along the rim. The trail lies along the very edge of the brink, and as we round the indentations of the walls, we obtain new views each time, each one more beautiful than the last. After an eight-mile ride, we reach Moran Point, from which the finest view is obtained. Three miles away to the right, on the same side of the rim that

we are on, is Bissell Point. At the bottom, six thousand feet sheer drop, the Colorado river, a rushing torrent three hundred feet wide, appears as a tiny gray hair, twisting and turning, now hidden from view, now in plain sight.

And so the days go on ; once a trip down the old trail to the river ; then wanderings through the mighty, breeze-blown woods. Finally, when our time is up and we *must* go, after a last, long, lingering view, trying to drink in the beauties and indelibly impress them on our memory, we take the stage for Flagstaff, with only pleasant memories for, and a wish for a speedy return trip to, the Grand Cañon of the Colorado.



Sunset.

The sun is setting in the golden west,
And heaven is painted by its shining rays
Till all that western sky is in a blaze
Of red, and green, and glowing amethyst.
And e'en the stately mountains it has kissed,
And breaking through their cloak of mist and haze
In soft and tender hues it half displays,
Half leaves concealed in shade, the mountain's breast.
And as the gates of heaven open swing
To welcome back the chariot of the sun,
We see the golden streets and crystal spring,
And even seem to hear the angels sing,
And list to catch the tender voice of One
Who ever welcomes home the wandering.

FLORENCE FIELD, S. '99.

An Old Maid's Evening Out.

LAST night we held our villiage quilting bee at Susan's house, and seeing as Susan is pretty and sort of stylish-like, everyone goes there expecting to have a good time. It hadn't entered into my head to go, for the young folks mostly run things here nowadays, and I'm getting so old and kind of childish, I guess; anyway the young folks of this day don't act at all like I used to. It's been exactly sixty-two years the twelfth of this coming June since I was as young and skittish as Susan, or Mary Ann, or even Jane, I guess, though folks would never think I'd been young once and had beaux, when they see me, such an old maid as I am. I declare, it does seem quite a considerable stretch of time since John used to come over evenings, and we'd be so happy! Then came the war, and then the news of the victory, and the boys' return home—but John didn't come.

But what am I thinking about this for anyway? I must be getting old and prone to wander from my first thoughts. Well, last evening Lizzie came round, and she said so sort of coaxing-like that I couldn't resist, "Aunt Deb, you've got to come to this here quilting bee, for we're going to have in all the folks, young and old, from the whole surrounding country, and you being one of us, you've got to come." I always did say Lizzie could boss me round most anyway she pleased, so I went. My! but there was a crowd of us, and Susan met us all at the door and showed us to chairs. She seemed to know just how to act, and didn't look at all ruffled when that stylish young fellow from the city, who is boarding down in our village this year, came in and shook hands just like city folks. She just blushed a little bit and looked real sweet and pretty. But me, why I never did feel so awkward! I just sat there with my hands spreading all over everything, seemed like, and I declare, I felt just like a boy I used to know that we called a little bit slack-twisted.

I was right surprised to see Aunt Charity there, for seeing as I am so old, I don't get out nowheres much, and we hadn't seen each other for an age. So we had a regular reunion of just us two, and I guess we enjoyed ourselves pretty much. At least she said she did, and so did I. We used to play together when we was young, and I recollect we had a play-house up in the hay-mow. Then we used to go together down to the bend in the

road where the bridge was, and watch the big turnpike stage go jolting by, with lots of real stuck-up city folks inside. We used to say we'd take our wedding journey in one of them grand stage coaches, and Aunt Charity really did, but John never came back for me, so I always stayed to home.

I never did see the beat the way I slide off of my subject, and get back to old times. Well—last night all the girls seemed real gay and they all turned in and helped get supper, while the boys sat round and watched them; but most of us elders got off in corners to ourselves, and brought up old times. It did me just lots of good, and I don't know but what I'd ought to go out more, to sort o' liven me up a little.

The supper was real good; but we had a lot of mince pies! I thought they were kind of out o' season for this time of year, but Beckey told me sort of confidential-like, that she had made so much mincemeat in the fall, since she was expecting company, and then they didn't come, so she just felt in duty bound to get it off her hands somehow, for she declared it was wrong to let it spoil and waste the substance the Lord had given her; so she made it up and brought it to the quilting-bee.

Now I used to tell folks I couldn't carry on a conversation very easy, but I declare, it seems most like it this time, don't it? And what's more, the conversation is all on my side. Dear me, that is too bad! I don't want to be selfish, so I think I'll give somebody else a chance to talk.

VIVIAN STRINGFIELD, W. '01.

A poet may sit and write a lay,
And with it the people catch,
But he cannot sit upon a lay
And expect the lay to hatch.

E. P. T.

The Noon Scene at High School.

THE warning bell rings, and a ripple of restlessness steals over the school, and is especially apparent in the auditorium, where study immediately ceases, and the pupils prepare to pick up their books.

Five minutes later the noon-bell rings, and there commences a great uproar in the halls, for a thousand pupils throng the stairs and corridors. First they go to their class rooms to put up their books, and then those of the boys who do not go home at noon pass into the yard to eat lunch, while the girls may eat lunch in their class rooms.

Many, of the boys especially, do not bring basket lunches, but rely upon the baker, the tamale-vendor, and the ice-cream man to supply their needs.

The first rush is toward the three bakery carts. The proprietors are surrounded by crowds of pupils calling out "Cream-pie and cream puffs," "A nickel's worth of doughnuts, please," "Quarter of an apple-pie and quarter of a mince," "Snails and cookies," "Kisses and chocolate cake," and other combinations of the baker's wares, which please the palates of the pupils. For a few minutes the bakers have a brisk trade, but soon all wants in the pastry line are supplied, and there is a rush to venders of other articles.

All this time the tamale-men have been plying a brisk trade, especially if it happens to be a cold day; and the candy-man, off in one corner, has not been entirely idle.

For a few minutes the front yard is quiet, while the boys and girls are eating the things they have brought or bought.

Now comes the busy time for the two ice-cream men, who have a good business even on a cold day. We will first watch the scene about the cart of Isadore Lafranchie, familiarly called "Frenchie" by the boys, who has been an established feature of the noon-scene for several years. We hear "What have you got, Frenchie?" "What kind of ice did you bring today?" from the customers, and "Banana, ice and strawberry-cream." "What choose?" comes back in reply. Then comes "Mixed, Frenchie, most ice." "Straight ice and a mixed, pile it up high," "Straight mixed, most of both," etc. The scene is most interesting on a warm day, when the trade is brisk. Frenchie is then surrounded

by a noisy crowd of boys, with now and then a few quiet girls to swell the chorus, and he is greeted with a great clamor of "Two mixed and an ice," "Three ices, Frenchie," "Mixed, most cream," until he has sold out.

The other ice-cream man, Mr. Paramore, has not been established here so long, and he is by no means so quick as Frenchie, whose motions in serving are very rapid. Still he has established a good trade, and is on fairly intimate terms with his competitor, who seems to bear him no malice for taking away part of the business.

In the side and back-yards, all this time, the boys, and to a smaller extent on their side of the building the girls, gather in groups to eat and talk. The boys tell humorous experiences of the morning, discuss examinations, and josh one another.

The gong sounds, the noon hour closes, the pupils assemble; and for five minutes more the halls are filled with pupils returning to their rooms. Then the tardy-bell sounds, and the afternoon session begins.

MORRILL G. BOYNTON,
Summer '00.



“Playing Thookey.”

IT'S a very reprehensible thing to do to run away from school. It makes the teacher look grave the next day, and tell you to resist such impulses of disobedience. You promise to next time, but it is so hard. It is more or less easy in winter, but oh, when spring comes and the birds and flowers!

Bright and early in the morning you start to school while still the “dewdrops glint on the webs of gossamer.” The soft air is so fresh and pure; the green barley-fields wave like the undulations of the ocean; the flowers nod their heads so gayly, as if saying, “Come play with us today”; the birds sing in love of life and nature. You *must* stay with them.

There is the warning bell ringing clearly. “Hurry up, little laggard, you'll be late, be late.” Think of being shut up within four narrow walls today, and bending one's mind to the consideration of mathematics. Why, all the outside world is calling you. Hark! hear the “honk-honk” of a flock of wild geese flying to the north. How glorious it must be to sail so through the boundless blue space and in the region of the sun. On the distant hillsides the snowy lambs are frisking beside their dust-colored mothers; happy lambs that don't have to learn the exact location of Melbourne or Popocatepetl. The bell has almost ceased its call of “late, late.” Then you begin to run fast, but not to school. You run until you are far from sight or sound of it, and before you there is a long day of absolute, blissful freedom. How kindly the sun shines, how beautiful the world is, how glad one is to live!

You leave the flat world of barley-fields and climb up in the hills until you come to a dear, hidden glen that is all yours, yours. No one in the world has ever been there except you, and the birds, and the singing brook.

Over the fern-clad banks, through the delightful tangled thicket of bushes and briars you seek the fairest and sweetest of the flowers, hear a tree-toad chirp and hunt for the elusive fellow, make friends with the bright-eyed little squirrels.

The pleasant shadows of the trees, festooned with the young silvery leaves of the wild grapevine, shade you from the approaching mid-day warmth. Looking up through their leafy screen the sky

“So fathomless and pure, as if
All loveliest azure things have gone
To heaven that way—the flowers, the sea—
And left their color there alone”

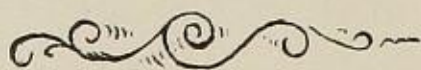
seems to be so near and to smile in loving sympathy.

The muffled melody of the stream and the drowsy, soothing hum of the bees lull you into a dreamy state, and you think of the days that are to come, when you will go out into the great, fascinating, unknown world, and the deeds you will do, the renown you will win. O, kind fate, that will not let us see the tomorrow, so that today we may build our dream-castles and look at life through a roseate haze. Dream on, O child, weaving thy life-thread with the alchemist's art. Only too soon wilt thou know that most of life consists of “longings unsatisfied, aspirations unrealized, strivings after the unattainable.”

How fast the little brook is ever hurrying, hurrying on, never pausing an instant to rest or to think. Doesn't it sometimes grow weary, its rippling cadence become monotonous? You wonder if it longs for one moment of silent peace.

But the afternoon breeze has sprung up, just whispering a dream-song of the sea. Soon it will be dark if you linger longer. The cows, their harsh bells softened by distance, are going home, and slowly you go, too. Tomorrow and the teacher's reproaches? You do not think of that. Your heart is filled with Nature's tranquil love and wonderful peace.

EDITH SPENCER, S. '00.



Contentment.

Some fleecy clouds, a little sea,
A bit of bright blue sky ;
A strip of sand, some white-winged gulls,
And lastly,—you and I.

E. C. A.

A Hawaiian Myth.

HAWAII is a land of natural extremes and contrasts, where the greatest differences of climate, soil, temperature, and vegetation exist side by side. Deserts and miniature Edens, districts flooded by tropical rain and regions arid and rainless, torrid heat and perpetual snow live as neighbors in that interesting little island. Besides the general peculiarities, nature has, in fits of caprice, formed many curious minor details; as if tired of uniformity, she had given away her sense of the grotesque and fantastic.

The little district of Puna in Hawaii's southeastern corner has been even better endowed with natural wonders than its neighbors. Among the most interesting of its many singular formations is a volcanic phenomena, called by the English-speaking residents "lava-trees." Sometime in ages long ago, probably before Cheops had even consulted his architect on pyramid building, Kilauea, in a fit of periodic anger, burst out and poured a torrent of molten rock down its slopes into fair Puna below. There today is a great black river of frozen stone with a luxuriant forest on its banks. About half way down its course some six or seven miles from the sea, the lava-trees are located. In '95 I lived for several months on a coffee plantation in that district. On hearing of this remarkable phenomena, I decided to make it an early visit. An opportunity was not long in coming; the manager decided to look at some land in the interior, which was thought to be favorable for coffee culture. As the trip was long and tedious taken alone, he invited me to accompany him, and suggested that we pay a visit to the lava-trees on our return.

There being no roads, the ride has to be made on horseback over a trail which is a revelation, even to a Californian. The route lay through the forest, which was a revelation also, not only to a Californian but to any inhabitant of the temperate zones. Imagine a mass of matted, tangled creepers, vines, ferns, bananas, and trees growing so thick, so closely interlaced, that a knife is necessary to penetrate even a few feet into its dark depths. Little, if any, of the sky overhead is visible, and twilight seems always to be in the air. The horse sinks nearly to his knees in the moist black earth, and the path is crooked and narrow. At times it seems as if you rode through a cavern of vegetation.

Tree ferns over forty feet in height, orchids, succulent vines, parasites, bananas and obias grow in such bewildering confusion that the eye loses the sense of anything but a wall of solid green. After miles of this the green walls come to an abrupt termination, and away from their base sweeps a great black sea of frozen stone. Picture an ocean of solid rock, which was once a seething, boiling mass, now black, cold and silent, yet still retaining the form of its liquid fury. Stretching away as far as the eye can reach are undulating waves, sharp crests, deep depressions.

In flowing, the lava which is exposed to the air cools first, and solidifies. As the pressure from behind increases, the molten lava within bursts through the crust formed, and flows out, leaving an arched passage. This action is repeated indefinitely down the whole course of the flow. As a flow grows in age it gradually disappears by erosion and the action of vegetation. The rough and ragged projections disappear, then lichens begin to grow, a tree starts, here and there a few blades of grass, until in course of centuries a new forest has arisen on the lava's decomposed surface.

About sun-down I reached the lava-tree district. My first impression was, wonder that such things could be called trees of any sort, and it is my last, too, for I don't understand it even yet. Standing singly and in groups upon an old partly decomposed flow, were irregular columns of black lava of the most fantastic and grotesque shapes, varying in height from mere projections to pillars of nearly forty feet above the flow's surface. There were several hundred of them scattered over a surface of a square mile, but they seemed to be gathered in greatest numbers at the foot of an old burnt-out crater. Those which were open, and one I broke into, had a circular cavity down its center, and ashes and bits of charcoal were scattered about the bottom. There was one strange four-legged figure called "Kahavari's Pig," but like the Great Bear, it required a better imagination than mine to trace a resemblance to the animal and its namesake. Another huge column called a vase, rose forty feet into the air; it had a bunch of ferns growing at its top. Its christening had been of a more recent date, so less effort of the imagination was necessary to recognize its form than in the case of the pig.

The evening after my visit on returning home, I inquired of a

native girl the nature of the legend concerning the formation of these "trees" which was once said to be current among the natives of that district. After some persuasion she related the ancient legend.

That night I sat on her little low veranda, watching the brilliant tropical moon playing on the line of white breakers outside and its perfect reflection on the still lagoon within, and the shimmer of the glossy palm and mango leaves as they stirred softly in the warm gentle wind, while Miss Malua recounted her tale of half forgotten folk-lore.

"Once," she said, "long years ago, before the tallest palm of the grove across the lagoon had left its parent tree, or even before the mother palm had sprouted from its own shell, there lived in Puna a mighty chieftain, Kahavari. Tall he was and handsome, beloved of man and maid. His temper, in anger, like the hurricane surf; in love, like the gentle wave on the lagoon's strand. As much at home in the water as the shark he was; and often would he swim out to sea with naught but a knife, and wait for a shark's attack, never giving the struggle up until his enemy had died in a sea of crimson beneath the strokes of his keen knife. In hunting, too, and in battle on land and sea, his strength made him chief of men.

"But the sport Kahavari loved best, and that in which he most excelled, was the 'houla'; this you know," she said, "is a sliding match down a steep grass-grown slope of an old crater. A smoothly polished sled which is called a 'papa' is placed at the top, and the contestants stand behind; at a given signal each runs and leaps upon his sled and speeds like the wind down the incline. Kahavari had a friend and fellow-champion, Ahua, who also was a favorite in the Kau district. Between these two a contest had been arranged. The friends of each on the day set assembled in a mighty throng at the crater you saw in the forest today, to watch the chieftains match their skill.

"It was a fair and lovely day, just such a one as this has been; the sea deep blue and sky without a cloud; enough breeze was in the air to stir gently the feathery palms.

"The rain of the day before made fresh and glistening the mangoes and ohias. There was a luau and a contest with spear and bow. Then as the sun began to near Manua Loa's white-capped summit, Kahavari and Ahua, followed by Puna's bravest warriors

and fairest maids, started for the steep descent. They reached it soon, and the two who were to match their skill in friendly contest, leaving the rest scattered about the foot of the crater, commenced the steep ascent. Ere long they gained the crest and were pausing there a moment for breath and rest, when a woman, young and of fair face, with charming manner and graceful mien, stepped from behind a clump of pahula trees. To Kahavari thus she spoke: 'Mighty chief, of great renown, the houlas' greatest master, I would match your skill with mine.' Kahavari, turning, looked her with cold and haughty gaze and spoke in accents chill: 'What know you, woman, that you should challenge Puna's chief?' Half in jest and half scorn the woman replied, 'I know enough to reach the end of this descent before the chief of Puna.' Kahavari made answer by handing her Ahua's polished sled. They placed them and took their places behind. Ahua gave the signal, both gave a leap and were off like arrows from a bow. Faster and faster they sped till the eye could no longer follow them in their swift flight. Inch by inch the woman gained till she was twice her length ahead of Kahavari. Then by some misfortune slight, she lost her balance and pitched headlong in the grass. Kahavari dashed by and alone made the finish. The people joined in a mighty shout of pleasure at their cheiftain's victory.

"The woman, being unhurt, came quietly in their midst; glancing at Kahavari she pointed to the crater's crest, which meant another trial. The people were insolent and jeered at her assumption in attempting such a feat, but not a word escaped her lips as she climbed the steep incline. They reached the top and were again about to make ready, when—"I pray you stop, Kahavari; your papa is better than mine," she said, "I being a novice it is both fair and right that you exchange with me."

"Irritated by the woman's persistence, Kahavari deigned to make no reply, but leapt on his sled and sped swiftly to join the throng below. They did not cheer this time, and as he neared them he noticed their eyes gazed with fixed terror on the crater's crest. Turning, as he reached the end, he saw a sight which made his own blood leave his heart and strike terror to his soul. Already, half down the slope, was the woman, no longer a pretty graceful girl, but a goddess dashing forward in mad pursuit, fierce, revengeful and vindictive. She rode upon the foremost crest of a

lava wave, blood red, boiling, seething, hissing, eager to envelope the victims in its fiery spray. In the woman's eyes the lightning flashed, the thunder sounded and the earth trembled at her approach. Kahavari, gaining voice, cried : 'Fly, fly ! 'Tis the all powerful, terrible Pele, goddess of Kiluea's eternal fire ! Fly as best ye may, and the most that ye may hope is that ye will quickly die !'

"With this the multitude commenced a mad flight to the sea. But the fierce goddess, offended at their insolent treatment, while she sought their friendship, smote them down with her breath of fire. One by one they fell beneath the death-dealing blast. Father, mother, warrior, maid and babes alike met death in the cruel flames eager for human blood. At last Kahavari alone was left ; being fleet of foot he had outdistanced his companions, but Pele was fast nearing him. He could feel her scorching breath, and hear her clear voice urging onward her serpent flames. The sea was near, and he ran as he had never ran before. He jumped from rock to rock with great leaps and bounds, his eyes starting from his head and his breath coming in gasps.

"Pele grew nearer ; in a voice of cruel triumph she called to him : 'My curse is on you ; I shall take you with me to the eternal fires of Kilauea, or if you escape you shall ever wander a stranger without home or friends.' She slackened her pace to say this, and Kahauari with one mad bound jumped from the cliffs into the sea. His brother sailing homeward saw his desperate leap and rescued him. Together they invoked the East wind, which, with kindly pity, wafted them from the shore. Pele followed along the shore hurling stones and sending poisonous vapors, but without avail, for they sailed on wings of the wind to Maui's coasts, where Kahavari lived and died friendless and alone.

"And if you do not believe it," Malua said, "see there in the lagoon are the rocks which she threw, and yesterday you saw the people as they fled from Pele's dreadful anger."

MAX ENDERLEINS, S. '99.



On the High School.

O, ye High School that on yon hill doth sit,
You mold the youthful brains of this fair town ;
You are a seat of learning most profound.
The minds of our dear youth you seek to fit
For soldiers that are made of naught but grit,
For sailors that shall ne'er be turned adrift ;
For berths in life that are not made of down,
For problems left for man yet to expound.
You are the reservoir of learned lore
In which boys fall in crowds galore,
Where pretty girls now drop by many score.
You are the cause of joy and many fears,
Of doubts, that range 'twixt hopes and horrid fears ;
Of labors that fill up four happy years ;
May ye stand long, a monument in time,
In yon lone grave-yard on that hill of thine.

H. F. N , S. '99.

On Writing Poetry.

When you perceive that surely I can't write
An essay or a paper of real worth,
Are you at all astonished at the dearth
Of poet's inspiration or insight
Into the things of verse ? Do you invite
My sterile mind to imitate such worth
As is displayed in Milton ? 'Tis in mirth
You ask that I a poem should indite.
But I have found some pleasing consolation
Which has long been known to every nation ;
And, if in future classes you should find
There 're some whose toils in verse remain unpaid,
Do you in wonted mercy call to mind
That "poets are all born—they're never made."

J. T. C., S. '99.

To Mr. Judy.

O, Clinton Judy, when I think this day
That we must soon each from the other part,
A pain most vehement comes to my heart,
And I am in a whirl to find the way
To get another friend who will obey
My order to get ice-cream at the cart,
Or to get me an apple-jelly tart ;
Or who for me will thrash some saucy jay,
Whom I cannot. But still in this world wide
There may be other friends who will and can
Treat me at some old ice and ice-cream man.
(They surely will not from me meanly hide.)
These consolations do with me abide,
Whatever else that happen to me can.

C. J. S., S. '99.

On the Woes of Composition.

When asked to write a sonnet some fourteen
Of lines in length, and five feet wide withal,
—Without a dictionary within call—
Awhile I vainly struggled ; 'tis a scene
Most pitiable ; and I feel keen
Desire to envy that old warrior Saul,
With David to compose his verses all ;
Although he did with jealousy turn green.
But courage, patient heart, just six lines more,
And then this halting sonnet will be done,
The weary reader will at length have rest ;
And though he doubtless thinks that I'm a bore,
Yet out of this I've had my share of fun ;
And this consoles me—I have done my best. B. T., S. '99

To a Cat.

Thou comest, feline, heralded by mews,
Thy sweet voice then turned to gentlest pur,
Softer than silk thy coat of glossy fur,
Thine eyes so pleading, none can them refuse.
Thy footsteps softer than the gentle rain,
Thy whiskers e'en some language doth impart
As talisman of the loving instincts of thy heart,
Thou goest as though thy pleadings were in vain,
But, lo! thou art transformed in one small minute
Into a demon thou to cringe and crawl ;
Is it a mouse, or flying, fluttering linnet,
Or what seest thou through that crevice small ?
Perhaps 'tis only a swaying leaf that's in it,
Or undulations of a gently rolling ball. P. N. K., S. '99.

Ode to Initiation.

Back, from me shades, and horrid shapes give way !
Torment no longer this poor shivering form,
Nor do return again to do me harm,
But let me rest in peace, apart from day.
I have been rushed and tossed and thrown about ;
The shades of death hath done me grievous ill.
I've run and crawled, and walked and kneeled until
I thought they'd give me rest, but there—the goat !
But that is over now, I am at rest,
Though stiff and sore with welts both long and wide.
But after all they did it for the best,
And now old Beta Sigma is my bride ;
And so with greenish ribbon am I dressed,
And ready to assist the next man tried. E. C., S. '99.

Early Spanish Days in California.

NOTHING affords greater pleasure to a zealous and energetic Franciscan monk than to establish a mission, far removed from the confines of the civilized world, and to here gather around him the poor ignorant Indian for instruction in the Holy Book. As early as 1769 the priests had made their way north from Mexico into Alta California, and established a mission at San Diego; two years later, one at San Gabriel was founded, and by 1782 there were eight flourishing missions between San Diego and San Francisco Bay.

The Franciscans, when they arrived in California, to gain the confidence and assistance of the natives, supplied them with food and clothing, and afterward taught them to support themselves by cultivating the soil instead of relying on the chase and wild fruits for a mere subsistence as heretofore. With the aid of these simple creatures, for they had not the intellect and fierceness of the northern tribes, the mission church and buildings which are today so picturesquely beautiful, were erected; and then was inaugurated a period of great prosperity.

The home of the missionary priest was always open to the traveler and abundant hospitality was extended the welcome guest, who was invited to make his sojourn with them as long as it suited his convenience. A bath was provided the weary one, who had probably spent the whole day in the saddle; following a plentiful meal was spread and then after a pleasant evening chat with the good natured fathers, a comfortable bed awaited his weary bones. The mission gardens fairly glowed with the beautiful Castilian rose and other species, and the sweet perfume from the fragrant sweet peas and carnations was wafted in through the priest's study. In the vegetable garden near by were grown an abundance of red peppers, onions, lentils, squashes, peas, beets, carrots and melons. A short distance further on was the orchard which contained almost all the fruits that are now cultivated in Southern California. The fig, the grape and the olive were in the majority and amply supplied the monks with dried figs, wine and olive oil. The yellow grain from the broad fields was threshed in a peculiar manner, it being spread on the ground and trampled upon by a band of horses.

At the close of the wheat harvest an interesting ceremony was

held. The last four sheaves taken from the fields were tied on poles in the form of a cross and were then carried in the "harvest procession" to the church. The fathers, dressed in their robes, accompanied by boys bearing torches and singing the *Te Deum* as they marched, went forth to meet the sheaves. This was a period of jollification, a large number of the Indians being permitted to leave the mission to hunt and gather wild fruits and nuts.

Many old Spanish families were attracted to these regions by the reports of very rich soil, that came from the Franciscans, and they settled on vast tracts of land bordering on the mission grounds. The family life of the old pioneers was dignified and ceremonious, yet affection was not lacking. Children were taught to treat their elders with great respect, and if they showed a lack of breeding by sharp words to them, no matter who the offended persons might be, they could correct the culprits with words or use something more persuasive if they chose. Families of long and distinguished descent were careful to teach the young people the history of their ancestors. A few books, many of which were in the manuscript, were carefully treasured and perused, but anything bordering on fiction was not read until the person arrived at the age of discretion, or, more properly speaking, until he or she became of age.

Wash day on an old California ranch was a period of enjoyment to the servants, a delightful picnic for the children, and a source of satisfaction to the señora. Before sunrise the mother with her children would climb into the old *carreta*, drawn by two gentle oxen, and start for the arroyo, accompanied by the servants on foot, and followed by horses with bundles of soiled linen on their backs. The talk and laughter of the gay servant girls rang out upon the still morning air, and brought forth in response dismal howls from an apparently numerous band of coyotes. By sunrise the cavalcade had arrived at the water, unpacked the clothes, turned the horses loose to browse on the wild oats, and the girls standing in the middle of the stream commenced washing the linen on the smooth stones. In the evening the dry clothes were taken off the bushes, stored in the *carreta*, and pleasure lighted up the countenance of the mistress as she thought of her beautiful white linen, for if there was

anything a Spanish lady of the upper class took pride in, it was the amount of clean white linen she possessed.

Nothing was more attractive to the eyes of a Spaniard than to see a wedding cavalcade on the way from the bride's home to the mission church. The horses were richly caparisoned for such an important occasion, and especially the one on which the bride rode with her nearest relative or family representative. She sat on the saddle with her white satin shoe in a silver or golden loop, while he sat behind on the bear-skin covered anquera. The bride's home was sometimes as much as fifteen or twenty miles from the church, and if it was in May the gay troop rode along the flower-covered banks of the streams, up through the green woods and down the vales carpeted in green grass. And sometimes the young horsemen, anxious to show off their skill in riding, would perform those difficult and dangerous feats for which the Spanish-Californian is famous. At the church the party formed in solemn procession and marched to the altar, where the necks of the bride and groom were bound together with light silk cords as they knelt to receive the priest's blessing. Among the middle and lower classes it was customary for the groom to make the satin slippers for the bride. A short time before the wedding he would ask her for the measure of her foot, make the slippers with his own hands and present them to her on the morning of the event.

In the early Spanish days there were so many horses in the valleys about Santa Barbara that many of them were driven into the sea, but the swift and beautiful horses that were usually seen in the wedding procession were somewhat scarce and in great demand, especially a cream-colored mustang with white mane and tail.

Often in the twilight of an evening or on a moonlight night, when the grizzlies came from their covert in the hills to nose around the matanzas (slaughter corrals), the young Spanish gentlemen who were desirous of showing their prowess, and anxious for some thrilling sport, would mount their steeds and sally forth with their strong rawhide riatas to do battle with their dangerous foe. When they succeeded in roping their game they would drag him into the village, past the homes of their friends, and after tiring of the sport would kill him. Now and then a bruin, unbidden, would pass through the village on his way to

market. Some of these animals, with an ear for music, have been known to investigate the source of a low, sweet-toned melody that floated out on the soft night air from the instrument of some ardent young don, under the window of a pretty, black-eyed señorita. And the curiosity of the innocent bear has interrupted one of the most blissful moments of the young man's life and sent him skurrying to his saddled horse a few paces away. These occurrences were in the time of David Crockett, for within the next ten years after the gold strike the American settler came in, and most of these marauding bears were shot or poisoned. In fact, expert hunters were hired by the governor for the express purpose of ridding the country of such dangerous animals.

At Easter time many strange and interesting sports were held on the mission grounds, with the permission of the fathers. The bull-fight, in old Spanish style was, of course, on the program, but a more important feature of the jubilee was a terrible fight between a bull and a grizzly. Several days before the appointed time the hills were scoured for a large, fierce grizzly, and the finest and most savage bull on the estate was selected to pour out its life-blood for the amusement of the howling crowd. To make the battle more even the hind foot of the bear was often tied to the forefoot of the bull, but even then the poor creature was sadly handicapped, for there is hardly a more savage and powerful brute in the world than the *ursus ferox*.

The Mexican War won for the United States this rich and productive country; the discovery of gold brought vast numbers here in search of wealth, and many failing as miners, turned their attention to agriculture. Farming was found to be as profitable as mining, and in a few years American ranches were scattered throughout the whole length of California. From this time on the decline of the mission system in this State was very rapid. It had done its work and done it well, but the American brought his civilization with him and had little or no regard for the authority of the church. The Indians fell away from their old homes, the fields were neglected, the orchards decayed, and at last the missions fell into ruins. Yet today they remain, grand in the ruins, monuments of the piety, devotion and industry of the monks of St. Francis, and reminders of the palmy days of the genteel Spanish pioneer.

O. W. B., S. '99.

The Boy's Letter.

BY HUGH F. NEUHART, S. '99.

THE boy from the High School, weighted down with two small volumes, which he carries with the tips of his fingers as if it would be very pleasant to drop them at the first convenient opportunity, opens the screen door and stalks into the kitchen. As he passes through the door into the sitting-room he is rather startled by this chorus from his mother and two sisters, "O, let us read it!" "Can't we read it?" "Do let us read it!" The poor boy stands with a bewildered sort of grin on his face, for he fails to see the cause of the excitement, and stammers, "Wh-what?" "That," says his mother. The boy casts his eyes in the direction indicated by the index finger of his mother and they fall on a neat little blue envelope lying on the table, and addressed to him.

He picks up the envelope, looks at the handwriting of the address a minute. His mother and sisters stir uneasily in their chairs; the boy likes to tease. He reaches slowly into his pocket, procures his knife, opens a blade, examines it carefully. It doesn't seem to suit him. Three pairs of eyes follow his every movement. He shuts the blade and leisurely opens another. He examines this one carefully. His spectators shift their positions. After careful examination this blade seems to satisfy him. He carefully inserts the point of the knife blade into one corner of the envelope and slowly opens one end. His sisters with one voice cry, "Hurry up! and see what it is." The boy carefully shuts his knife, reaches his hand in five different pockets, one after the other, as if in search of something. At length he draws it out of the last one and his spectators see him open a little chamois-skin case, which he never uses, and carefully tuck his knife in it and deposit case and knife in—his vest pocket. The boy then slides farther down in his chair and throws one leg over the opposite knee. He shrugs his shoulders and twists them around as if there were a pin sticking him between the shoulder blades. He reaches into his vest pocket again and takes out the case with the knife in it, informs his hearers that he never did feel comfortable with a knife in his vest pocket, and places it leisurely in his trousers pocket. Even his mother, who has hitherto been undemonstrative, stirs in her chair. The boy gloats within

himself. It tickles him inside. He would like to grin, but that would spoil it all. He looks as grave as a judge at a murder trial.

He holds the envelope up between the fore finger and thumb of his right hand, with the open end downward. He shakes it a little. He shakes it a little harder. A dainty little sheet drops to the floor. The boy slowly picks it up, and as slowly unfolds it. The curiosity of his mother and sisters is now at fever heat.

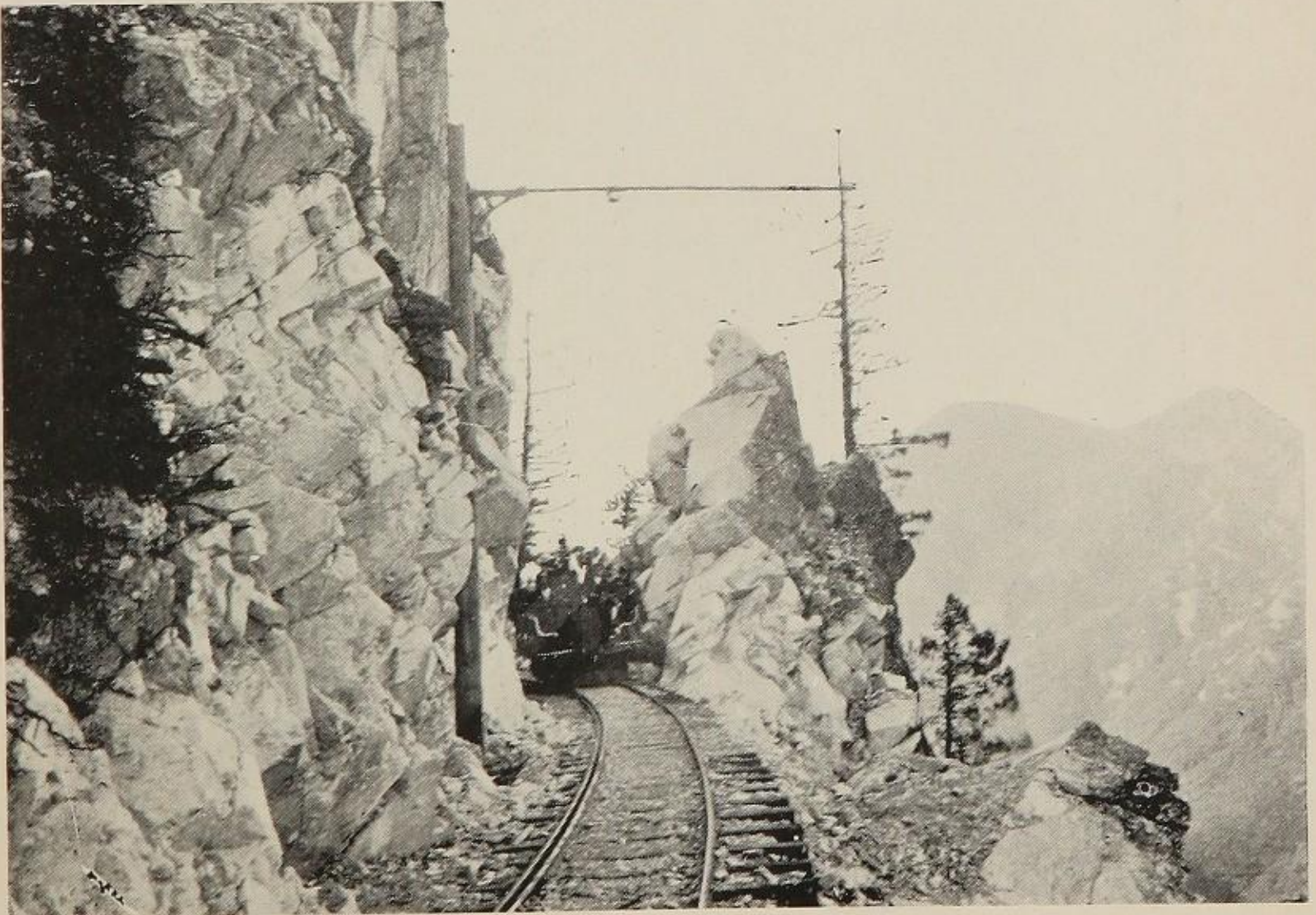
He reads it, folds it up, and returns it to the envelope, rises from his chair and makes for the door with an unconcerned look on his face. He has almost reached the door when he is suddenly brought to a halt by this chorus in a disappointed tone, "Well, aren't you going to tell us what it is?"

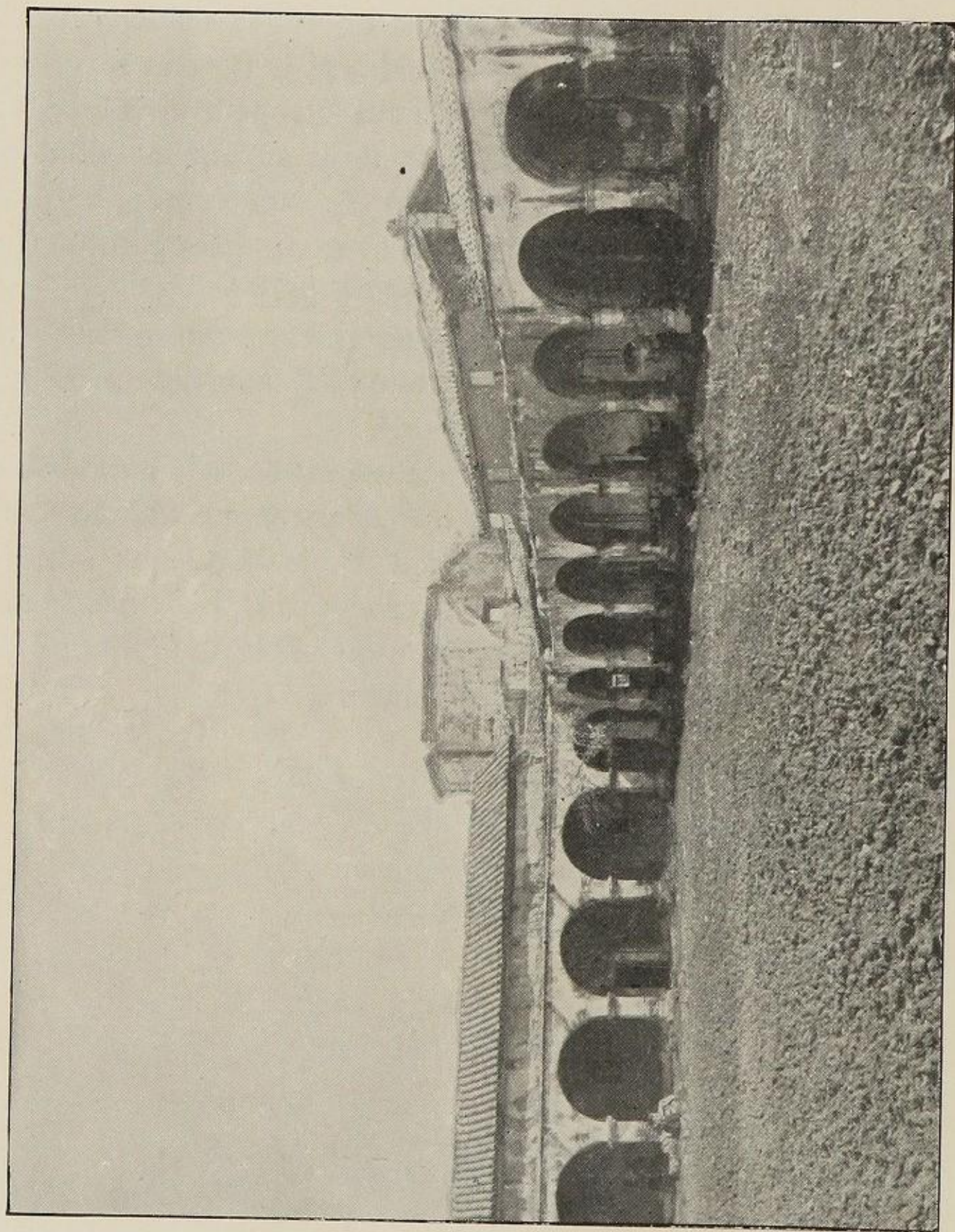
"Aw, it is only a shoe-store advertisement announcing a new stock of baby shoes just received at one of the stores up town."

"You mean thing! It isn't either."

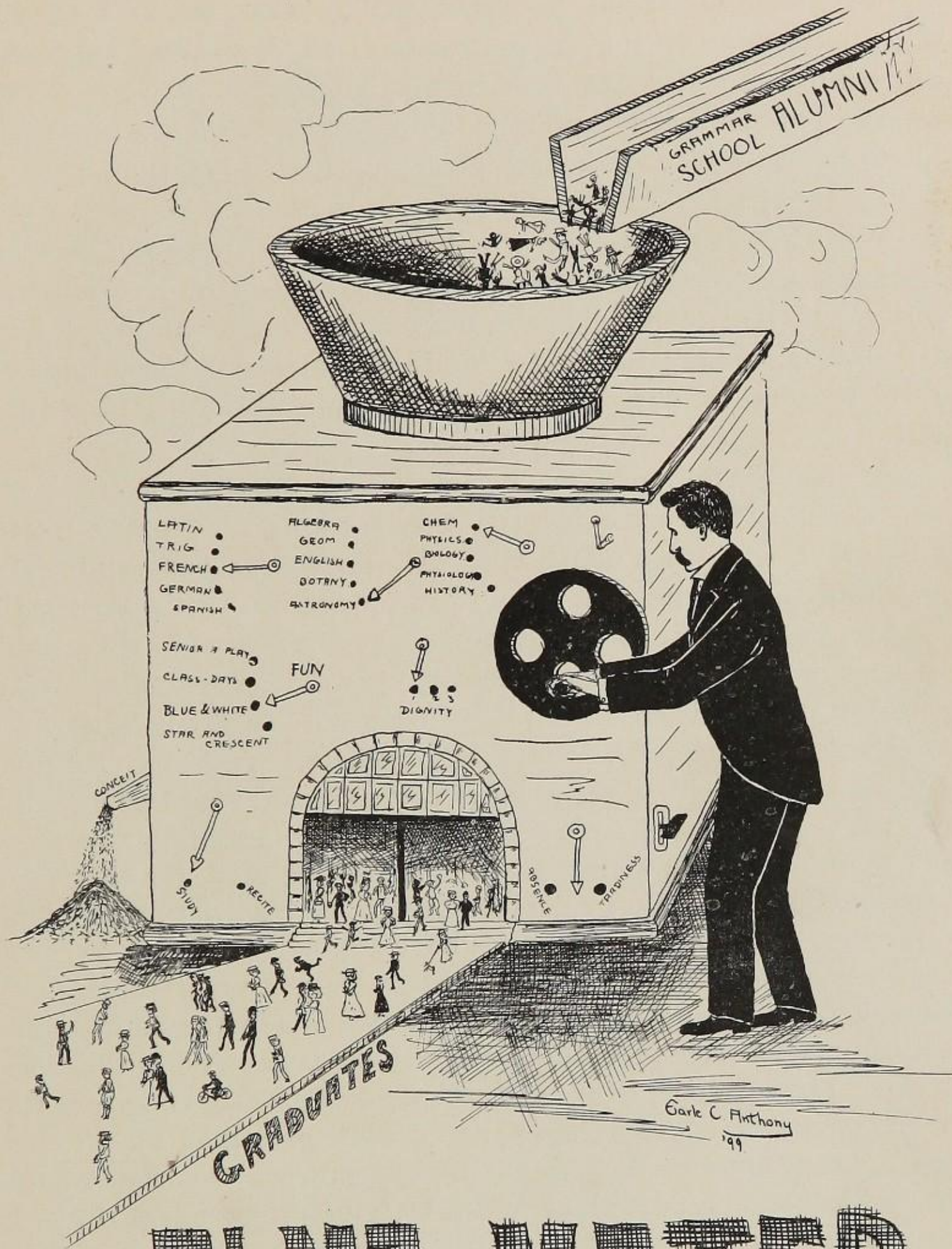
But the door is slammed before the sentence is half out, and slammed in a manner that no one but a boy seems able to master.

A few nights later the boy, dressed in his best, comes into the sitting-room, looks bashful, and after clearing his throat several times says, "Say, pa, can you give me a little mo-money? I'm going to a card-party, and I want some car-fare."





Capistrano Mission.



ALMA MATER.

The mills of the gods grind slowly,
But they grind exceeding small.

Alma Mater.

EVERYONE should be interested in what we, as a school, have done during the past year. All should be glad to see our victories in athletics. Our football team has won the championship of Southern California and Arizona, and in the recent tournament we won the tennis championship cup of the southern part of the State. All should study our methods and observe our daily work at school to see whether our advance along literary lines does not rival our successes in the athletic field. It is therefore our desire to bring before the public what we are doing and what our aims are ; we want to rouse the interest of the citizens of Los Angeles in our attainments, and are always glad to see visitors to the different departments.

We are especially desirous of interesting our friends in one of our needs. There are among us hard-working students who are not afraid of earnest effort, and whose clean records and lofty ambitions assure us that they would make brilliant students in college, but who are forced to forego the attainment of their aims because of the lack of one necessary qualification—money. We think if the public could see this they would surely help such to a college education by giving scholarships. It is too bad that our school, as large and renowned as it is, has no method of helping the meritorious poor student. If four thousand dollars were put at six per cent interest, the income to be used for this purpose, one person could be kept in college, and perhaps a different one each year, for all universities have scholarships open to those students who, during their first year, have shown themselves capable of doing good work. Scholarships are the more necessary from this school because we are so far away from the colleges. For instance, the boy who lives at Berkeley can go to the University and board at home, and outside of school he can find work, because he is known ; but anyone from this part of the State has no such advantage and must give up his ideas of going unless someone aids him. So it is with us, in regard to all the universities. There are many of our patrons who, if they thought of it at all, would be convinced of our need in this direction and would help us gladly. Two hundred dollars would be a godsend to many a pupil with high ambitions and low purses. Let someone take the lead and others will surely follow, and at some time we will have a system as good as Harvard's.



Another thing that would strike the visitor would be the bare walls ; we need works of art to make rooms more beautiful. A classic picture is inspiring, and we need inspiration. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." We are approaching our object slowly, and would be glad of any help from the outside. It has become a custom for each class at its graduation, to present a picture to our Alma Mater, and the history classes give a historical scene, or portrait, which, you may be sure, we prize very highly, but we want more. Here is a chance for liberal persons to put their money to good use, and receive the gratitude of the school. Several times during the last semester, lectures have been given in the auditorium to raise money for pictures, and we have made small sums this way. We should be very glad to have outsiders come also and swell our picture fund.

On March 17th, Geo. L. Cole, who has made a study of the prehistoric races of Arizona, gave us a very interesting talk on the cliff-dwellers, and showed us over one hundred stereopticon views, from photographs which he himself took of the ruined buildings which were the homes of the cliff-dwellers centuries ago. At another time Mr. Stevenson gave a lecture on "Scotland in Song and Story," which made us realize some of the beauty of that land, and what it was as Scott knew it. It was rendered all the more interesting by the reading of Scott's novels we had done.

Our Star and Crescent Society is still upholding its reputation for good programs under Miss Henderson. At one of its meetings of the last term, Mr. Rolfe, of Chicago University, gave us an interesting talk on Oxford, and illustrated it by many views of the college and its surroundings. At another meeting we had a Kipling program, when many of Kipling's writings in poetry and prose were read and enjoyed, the more because we all had a closer interest in him on account of his almost mortal illness.

Before the Parliament, our new debating club, we have had a talk on Harvard, by Mr. Coleman, one of the faculty of our school, and again a lecture on University of California by Mrs. Frick, our vice-principal, both of which lectures gave us an insight into what life will be when we enter college. Once Lee Emerson Bassett gave us several selections from Riley, and again Miss Florence Field, an example of home talent, entertained us with recitations in that irresistible way of hers.

C. K. J., S. '99.

History of Our High School.

PRIOR to 1873 High Schools were scarce in California ; there were but six in the State, and none south of Tehachapi Pass. Los Angeles was a small town, but its educational needs were growing, and the people wanted some higher branches taught than the fundamental three R.'s. The authorities were not sure whether we could support a school or not, but finally were convinced, and gave us our High School in '73. Dr. W. T. Lucky was made Principal and Superintendent of Schools ; he was the first professional teacher to hold the latter office, all the previous incumbents being either from the bar or the ministry. Miss Emma Hawkes assisted him in his school duties, she having charge of one room. These two were the pioneers of the High School of this city ; there was a building erected for it, but as it was yet so small, all but two rooms were occupied by the grammar grades. These two rooms saw the beginning of our now great school. The building was of wood, and stood on the site of the present Court House, but was moved in 1887 further up the hill, where it now stands. With several additions, it is still used for one department, the commercial, of the school, and we call it the Sand-street building.

The course was of three years, and in '75 the first class finished its work, and graduated with seven members, five of whom were young ladies. This class, indeed, seems small in comparison with the present class of '99, with 125 graduates. What an increase this is, and at the same rate what will the classes be at the end of another quarter century ! Why, it will then require a building as large as the present for the Seniors alone.

The class of '76 were four in number, and all girls. What a dull time they must have had at their class parties ! What fun could they have without the boys ? We think that they, at least, found out to their sorrow that boys, after all, are not so much in the way as some of the fairer sex seem to suppose, and that they are not utterly bad.

Dr. Lucky held his two positions till 1876, when he was succeeded by C. H. Kimball, and he, in turn, by Mrs. Chloe B. Jones, in '80. She held her offices but one year, although she continued teaching in the school for three years, while her successor, Mr. J. M. Guinn, was principal ex-officio. Mr. Guinn is

authority on the history of the schools of the city, and we are greatly indebted to him for our information on the origin of our High School, and extend our thanks to him for the interest he has taken in helping us in this article. Mr. Guinn supervised the methods of the school, but took no part in the teaching. In '82 he, with the aid of Professor Moses, now head of History in U. C., President Kellogg of U. C., and Professor Jackson, a late teacher of literature in the same college, revised the existing courses of the High School so as to prepare the pupils for entrance to that university in the Freshman year. The courses have since been greatly amplified and lengthened, and a commercial department organized. In 1889 the school was placed on the accredited list in eighteen subjects, the highest number possible. By an "Accredited Subject" we mean one in which a pupil doing sufficiently good work is "recommended," and can enter the university without the entrance examinations.

During Mr. Guinn's term it was found that, owing to the growth of the schools, the two offices were too much for one man to try to fill, so at the next election, in the winter of '83-4, L. D. Smith was chosen for the office of Superintendent of Schools, and F. H. Clark for that of Principal of the High School. Mr. Clark is now head of the History Department in the Boys' High School of San Francisco. Our school was now rapidly outgrowing its two rooms, and therefore part of the pupils were sent to Leek's Hall, on Main street, near Third; also those of the ninth grade, who were residents of East Los Angeles, went to school on the East side to Mrs. Graham. In several instances the ninth grade was taught with the grammar grades, and then the school was indeed in a scattered condition, and to cap the climax the High School building was needed for the lower grades, so the rightful owners were compelled, in 1885, to find a new home. This time they found a place on the second floor of the Spring-street building, between Fifth and Sixth. At this time, too, a little German church on Spring street, between Sixth and Seventh, was rented for the ninth grade. The faculty now numbered five, the ninth grade being divided.

At last in 1889 our present High School was built to accommodate about six hundred pupils, though there were but four hundred then in attendance. We have grown in numbers steadily till now we have thirteen hundred students and a faculty of

thirty-seven. Already we have outgrown our building and are doing our best to get a new one, which we hope to see in the near future. Our principals, since Mr. Clark, were Miss Elizabeth A. Packard, now vice-principal and head of English in Oakland High School; Mr. Cates, and finally our present much respected Mr. Housh, who has exercised his authority during his four years as principal so wisely and agreeably to all, and who we hope will continue in his position for a long time to come.

Of the present faculty, Miss Dunham has been longest connected with the school, having been elected in 1884, and assigned to teach in the ninth grade, when that class was quartered in Leek's Hall. She has been for several years class teacher of the Senior A's. In 1886 Mrs. Frick, now vice-principal and head of the English Department, entered the faculty. Her work brings her into intimate relations with the Senior classes. Other teachers who have served long and faithfully in training the successive classes, are Miss Brigham, Miss Wooster, Miss Huston, and Miss Davis. The remainder of the High School teachers may be said to have joined the faculty at comparatively recent dates.

We can't tell the history of the school without mentioning the Star and Crescent Literary Society, for it is a part of the school, having been formed in 1879, and it has been growing with the school since that time. Its first president was Mary E. Foy.

In the early times the object of the society was to drill the members in debates, declamations and essays, and every member was required to take part, but as the number increased it became too large for this, since all the pupils except those of the ninth grade were members and the original intention had to be given up, and some exercise had to be selected which should be agreeable to such large numbers. Therefore the prime intention grew to be entertainment, not instruction, except where the latter can be inserted in such small quantities that its presence is not realized by the audience. The membership is now about five hundred. There is one practice which has become custom by its long standing, and that is of presenting to the graduating class on closing day a gold pin in the design of a star and crescent, on which is engraved the date and L. A. H. S. The proudest day of the student's life is when he receives this distinguishing mark of his connection with the High School.

CLINTON K. JUDY, S. '99.

History of the Winter Class of '00

THE history of the Winter Class of '00 is like the histories of the princesses in the fairy tales. Some malignant fairy is not invited to the christening, and comes uninvited, and, angered by the neglect, decrees that, until the princess is eighteen a malignant fate shall pursue her, and then, if certain conditions are fulfilled, she shall live happy ever afterward.

The malignant fairy in the case of W. '00 was not a fairy at all. It was a day. The class came into existence on Friday, and that day spoiled all its bright prospects, until "it should grow up into a Senior B Class, and until it should have three successive class meetings without doing any business." That was the limit set, so it was believed.

The history of the class so far has been entirely in accordance with this unfortunate decree. Its reverses started the very first day of its life as a class. When it came to the High School it was sent to the auditorium and kept there long hours, and then told that there was no room in the High School building, and that it would have to go to the Sand-street building to sit. Consider the indignity of it, after having looked forward so long (eight years) to growing up into High School people!

The next misfortune that befel it was crushing, because it wounded the dignity. The class, wishing to choose a class color, asked to have a class meeting. It was told, most scornfully, that "B 9's can't have class meetings." After much trouble it did have a class meeting, but the joy was gone from it because the call was informed that it could use the colors only for the coming Fiesta week.

Then, too, after it had tasted the full bitterness of being exiled to Sand street, it was brought back to the High School building to undergo the other misery of being teased by the upper classes. A class can stand, and many classes have stood, the teasing, but the two are more than any ordinary class could survive. W. '00 is no ordinary one. It survived.

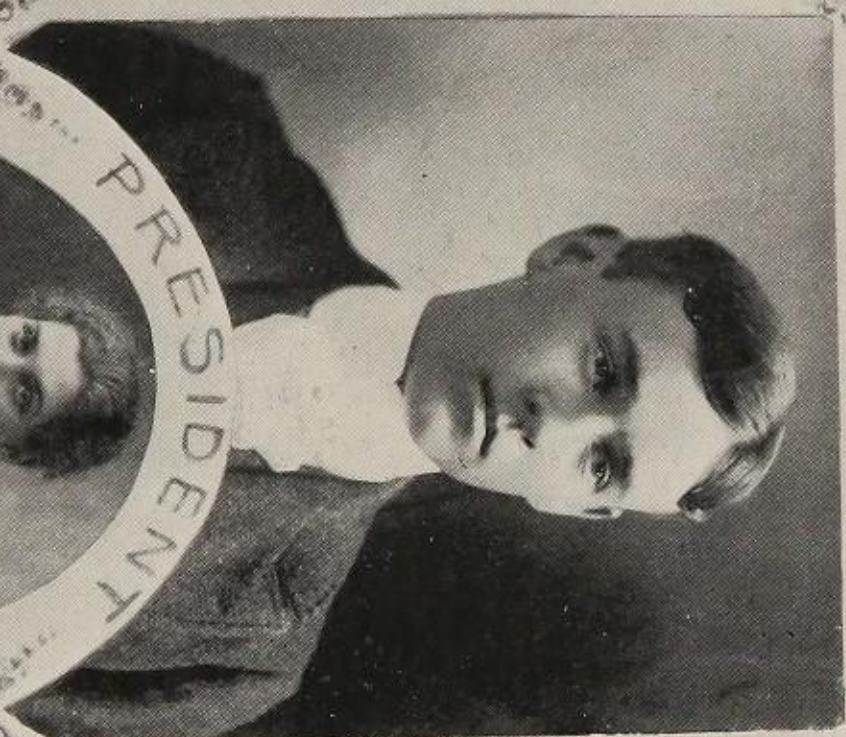
The rest of the ninth year, the class lived on its hopes of having class meetings when it grew to be a Junior, and on the assurance that, inasmuch as Junior classes always are a power in the Star and Crescent elections, it would be courted and petted and made happy the coming term. But, alas! just before it attained

OFFICERS



VICE PRESIDENT

Ethel Musgrove



PRESIDENT

Moye Stephens



TREASURER

Adele Sentous

WINTER '00,



SECRETARY

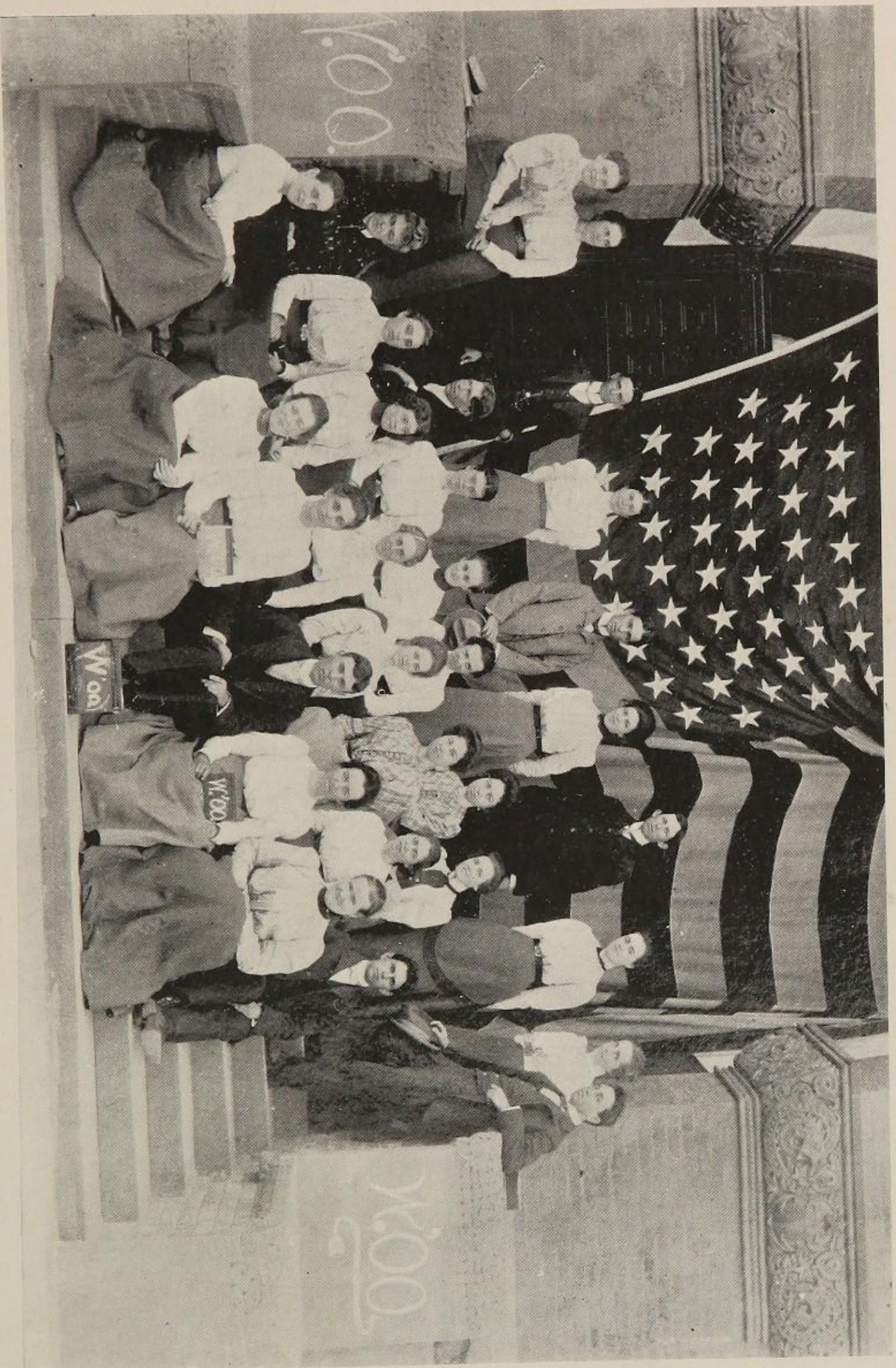
Margaret Cornwall

the Junior dignity, a decree went out that there were to be no more class meetings except in the Senior year. On top of that, when Star and Crescent elections drew near, it was discovered that the Junior A Class was larger than the Junior B, the W. 'oo, and as size is the only thing that makes a Junior class a power, of course the Junior B Class that year was not worth considering. It got no petting and no courting. It was almost forgotten.

Through the rest of the Junior and Middle years it made only spasmodic efforts, usually unsuccessful. It ran four officers for Star and Crescent, and three of them were defeated. But it was shown then that, when it did do anything that thing was sure to be worth doing. The one officer that was elected from the class was the most successful of all Star and Crescent secretaries.

When W. 'oo got to be a Senior B Class, it was filled with joy because it felt sure that its term of misfortune was almost ended according to the prophecy. It immediately set about electing its officers, and, I suppose because it felt so cheerful about it, that election of officers was the very most successful thing it had ever done. Then it started on new enterprises. It had to choose a color. Then a horrible suspicion came upon it. The prophecy said that the class was to live happily ever after it had had three successive class meetings without transacting any business. And with such a great deal of work to do, the very character of the class showed that such a thing was an impossibility. W. 'oo was much too energetic. But the color question was still open, and prophecy or no prophecy it must be settled. Those days following were awful days. Mile after mile did that class walk in search of colors; meeting after meeting did it have; motion after motion did it rescind; and the secretary's book for that period is as exciting as a history of the Napoleonic wars. It finally chose, and its choice made all the other classes turn green with envy and blue with despair to think that they had lost the chance of having such class colors.

Then it turned to amusement. It planned three, five, seven—multitudes of picnics—and it rained. It planned tally-ho rides—and it blew. It planned trips to the beach—and it was cold. Finally it went to Eastlake Park and had a picnic—and it was delightful, and everyone enjoyed it thoroughly. Then there came a space or time when there was nothing to do, and, without any-



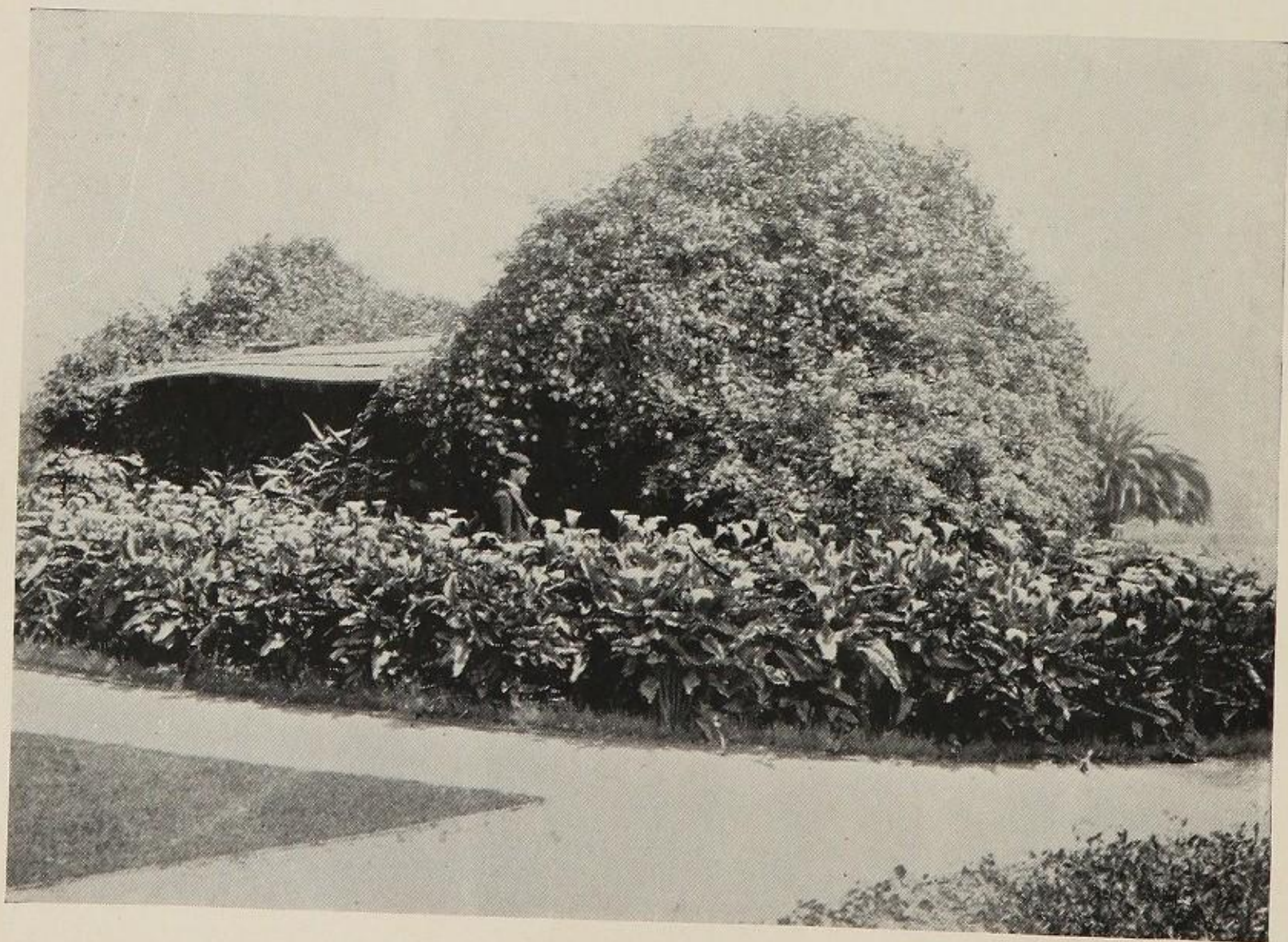
Winter Class of '00

one's noticing it, three class meetings at which there was no business transacted, passed and the spell was broken.

Everything since then has been beautiful ; everything delightful and peaceful. The most successful was a class party at the home of Clara Walton. In spite of the class' predisposition, born of reverses, to criticise, that party satisfied everyone ; and not only satisfied but very much pleased them. Next comes a picnic to Terminal Island, and as yet, our fancy can only picture how delightful that will be.

The prophecy said not only that the class would live happily, but that it would live forever afterward. May it be so. At least all indications look that way. Two things in its colors make it look so. The colors are blue and green, and whenever anyone looks out of the window he is sure to see some samples of those colors in the blue of the sky and the green of the trees. The whole world is decked with the colors of the Winter Class of '00.

MARGUERITE HENDERSON, W. '00.



“Our Alumni.”

THE students of the High School always take a peculiar interest in the Alumni. They are looked upon with a certain feeling of awe as having passed through the four years of the High School and still survived. We find them now following all sorts of professions ; many of them have already made names for themselves. The girls, having fewer advantages than the boys are consequently not brought so prominently before the public, but are probably doing as good work in other fields.

It seems that law is the favorite profession of the graduates. The following are among those who have chosen this profession :

Henry O'Melveny, '75.

Leslie R. Hewett, '85, U. C. '90.

Moye G. Norton, '87.

Walter F. Haas, '89, is now city attorney.

Russ A. Avery, '90, U. C. '94, Cum Laude '97, Harvard.

J. Darwin Gish, '92, U. C. '96.

Will P. James, '92.

Albert Stephens, '93.

Israel Ludlow, '93.

The following are now studying law in the Los Angeles Law School :

George Cook, '92.

R. M. Galbreath, '96.

Albert Norton, '97.

Walter Krug, '97.

Clarence Thompson, '97.

Asa Keyes, '97.

Many of the Alumni are teachers :

Mary E. Foy, '79, is now traveling in Europe, but is a teacher in our High School.

Clara Stolltenberg, 82, a graduate of Stanford, is now an instructor of Physiology there.

Margaret Phillipson, '83, is in the faculty of the Los Angeles High School.

Gertrude Henderson, '90, is an English teacher in our High School.

Marion Whipple, '94, U. C. '98, is teacher of English in the San Diego High School.

Bertha Oliver, '92, U. C. '96, is in the High School.

Of those who have chosen medicine as their profession :

Carl Kurtz, '86, is one of our well known physicians.

Edmund Lazard, '94, is in Kings County Hospital, Brooklyn.

Richard B. Chapman, '93, is a physician in Alaska.

Among the graduates, A. M. Edeiman, '78, is a prominent architect in Los Angeles.

S. T. Norton, '95, is rapidly becoming an architect in the firm of Carrerè & Hastings, N. Y.

Several of the graduates have made good records, and various scholarships have been won by the former students of the Los Angeles High School :

Christopher Ruess has won a scholarship at Harvard University.

John P. Norton, '95, has won medals and a scholarship at Yale.

Frank Goodenow has a scholarship at U. C.

Many of the later classes are studying at Stanford and University of California.

Among those receiving degrees at U. C. this year are :

Receiving Bachelor of Arts—Thirmuthis A. Brookman and George W. McDill.

Bachelor of Letters—Charles Seyler, Jr.

Bachelor of Philosophy—Florence May Jones and Otto T. Wedemeyer.

Bachelor of Science—Melville Dozier, Jr., and Maurice A. Newman.

Bachelor of Law—Robert N. Frick and George A. Wright.

Doctor of Medicine—Donald J. Frick.

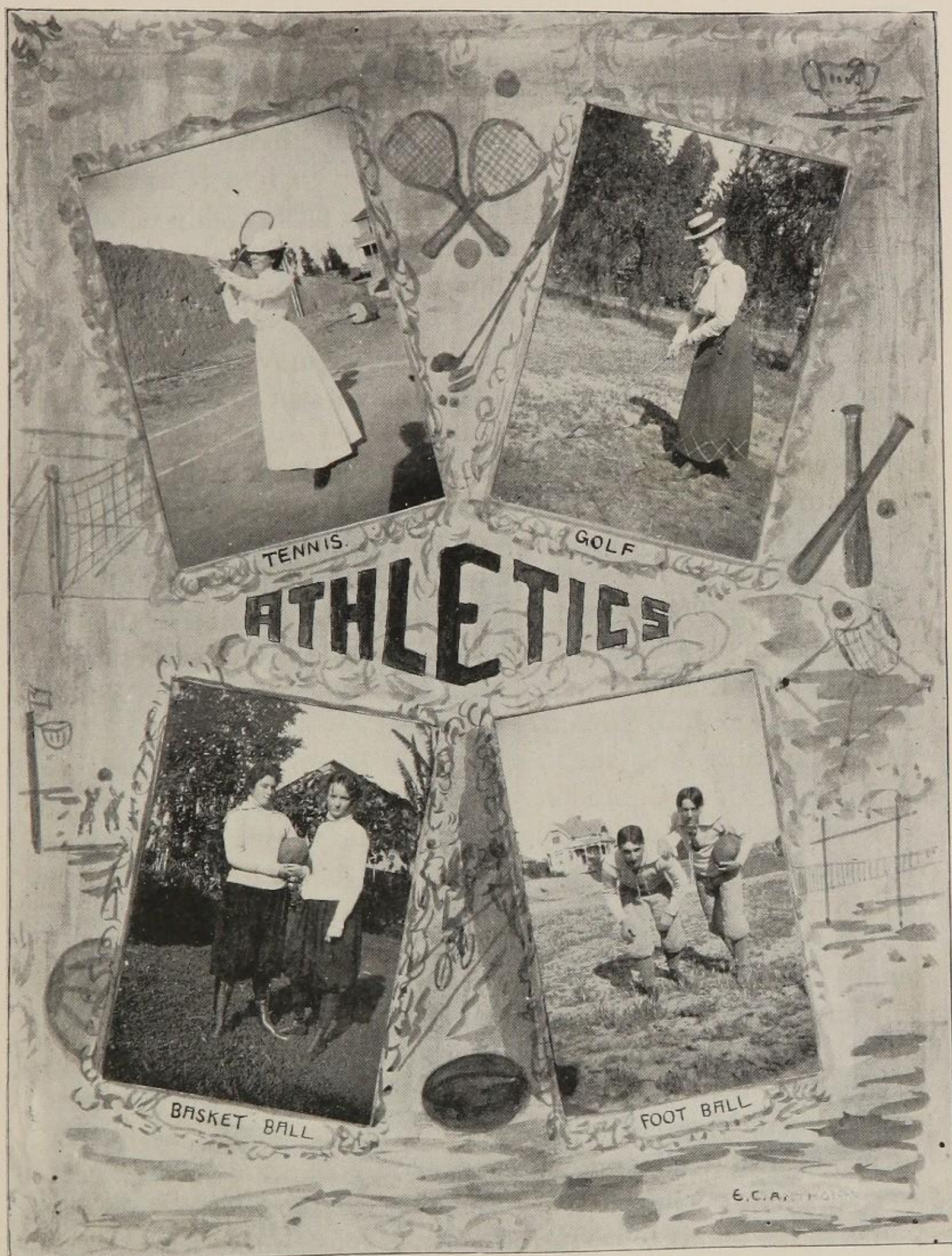
Some of the graduates of the H. S. have traveled to foreign lands :

Harriet Longstreet is studying in Paris.

Minnie S. Baxter, '83, is teaching in Sao Paulo, South America.

Gertrude Taft, '84, is a physician and missionary to Japan.

Geo. Wilson, '92, Stanford, '97, manager of a mine in China.



ATHLETICS

TENNIS

GOLF

BASKET BALL

FOOT BALL

E.C. ANTHONY

The Athletic Association.

THE Athletic Association of our school is one to be proud of, and it should receive our hearty support. It is necessary that we should have such an institution in our school, for without it we could not very well enter into the different field-days as a school, but each person would have to go into it as an individual. The students realize this, and the membership is rapidly increasing, for those who do not care to participate in the different sports are glad to give material support, in the way of dues, to those who do take part.

The object of this organization is that we may be ready at any time to accept, as a school, any challenge sent to us by another school. Furthermore, it is the duty of the association to send delegates to the conventions of the Inter-scholastic Athletic Association of Southern California, and to send representatives to all field-days under the jurisdiction of that association.

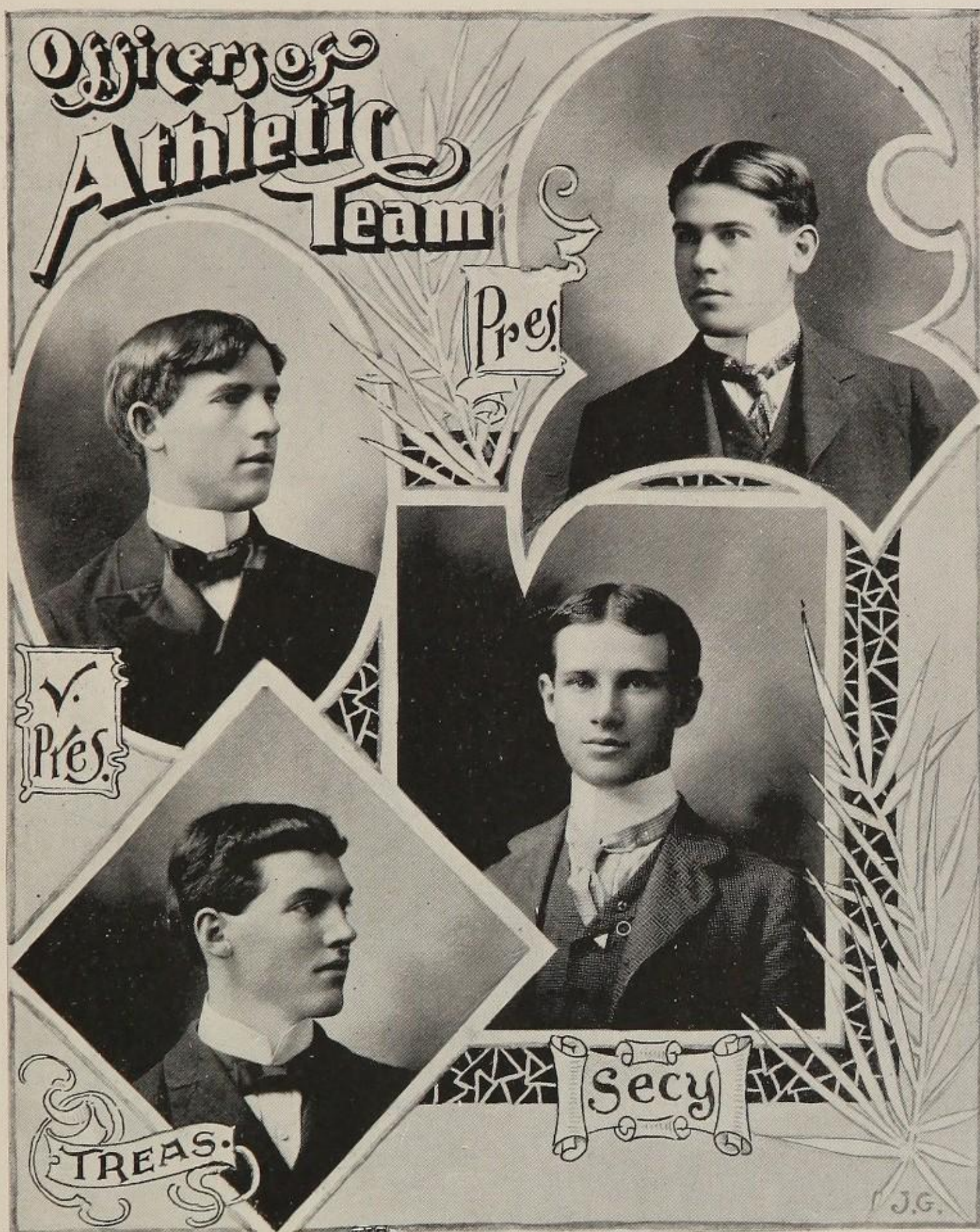
Never before has our school made such a brilliant record as it has this year. The season opened with football, and in this we won the championship of Southern California. Our success was due largely to Robert Campbell, our able manager, and to Walter Munday, our skillful captain.

We played against the terrible San Diego team, as well as the Pomona, U. S. C., and several local teams. In nearly every game our team was outweighed, but in spite of this fact we were victorious in every instance, the score for the entire season being 71-0, and not once was our goal in serious danger.

In tennis, also, we carried off the championship. Our representatives, Trow Hendrick and Robert Variel, played with such skill and accuracy that they had a comparatively easy time of it.

Thus two championship cups adorn the office, and the prospects are good for more. The one which the football team won is of hand-painted china, with an engraved silver stand. The other one is a beautiful silver loving-cup, with gold lining, and a neat inscription on the outside to Trow Hendrick, the champion of the singles in the tennis tournament. Mr. Hendrick also won a very pretty silver medal for the singles, and both Hendrick and Variel won a Pim tennis racket for the doubles.

We have plenty of material in our school for all branches of



Trow Hendrick
Arthur G. Wynn

Philo L. Lindley
Tom. R. Lee

athletics ; to be sure some of it is as yet in its rudimentary stage, but with training it could easily be developed.

What we need is a gymnasium fully equipped with all of the modern appliances, and field for outdoor sports. These are necessary for the welfare of a High School, and it would not have been necessary for some of our students to leave school on account of their health, if we had had them. If we could have these, they would be the means of developing what material we already have for athletics, and would bring out much more which as yet has not come to our notice. As it is, the boys must either train in the street or walk two or three miles and then pay for the privilege of training.

When at last we do get our much longed for "gym", we will see a marked improvement in the mental and physical development of our girls as well as the boys, for mental and physical strength go hand in hand.



Trow Hendrick

R. H. F. Variel, Jr.

The Interscholastic Tennis Tournament.

THE Interscholastic Tennis Tournament of Southern California was held on the courts of the Ojai Tennis Club, at Nordoff, Ventura county, April 14th and 15th last. Nordoff is situated in the beautiful and picturesque Ojai Valley, and it looked very pretty after the rains. Twelve High, Normal and private schools were represented. The L. A. H. S. being represented by Trow Hendrick in the singles and Hendrick and Variel in the doubles.

The two grand stands facing the four courts were artistically decorated with poppies, luxines, mustard and greens, and with light blue and gold, the colors of the Ojai Tennis Club. During each afternoon ice-cream and cake were served.

Play commenced Friday morning, at nine o'clock, with the singles. Williams, Redlands High School, defeated Sheffield, Santa Barbara High School, 7-5, 6-2; Hendrick, L. A. H. S., defeated Lane, Alhambra H. S., 6-3, 6-4; Baker, Ventura H. S., defeated Sharp, Santa Paula H. S., 6-2, 6-1; Paul Rowan, L. A. Military Academy, defeated Hodge, San Diego H. S., 6-3, 7-5; Neeley, San Diego Normal, defeated Reddington, S. B. Collegiate, 6-3, 2-6, 6-1; Gridley, Casa de Piedra, defeated Gale, Throop, 2-6, 6-4, 7-5. This completed the preliminary round of the tournament. At two o'clock the second round was called. Hendrick defeated Baker 9-7, 6-1. This was by far the most exciting single match of the tournament. The grand stand was filled with an enthusiastic crowd of supporters from Ventura, who yelled for Baker, while very few were there to cheer Hendrick. Neely defeated Rowan 6-0, 2-6, 7-5. In the semi-finals Hendrick defeated Williams 6-1, 6-2; Gridley defeated Neely 6-1, 6-0.

The finals between Hendrick and Gridley were called at eleven o'clock Saturday morning. The grand stand was filled to overflowing while many crowded round the courts, but it was with much disappointment that most of them witnessed the defeat of Gridley, by the score of 6-2, 6-2. This won for our school the silver loving-cup, donated by Mr. Farnam, and a silver medal for Hendrick.

In the preliminary round in the doubles, Hendrick and Variel, L. A. H. S., defeated Lane and Williams, Alhambra H. S., 7-5,

6-2. In the second round, Baker Brothers, V. H. S., defeated Gridley and Stevens, Casa de Piedra, 6-2, 7-5; Sheffield and Moore, S. B. H. S., defeated Short Brothers, S. P. H. S., 6-4, 5-7, 8-6; Hendrick and Variel defeated Gale and Barnwell, Throop, 6-1, 6-1; Hodge and Luce, S. D. H. S., defeated Rowan and Grant, L. A. M. A., 9-7, 6-8, 6-2.

In the semi-finals, the Baker Brothers beat Sheffield and Moore, 6-1, 6-0; Hendrick and Variel beat Hodge and Luce, 6-2, 6-1.

The next match, the finals in the doubles, between Baker Brothers and Hendrick and Variel, was the most exciting and evenly matched game of the tournament. The largest crowd of all turned out to see this match, and it was one of the most enthusiastic that ever witnessed a game of tennis. They blew horns, beat drums, and yelled until the whole valley seemed to echo and re-echo.

The match was stubbornly fought until it was nearly too dark to see, when our boys finally came out victorious by a score of 5-7, 7-5, 13-11.

During the tournament some excellent exhibition tennis was played by the Hardy Brothers, of San Francisco, and Bell and Thatcher, from Southern California, and between the Misses Sutton, Dobbins and Hugus, from Pasadena.

Saturday night a very pretty dance was given at the Casa de Peidra School, in honor of the tennis players, at which the prizes were awarded.

After the dance an Interscholastic Tennis Association was formed, at which the following officers were elected: Mr. Hendrick, president; Mr. Williams, Redlands, treasurer; and Mr. Gridley, Casa de Piedra, secretary.

The tournament was a great success, for which we are all indebted to Messrs. Thatcher, Farnam, Foster and Hubby, and all sincerely hope to see many repetitions in the future.



The L. A. H. S. Basket Ball Team.

OUR High School has had an excellent basket ball team. The girls were all fond of athletics and took a great deal of interest in the exercise.

Miss Scott, a teacher of physical culture, gave a talk at the High School one afternoon last year; she spoke especially of basket ball; this aroused so much interest that a few of the girls organized a team.

A man, who had been a college athlete, and captain of a fine football team, acted as our coach and instructor. He understood the game thoroughly and we soon learned to play scientifically and well.

Our gymnasium being small prevented us from having more than five girls on a side. There should be a center, two forwards and two guards. It is the duty of a center to keep the ball on the side for which she plays. The forwards are to throw the ball in the basket at every chance they get. The guards are supposed to take the ball from the forwards, and throw it back to their side. It should be understood that the guards of each side are placed on the opposing side and there perform their duty.

A basket is hung fifteen feet from the wall at each end of the gymnasium. The two centers stand in the center, and the ball is thrown to them by the umpire. Then whichever center gets the ball, throws it to either of the forwards of her own side. The forwards try to throw the ball in the basket, unless they are prevented by the guards of the opposing side.

When a forward throws the ball in the basket from the field it scores two for her side. When a foul is called on either side, the opposing side has a throw for the basket. The forward stands fifteen feet from the basket, and tries to get the ball into it. If she succeeds, it scores one for her side; if she misses, the game goes on.

A foul consists in a player putting her arms around anyone, talking back to the umpire, running, or even walking with the ball when she gets it, or holding the ball more than five seconds. If two hold the ball for more than five seconds, the umpire stops the game. The umpire then throws to those two members. Each tries to catch the ball so as to throw it to her own side.

The team played their first match game with the Cumnock, B.

B. T. The young ladies from the Cumnock were also under the instruction of Miss Scott. This was very good for we had few disputes over rules and regulations. Our team won ; score, 4-0.

Our team was not challenge by the Marlborough team. The girls from Marlborough played out in the open air ; the grounds being behind the school. As our school had never played out of a gym, we thought the others had an advantage over us, for we were used to having the ball bounce against the walls. The captain of their team was very strong and could throw a ball with greater force than anyone on our team. Another member of their team was so small that when she got the ball it was almost impossible to take the ball away from her without making a foul by putting our arms around her. The other members corresponded to our members in size, height, etc.

The game was a very exciting one ; the teams proved to be so evenly matched ; it was interrupted several times by disputes, which were always settled by a compromise. The H. S. team won ! score, 1-0.

The Marlborough team did not seem to be satisfied with this score, so challenged us a second time. The H. S. won, making a better score, 8-4.

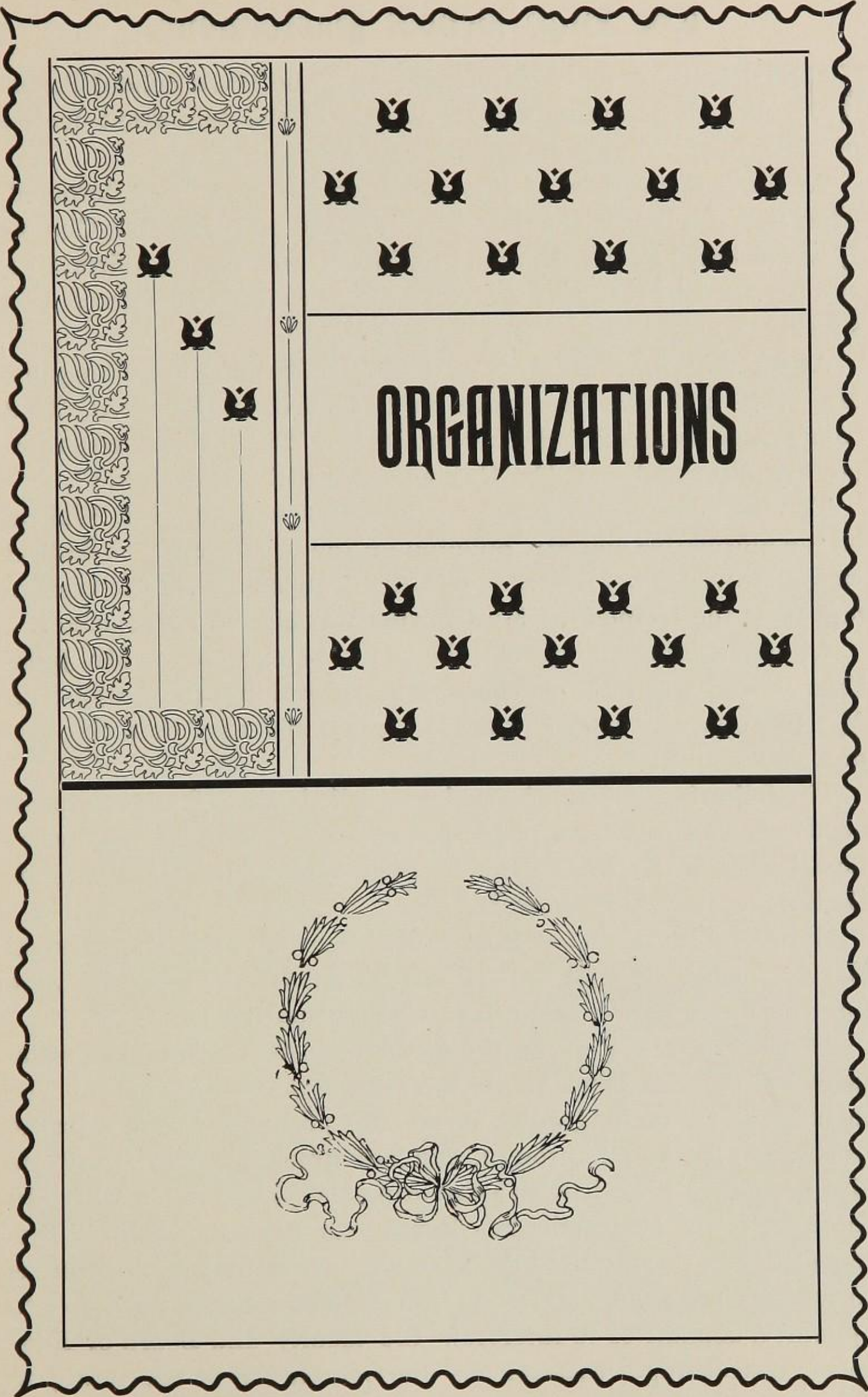
This was the last match game that our team played. School closed for the summer vacation, and some of our members graduated. When school began again in September, we organized a new team.

We were disappointed in getting our same gymnasium, and also in securing another, the hall always containing gas or electric fixtures which were breakable.

We only practiced once and then our team seemed to break up. In the meanwhile, the Normal B. B. T. sent us a challenge, but under the circumstances we could not accept.

This closed the history of the first High School B. B. T., and by present observations there are no signs of another being formed.

GRACE LAUBERSHEIMER, S. '99.



The High School Parliament.

UNDER its present able management the High School Parliament is becoming known as one of the important factors of the school. The membership now numbers fifty.

At the first meeting of this semester the question, Resolved, That the English Parliament was justified in beheading Charles I, was debated by Mr. Yarnell and Miss Garey on the affirmative, and Mr. Brooks on the negative. Mr. Brooks was elected best speaker.

At the next meeting Mr. Cox and Miss Barnett debated against Mr. Wells and Miss Musgrove on the question, Resolved, That competitive convict labor be abolished. The subject was thoroughly discussed, and Mr. Cox was elected best speaker.

The last debate was given by Miss Turner and Mr. Walton on the affirmative and Mr. Boynton on the negative. The subject was, Resolved, That inherited wealth is detrimental to the best interests of the recipient. Miss Turner was elected best speaker.

At one meeting a trial took the place of a debate. Mr. Jonathan Bowler was tried on the charge of stuffing the ballot-box. Mr. Judy, for the defense, so ably argued his case that the verdict was acquittal.

The following persons have been called upon for extemporaneous address, and have responded with more or less readiness: Beatrice Snow, Keturah Paul, Florence Dodge, John Bowler, M. G. Boynton and Guy Stewart.

Miss Nellie Winters, Miss Lena Turner and Mr. Samuel Kreider have read well written critics' reports. The critics were not afraid to criticise, and did so with no sparing hand.

At nearly every meeting the members have engaged in Parliamentary practice, and there have been exciting times. The members are becoming quick to see the proper motions to make in order to get a bill through, and are quick to act. They are also becoming proficient in preventing the passage of a bill. In these drills the obstructionists have so far been successful. Perhaps this has been due to the kind of bills introduced. Motions to appropriate \$2,000,000 from our treasury for a warship; to appoint a committee to interview the faculty and Board of Education concerning a vacation for the remainder of the term; to request ladies to remove their hats.



Herbert F. True
Mary Putnam

Nellie Winters
Oscar Brooks

The Parliament has enjoyed many treats the past semester. Mr. Housh, at the first meeting, spoke of the benefit to the members and to the school in having a literary society of so high a standard. He urged the young people that constitute its membership to cultivate the use of good English in extemporaneous speaking, and hoped that future orators, debaters and parliamentarians might refer to the High School Parliament as the source of their training.

At another meeting Mr. Coleman gave an interesting talk on Harvard from a student's point of view. Beautiful lawns and immense old trees furnish a charm to the landscape about Harvard. He encouraged us with the belief that, with a few millions of expenditure and a few years of time, our own Berkeley might become as great.

At the last meeting Mrs. Frick gave us a talk on the methods used in arranging for the inter-club debates. She impressed upon us the necessity of the participants making the drills valuable by preparing themselves fully before hand on the subject under debate ; of practicing openly such devices as the syllogism or the dilemma ; and of studying the introductions to great speeches, so that they may learn from Burke and Webster how to secure the sympathy of the audience in advance. She expressed her belief that much benefit is to be derived from extemporaneous addresses, but said that the extemporaneous addresses of great speakers are the result of long and hard study on the subject.

The humorists, Tom Barnes, Lee Emerson Bassett and Florence Field, have entertained us with readings. Several of the readings have been from James Whitcomb Riley.

During the past semester the Commercial Course Debating Club and the High School Parliament have become better acquainted through the interchange of visits, and in the near future there is to be a debate between the two clubs.

Mr. True has presided with dignity and justice, and has made manifest his profound knowledge of Parliamentary law.

We earnestly hope that the High School Parliament will continue to improve.

MARY P. PUTNAM, S. '99.

L. A. H. S. Orchestra.

THE orchestra has lately taken a progressive turn. Through the efforts of its manager, the services of a professional director and instructor have been secured, Mr. Wm. H. Meade, well known in musical circles in Los Angeles as an artistic performer and able instructor upon the flute and piccolo ; he has shown his ability as director of the First Congregational Orchestra.

Under this direction our orchestra has already shown marked improvement by the increased interest of its members. It is hoped that this will establish a precedent for the orchestra's employing upon its own responsibility an experienced director, which cannot fail to result in the permanent establishment of such a desirable factor in our school.

An enlarged membership, together with an increased appreciation in the school of its efforts, promises for the orchestra a phenomenal success.

The membership consists as follows :

Mr. Wm. H. Meade, Director ; Edwin G. Mendenhall, Manager.

Violins—Ben E. Harwood, Miss May Deering, Paul G. Kiefer, Irving W. Hellman, Harry Kingsbaker, Miss Nell Duke.

'Cello, Edwin G. Mendenhall ; Bass, Will R. Crowell ; Flute, Harry Baxter ; Clarinet, Everett Harris.

Cornets—Miss Helen Saterlee, Elon Kanagy, Walter Reese, Jeff. W. Ferris.

Trombone—Edward Maxom.

Piano—Miss Eva Young.





Anthony, Photo.

Kamera Klub

The Kamera and Kodak Klub.

THIS organization is one of the most highly educative societies in the school. It was instituted for purely scientific purposes. It requires a vast amount of knowledge to become a member of this club and derive any benefit from it, and for this reason it is composed of Senior A's. All members must be thoroughly proficient in Latin, Greek, mathematics, and at least one of the modern languages. He must devote two hours on school days and all day Saturday upon the labors incident upon the members of this organization.

A very fine and valuable collection of views has been accumulated, and upon application to any of the members and a fee of one dollar, any one will be allowed to see them.

The club has constructed a photographic laboratory in room 16, at a very great expense. We take our photographs to this laboratory and operate upon them with chemicals and acids, and are thus enabled to foretell events. By the photographs taken at Devil's Gate we find that Los Angeles will have a new High School when the boys of the Summer Class of '99 become members of the Board of Education. The results obtained from some views taken at Terminal Island will be found in the Class Prophecy.

Some of the members are very proficient in astronomical photography. Roy Hillman took some views of his home and a beautiful rose-bush which he raised himself. During Institute a representative of the club went to Santa Barbara to take some photographs of the old Mission and the beautiful scenery in the vicinity.

Some of these were sent East and have created such a great excitement there that a great many people, who had been scared out by the smallpox, are coming out here with the N. E. A. to see the originals and other beautiful scenery.



Anthony, Photo.

Bicycle Club

Friday Afternoon Bicycle Club.

THE Bike Club of happy memory was organized in the spring of 1899, under the guidance of Miss Florence Dunham, teacher of the Senior A Class. It is one of the branches of the Delta Sigma Delta, from which great things are to be expected.

The object of the club is, (1) "to enjoy itself," and (2) to form stronger friendship among the girls of the Senior A Class. There has long been a need for an organization of this character in our school to aid the growth and development of physical exercise among the girls, causing rosy cheeks and good health.

The haunts of the club are in the foothills and similar picturesque places, where many rides will be taken every Friday afternoon, all worry being laid aside on these occasions.

There are many trick riders in this club, and the members are entertained with racing, coasting, and similar performances. The club enjoyed their first ride to Hollywood Friday, April 28. One of the events of the day was a one-mile bicycle race. There were four contestants in this, Florence Norton, Beatrice Snow, Rowena Moore, and Edith Phillips. Rowena Moore was an easy winner in the short time of one minute and forty-five seconds. The rest closely followed, time one minute fifty-five seconds. The winner was awarded a large bag of chewing (?) candy, which she generously divided among the members.

After enjoying themselves to the utmost, they came back very much pleased with their first ride. The charm of the club is that no dues are levied.

EDITH PHILLIPS, Summer '99.

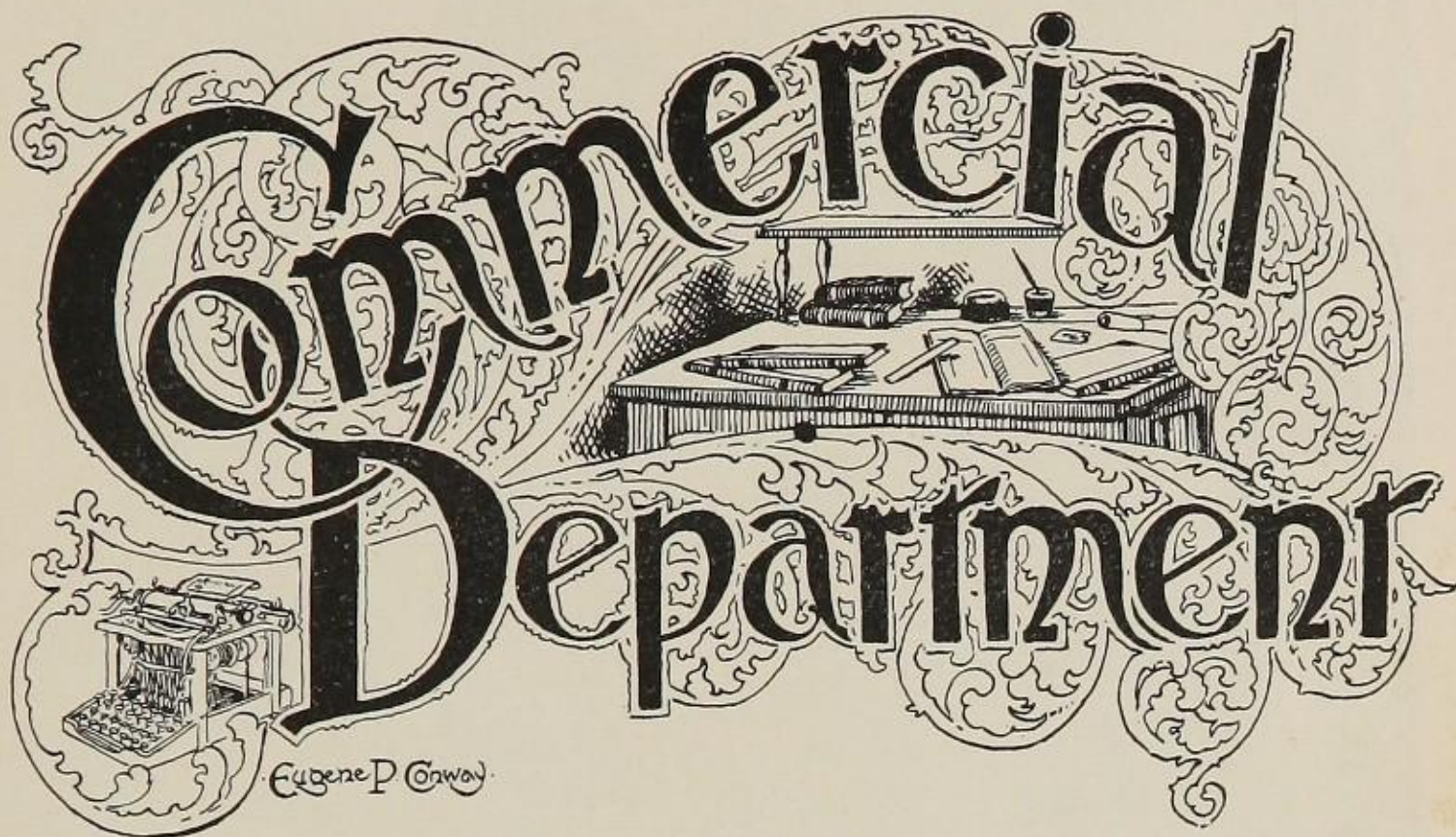
The Delta Sigma Delta.

THE Delta Sigma Delta is a society recently organized in the Senior A Class, composed exclusively of Senior A girls. The society organized with Helen North, Edith Phillips, Beatrice Snow, Mary Putnam, Rowena Moore, Florence Field and Florence Norton as charter members. One after another the names of the Senior A girls were added to the roll as they underwent the dread rites of initiation. Only those who were obliged to pass through this terrible ordeal, from which they emerged with a resigned expression on their faces but otherwise in a most disreputable condition, can tell how awful it was.

The society is represented by the Greek letters $\Delta \Sigma \Delta$ whose significance is very appropriate to the Senior A girls. The color chosen was pink and the pink carnation as the emblematic flower. A pink satin ribbon tied around the left wrist is used as the symbol until a more suitable one can be decided upon.

The society was organized incidentally to promote sociability among the girls of the Senior A Class, but primarily to form an association through which a scholarship is to be established in the University of California for the girls of the High School. This association is to be an auxiliary of the Delta Sigma Delta, but will be open for membership to all the girls of the High School. Aside from the dues, various methods have been devised to raise money, which, however, cannot be given here.

This project, we think, should receive the support of all of the girls of our school, and aid also from others who are concerned in the advancement of our young people.



THE Commercial Course has now completed its fourth year. In 1895 it started in a small room in the High School building as a two years course, but speedily outgrew its quarters, and in 1896 was removed to the Sand-street building, where it yet remains. About that time the course of instruction was changed from two years to three. The five large rooms are now crowded, and another change will soon be necessary.

The aim of the Commercial Course is not only to teach the scholar how to typewrite, take notes or keep a set of book-keeping books, but to inculcate the general principles of a business education, and to make the student a good citizen.

Much interest is being shown by the pupils in the coming National Educational Association, and their typewriting and shorthand exhibit will be of especial value to all commercial teachers or those interested in commercial schools.

Two hundred and seventy-five students have been enrolled in the Course this term.



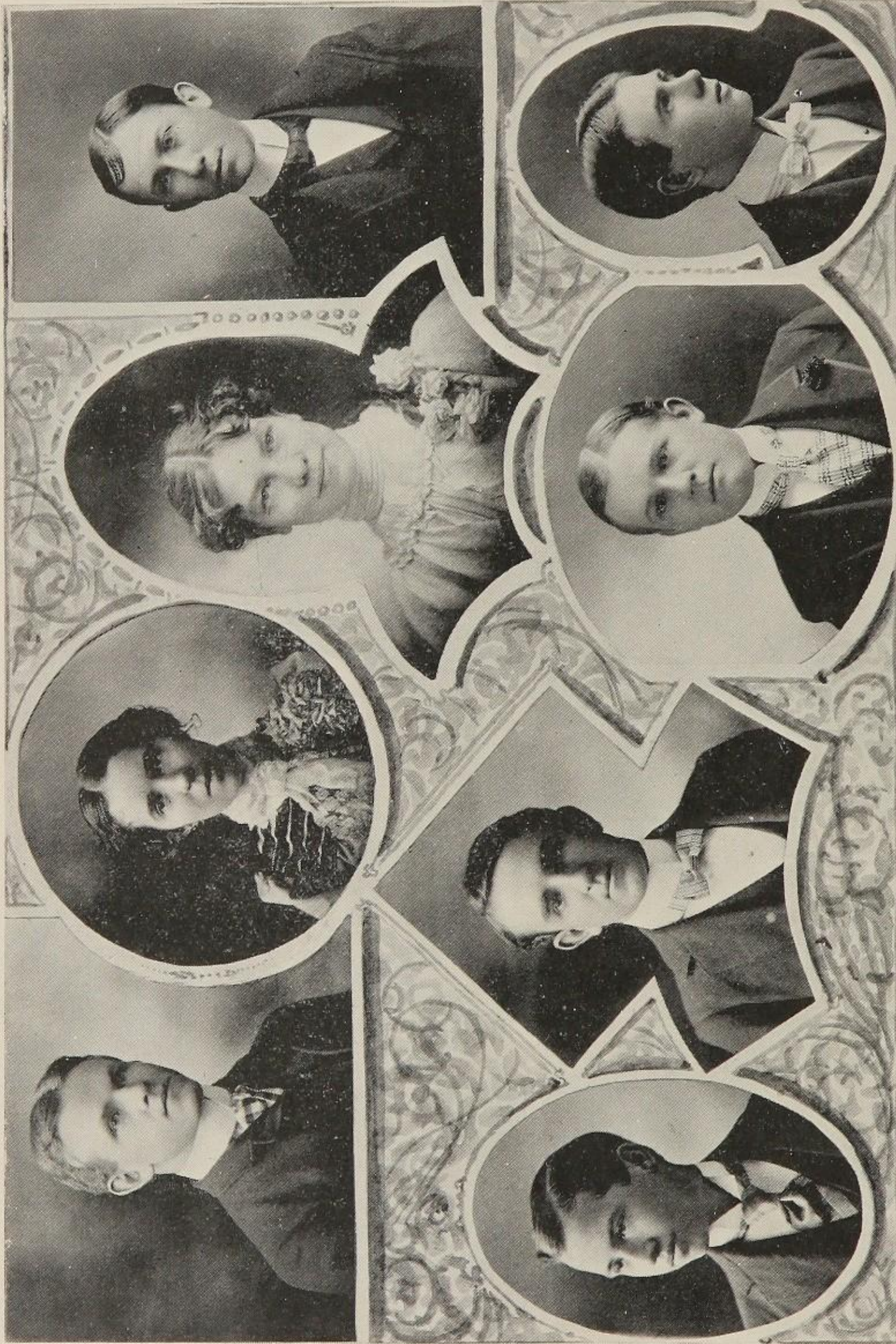
Ed. Nolan
 Suzanne Durnerin
 Walter A. Ellis

Bonnie Clay
 Dan W. Knoll

DeForest Reichard
 E. W. Fuller
 Leon S. Griswold

CLASS COMMENTS.

NAME	APPEARANCE	TALENT	IDEAL	FUTURE PROSPECTS
Suzanne Durnerin.....	Delightful	Perfect lessons	Solomon—He became wise in a Single night.	Society leader.
Bonnie Clay.....	Sweet	Tact	Frances E. Willard—A leader of women—and men.	Matrimony.
De Forest Reichard.....	Elongated	Going it easy.....	A Brobdingnagian—Longer in bed than others.	Cowboy.
Ernest W. Fuller.....	Spectacled	Gift o' gab.....	Samson—Slew his enemies with a jaw-bone.	Literary.
Walter A. Ellis.....	Studios	Assisting teachers...	A Minister—Who often makes II, I.	Single blessedness.
Ed Nolan,...	Short	Third-rate puns.....	Fruit packer—An adept at boxing.	Lawyer.
Leon S. Griswold.....	Hairy	Growing mustachios	Buffalo Bill—Had many hair-raising adventures.	An heir.
Dan W. Knoll... ..	Gentlemanly ..	Dancing.... ..	Napoleon—A tireless night-worker	Night watchman.



James Lynn Van Norman
Albert Janssen

Lydia White
Wallace Canfield

Lillie Hamilton
Roy D. King

Roy T. Jones
Francis E. Russell

CLASS COMMENTS.

NAME	APPEARANCE	TALENT	IDEAL	FUTURE PROSPECTS
Lydia White.....	Gentle	Collecting class dues.	Harriet Beecher Stowe—Her work is <i>dun</i> .	Secretary.
Lillie Hamilton.....	Sunny	Cheerfulness	Andrew Jackson—Had a mind of his own.	First woman voter.
Francis E. Russell.....	Harmless.....	Silence	Mr. Carlson—A fluent and ready talker.	Street-sweeper.
Albert Janssen.....	Verdant	Money-making	Gould—A millionaire.	President of the Stock Exchange.
Wallace Canfield.....	Alert	Wanting.....	Barnum—Whose wants were satisfied.	Prospector.
James Lynn Van Norman...	Herculean.....	Football	Noah Webster—A man of broad understanding.	President.
Roy D. King.....	Massive	Suggesting schemes..	The Czar—When he lifts up his voice, all men hearken.	349 lbs.
Roy T. Jones.....	Squelched.....	Dexterity	Sandow—A perfect man.	Wisdom.



W. A. Ellis
Ethel Mae Fairbanks

Nelle Reynolds
Eugene P. Conway

The Ionian Society.

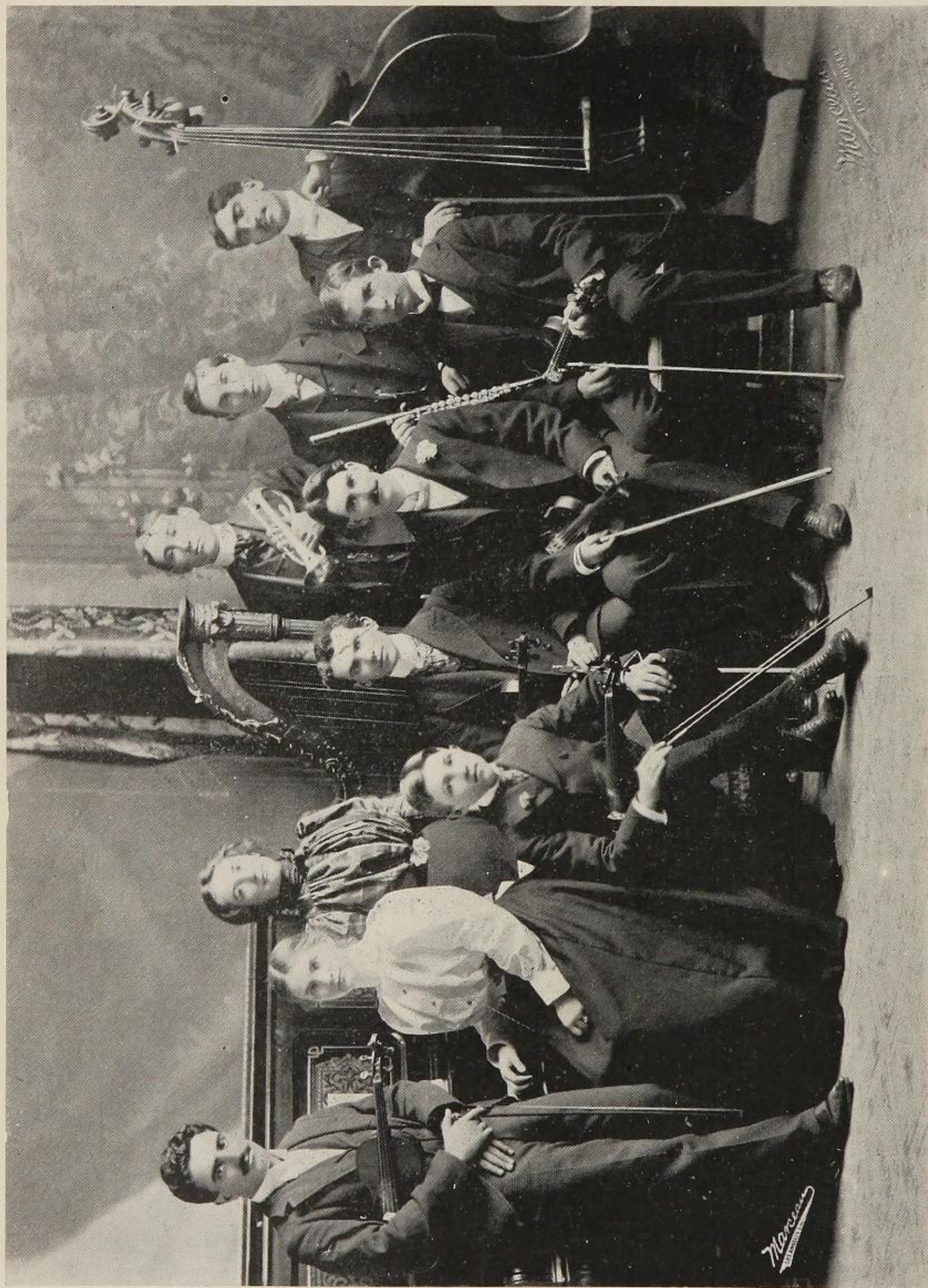
ALMOST every school of any size has a class, or school society. The object of many of these is amusement. The originators of the society, which, in the Commercial Course of the High School, takes the place of the Star and Crescent, in the other building, thought it possible to combine pleasure with profit. They held it to be no more difficult, and certainly more satisfactory, to enact programs of such a nature, that dealing with serious questions, and topics of the day, would develop the minds and the oratorical powers of those who participated in them. They also thought that sufficient entertainment could be worked into the programs to insure holding the interest of the members, and promote the growth of the society. One of the principal means of this latter end was to be the music furnished by the orchestra, of which the Commercial Course is so proud. These public spirits have succeeded beyond their best hopes. The Ionian Society has now reached such a size that its membership comprises the entire school above the ninth year, and its meetings, held every month, are attended by almost the full roster of the society, as well as by many visitors. Owing to the organization, almost, if not all, of the members have an opportunity to serve on the program, at some time in the school year.

The last program rendered was a fair example of what Ionian programs usually are.

The incoming officers who had not been sworn in at the last meeting took the oath of office. The outgoing president, Mr. J. L. Van Norman, was presented with the *Lignum-Vitae* Gavel of last term, which had been bound with a silver band, and suitably inscribed. President Ellis made the presentation in a neat speech, to which Mr. Van Norman responded in a few well chosen remarks.

A general debate upon "Resolved, that the United States is justified in her war against the Filipinos" claimed the attention of the members. Some two dozen debaters did most of the arguing, but all had a word or two to say. The result of the discussion was a matter for individual decision. Routine business gave Mr. Schulman and others a brilliant parliamentary battle, which those worthies made the most of.

Business was transacted, and adjournment taken.



Commercial Course Orchestra

The Commercial Course Orchestra.

IF constant application and practice leads to perfection, then the members of the Commercial Course Orchestra may well feel that they are on the road to it.

This orchestra was formed in the month of March, 1898, and with very discouraging prospects, but it was soon seen that it contained some talent that defied discouragement, and its existence has been one of constant pleasure and improvement to each and every one of its members.

Its numbers have increased from five to ten, and at present the orchestration is as follows :

Nicolas Laraia.....	Leader and 1st violin
Barney Schulman..	Concert Master and 1st violin
L. S. Griswold.....	2nd violin
Bernhardt Meine.....	2nd violin
C. B. Neiswender..	2nd violin
George Zobelein.....	Cornet
Harry Baxter.....	Flute
Judson Jones.....	Clarinet
Will Laraia.....	Bass
Miss Emily Young.....	Piano
Miss Eva Young.....	Vocal Soloiste

A great deal of credit is due to the untiring efforts of our able leader, Mr. J. N. Laraia, who has had charge of the orchestra ever since its formation. Mr. Laraia is a born director, and no one would doubt it were he to see the graceful waves of his hand while holding the baton.

Although we are a school orchestra, we have not confined ourselves within the narrow limits of the school walls. Our music may be heard at sundry meetings of the Schoolmaster's Club, and many other social gatherings, where our playing has been greatly applauded and appreciated. This also has done much toward acquainting the public with the fact that there is a Commercial Course in the Los Angeles High School.

The refreshing music of the orchestra has done much to relieve the monotony and improve the programs of the Ionian Society, and the members of the society have shown their appreciation of the orchestra's efforts in many ways.



J. M. Danziger
Emily E. Young

B. F. Hopkins
Mazeppa Guyer

Commercial Course Debating Club.

THE Commercial Course Debating Club has been organized about one year. The meetings are well attended and great interest is taken in its work. The purpose of the club is not only to give its members facility in debating the leading questions of the day, but also to enable them to become adepts in Parliamentary law. The casual visitor might be astounded upon hearing a resolution to "return a vote of thanks" to a certain member amended so as to read "a vote of censure," and the amendment ably defended by some of the members, but this is only to give the boys and girls skill in seeking the advantages or defects in Parliamentary questions. Some of the members are marvels, indeed, when it comes to putting questions or stating objections.

The meetings are held every other Tuesday afternoon immediately after school, and visitors are always welcome. Some of the most interesting questions discussed by the Club at various times during the year have been: "Resolved, that the United States should hold the Philippines"; "That the negroes of the South should be deprived of the right of suffrage"; "That labor unions are detrimental to the country," and "That immigration should be further restricted." Several interesting essays have also been read.

A short time since the High School Parliament visited the Club and took an active part in the meeting, and at present writing the Club is considering a challenge from the Parliament to a joint debate.

The officers of the Club are J. M. Danziger, president; B. F. Hopkins, vice-president; Miss Emily E. Young, secretary; Miss Mazeppa Guyer, treasurer; and B. F. Hopkins, E. L. Hedderly and Clarence Grayson, executive committee.

Society—Commercial Course Department.

The boys of the graduating class gave a unique version of a progressive party Friday evening, May 5th, to the girls of their class. There are twelve boys and only four girls, making it impossible to give an ordinary party. The girls were invited to "An Evening with Four Chapters" at the home of De Forest Reichard, where they found four of the boys. After refreshments, they were taken to the home of W. A. Ellis, and from there to the home of D. W. Knoll, four different boys acting as hosts at each place. The four teachers of the Course, Messrs. Francis, Wagner, Carlson and Brown, acted as hosts at the fourth place, the home of E. W. Fuller, for a few moments, when the folding doors were opened and all the boys were discovered in the next room. Ice cream and cake was served, and souvenirs of the occasion were given the girls. The decorations at each place were in the class colors, red and white. The event was especially enjoyable on account of its being a genuine surprise to the girls.

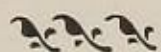
A jolly crowd of eight couple, chaperoned by Milton Carlson and wife, went on a tally-ho ride to Devil's Gate, April 22d. After a pleasant drive through the surrounding country, including a stop-over at Verdugo Park, the party returned to the city in excellent spirits. The party consisted of Misses Ryder, Campbell, Dana, Arnaelstein, Fairbanks, Russell, Handley and Lindenfeld. Messrs. Canfield, Rees, Grayson, McCarty, Miller, Raleigh, Danziger and Salyer, and Mr. and Mrs. Carlson. The most enjoyable event of the day was the charge of the Spanish Cavaliers at Verdugo Park; they charged \$1.50 as toll for the use of the park.

In response to a mysteriously worded invitation given them by the girls, the boys of the graduating class presented themselves at the door of Room 5, Sand-street building, Thursday, April 20th, at noon, where they were handsomely entertained by the girls. Refreshments were served and toasts were given by the teachers and members of the class.

One beautiful day in April, a happy, expectant group of students of the C. C. might have been seen at Fourth street waiting for the too slow Pasadena car to carry them to Rubio Cañon, where the most magnificent scenery of Southern California is supposed to be found. Many were the pleasant events of the jour-

ney. Our genial friend and teacher, Mr. Brown, played the part of candy advertiser and distributed lemon drops to the fair ones. When the last curve was turned and the pavilion was in sight, the C. C. yell sounded and resounded in the narrow cañon. Soon the delightful climb to the top was in order. After safely depositing the lunches where they do the most good, games of many descriptions were played on the highly polished floor of the pavilion. After a very enjoyable day, the party returned on the four o'clock train with Mr. Francis as escort. The excursion was one to be long remembered by all the participants.

The "L. M. U.," a Commercial Course fraternity, was feasted with a banquet held in Room 5, Sand-street building, Thursday, May 17. About fifteen were present. Mr. Francis was the guest of the Club.



Commercial Course Personals.

Miss Ryder is anxious to know the meaning of the pleasant (?) rice shower that she received the other day from one of the illustrious Seniors.

Mr. Jacoby is going to have his pictures taken ; he has already sent in his order for the strongest plates that can be manufactured.

For instruction in the art of courtesy, please apply to Prof. Grayson, Room 10, California-street building.

Oh ! those bewitching blue eyes of Miss Dana's. Yum ! Yum !

Why is Earl Tubbs like a ball of twine ?

Because he is wrapped up in himself.

Any person wishing to find an easy way to get a hair-cut and shave should call on Mr. Griswold.

Everybody is invited to the next meeting of the Commercial Course Debating Club. The principal feature will be a jewett (duet) by Danziger and Schulman. They will introduce two new keys into the musical world, I-key and J-key.

Mr. Schulman wants it strictly understood that his name is not "Poke Chops."

Wouldn't Hedderly make a fine lamp-post.

We had a real good josh on Dan Knoll—how he and Van Norman used to go with the girls—but Dan has been sick, lately, and we are afraid he can't stand it in his present weak state, so we leave it out.

Some comment has been made upon the fact that the scrubbs wander about the hall with open mouths. It does not only injure the general appearance of the students, but it is a positive menace to microbes. Don't do it any more, boys, please don't.

Mr. Hopkins needs to take a few lessons in arm-swinging, or his success as a debater will come to a sudden finish.

The second Czar Reed will be found in the Commercial Course in the shape of Mr. Danziger.

Hedderly is law-abiding, if nothing else. A little while ago he drew pen sketches of ducks by the wholesale, but now, since the duck season has closed, he has given up murdering the things and draws conclusions instead.

Schulman—"Get thee behind me, Satan."

Canfield—"Go to Jersusalem."

Van Norman—"I tell you, I *like* brunettes."

"Everything is coming my weigh," said King, when two of the boys told him that they had gained two pounds in as many weeks.

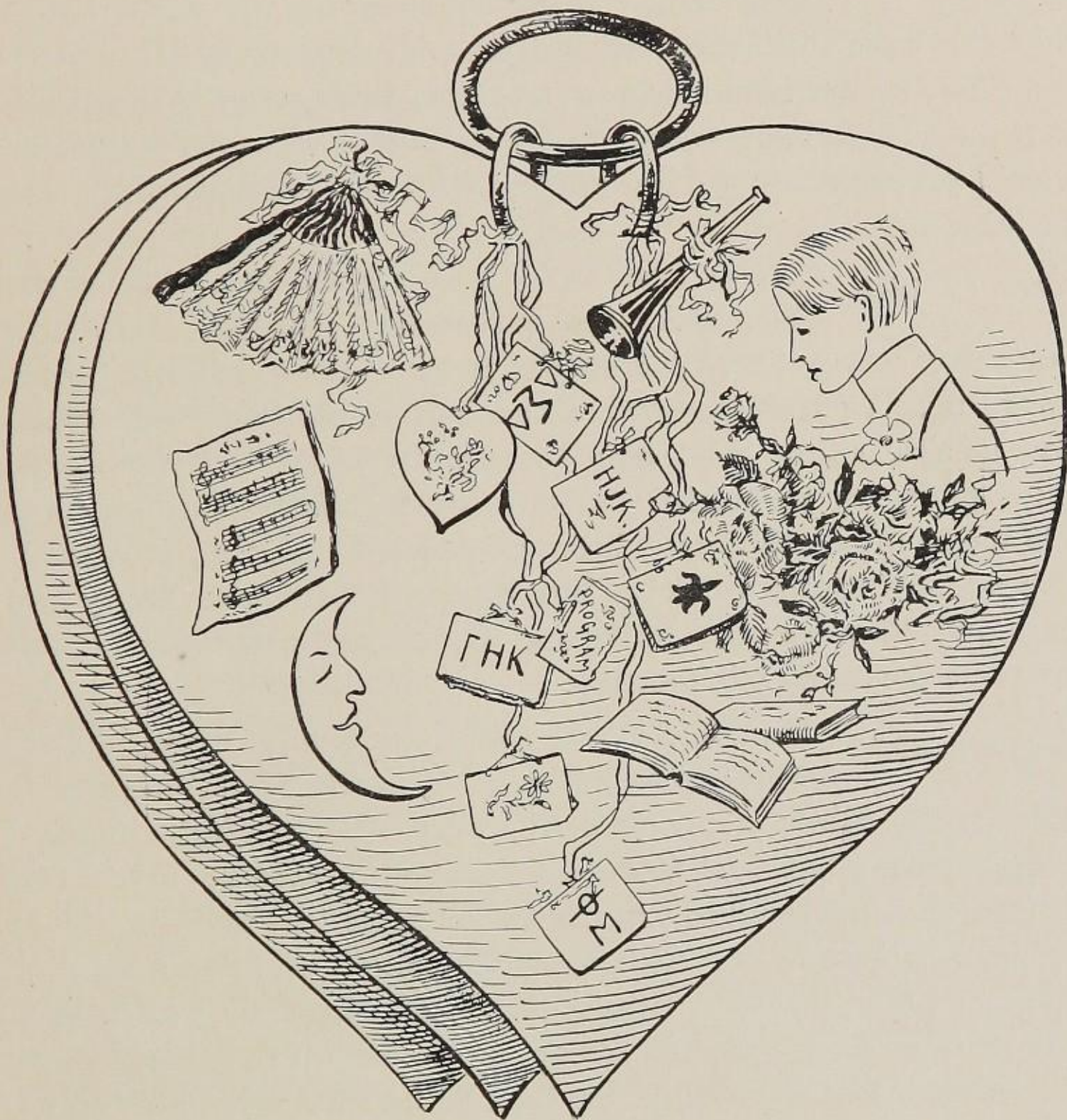
The boys in the B 11 Class seem to be having black eyes and red noses all of a sudden; rather suspicious, isn't it?

Some boys who are worth a million dollars in college currency lack even three cents to get their collars done up.

It's a wonder the boys wouldn't take their manners with them when they go on a picnic.

Ask Van Norman about that snap-shot picture he carries in his purse.

Eugene Conway was well supplied at the picnic, with only four girls.



Society

A Diary of all my Hard Work During my Senior Term.

DEAR me! Just think, my last term of school! I can hardly realize it, for as yet I have done nothing to distinguish myself. Never mind, I will have to be valedictorian or something of the sort, or I shall sadly disappoint the family. I really am in earnest when I say I am going to work, and I intend to leave this school with everybody regretting my departure. To further help me in my studies, I am going to keep this little diary. Nobody is ever to see it, as it is to be my own strict private property and a daily guide to all my hard work during the term.

February 14th. Today the new term began, and the whole Senior A Class moved into sixteen. My! how proud we were when everybody turned their admiring eyes toward us. I felt at least two inches taller. After Miss Dunham gave us a dear little talk about the dignity of Seniors, their aims and aspirations, we settled down to work. Everybody seems to help me in my endeavors. I have a splendid seat in the Annex, with nobody at all to talk to but Roy and Earle and Harry and Kitty and Florence and Philo and Grace, and a few others, and of course they won't bother me.

February 22d. Twelve o'clock, and I am almost dead. There seems to be nothing but work, work, work from morn till night, and no pleasure whatever. Its dreadfully discouraging. Today has been a busy day for me. Got up early this morning and prepared my lunch (a poor one too) and arrived at the depot about 8:30. Already about sixty were waiting. It was a gala day, our first Senior A picnic. The car was beautifully decorated in pink and green, and after seven great freezers of ice-cream had been lifted on board the train whistled and we all made a rush. Miss Dunham arrived just in time, and I am so glad she did, for she is such a jolly chaperon. Just as we were about to start, I looked out of the window, much to Mary's dismay, and saw a group of girls and one lone boy standing over in the corner. I rushed frantically to the back platform and gesticulated wildly to them to hurry; they thought something had happened, ran toward me, and I saw I had made a mistake; it was the Lambda Theta Phi picnic, and when the boy lifted his

hat, I was not at all surprised to see Carl Tufts. He said he was going to look after them, and I told him he could go on one condition and that was that he should tell me about it afterwards. I knew he would go anyway, but thought it a good chance to find out about everything. The bell clanged and away we started. At Sycamore Grove Miss Huston boarded the train, and the clamor that greeted her! Yells—school, class and individuals, all merged into one grand shout of welcome.

For about forty minutes, trees, fences and houses whizzed past us, then the conductor came in shouted two or three incoherent words, and a little station came to a standstill in front of us. We trooped off and, after about ten minutes' walk, we entered the beautiful Devil's Gate. We deposited our baskets and started for a tramp over the hills, returning at 12 to find a delicious luncheon spread out under the trees. I took boiled eggs because I thought they would be appropriate, but they were such funny looking things, and I was so ashamed of them that I just pushed them over the bank when nobody was looking. For about fifteen minutes you could have heard a pin drop, then a long shout told that the various appetites had been appeased.

In the afternoon our pictures were taken in all manner of styles and descriptions. And once I almost broke my neck trying to get into the most prominent place. Earle rigged up a toboggan slide, and quite a good many of the girls enjoyed the delightful sport. Everyone seemed to forget that he or she was a senior, and all manner of fun was indulged in. At four we returned, dirty and worn out, but thoroughly happy; in fact, I never had a better time in my life. Although I was so tired, I had to dress for the Gamma Gamma Phi fancy dress hop. I never had a better time in all my life. Evangeline Perry's house is just the one for such festivities, and I am so glad they had it there. I went as Martha Washington, and two or three times during the evening I wondered if George would have recognized me if he had stepped in. The music was especially good and the programs too sweet for anything—double hearts tied with black ribbons. I don't know that they were especially appropriate, but I must say they were very, very pretty. Coming home in the car I met Carl and he told me about the picnic.

The morning was spent in swimming and rowing, and, as far as he knew, only one fell overboard. He didn't seem to know

much about the afternoon, and I sadly fear he went for a stroll on the beach. Just as I was getting off he said something about two mascots, a special car and frat yells, but I think he was joshing.

P.S. Recited in English Friday.

March 12th. Yesterday I had a splendid day, one after my own heart. Went to a $\triangle$ I X meeting in the afternoon, and any one who knows the girls knows what that means. The business meeting was splendid, perfect order; why, actually, two or three times I heard the gavel. Being Adele's first, of course, she just outdid herself. The front part of the house was not decorated at all, but when we stepped into the dining-room—I held my breath, violets every place, a hot-house of violets—mantel, table and buffet were loaded down with the purple blossoms, and here and there smilax and asparagus plumosus were caught up with great loops and knots of ribbon. We had heard of Mrs. Brodtbeck's luncheons, but this surpassed all our expectations. We adjourned to the parlor, and I laughed until I almost cried watching the girls dance. I slipped away while Mabel Ferguson was singing, as I had promised Lucy Sinsibaugh and Mabel Hill to be at their dinner. Mabel's charming home was thrown open for the occasion. Being an outsider I could not be present at their business meeting in the afternoon, but when supper was announced I was almost the first in the dining-room. Gold, green and white are their colors, and they were never used to better advantage. The color scheme was carried out in the graceful Cherokee rose. Long sprays were trailed over the table, and in the center was a tall vase of snowy blossoms, resting on a piece of Battenberg lace over green satin. The place cards were green and gold, and the supper was delicious. There was quite an air of mystery added when I was told that they were to entertain the young gentlemen in the evening. Who they were was to be a secret, but when I looked around the beautiful board and saw the rosy and conscious face of each and every Lambda Theta Phi, I could guess pretty closely.

P.S. Oh, that Physics "X" tomorrow; let me see, positive attracts and negative repels. I wonder what it means to be positively attractive. Seems to me I heard somebody say something about it. I guess I'll ask Roy.

March 25th. The classes are beginning to entertain, and one of the swellest functions of the week was the Senior A. Progressive Salamagundi Party. Opal McClary's home on Twenty-third street was exquisitely decorated by the girls of the class. The drawing-rooms were in pink and green, the dining-room in red, and then there was a perfect love of a conservatory filled with great tall palms and trailing vines, while here and there it was softly illuminated with Japanese lanterns. As each one came down stairs a large class pin, the handiwork of Florence Norton, was hung around his neck. They were all inscribed with names, and immediately Ivanhoe sought his Rowena, Max his Pearl, Robin Hood his Maid Marian, and so on. It seemed rather strange to see Adam talking to Mrs. Malaprop, and Eve flirting desperately with Nero, but it all happened that way. After the games we all danced, or rather the rest danced, and I tried to look as if I didn't care, while I almost broke my back holding up the wall. Philo Lindley and Isabelle Denker cake-walked beautifully, once or twice Florence Field was forced to appear. Harry Walton and Earle Anthony delighted everybody by playing the same piano duet several times, and Max Enderlein, after the proper amount of hesitation, decided to honor us, and finally jigged so long that we had to propose recitations to stop him. Oh ! I forgot to say that Stella Schmidt won the first prize, and Sammy Kreider was as happy as a little child when he received a much-beribboned pig full of bon-bons. But the best thing of all was the roof. The house is delightfully old and spooky, with dark winding stairways and black corners. Of course I went out on the roof, but only to study astronomy, and now I am so glad that I did, because I can find the north star.

Memoranda. Must use my knowledge in the astronomy class tomorrow. Won't the Professor be surprised, though ?

April 11th. I was just about getting stiff from lack of exercise when I received an invitation to the matinee dance. And how glad I was. The programs were lovely and everybody was there. Philo Lindley and Thomas Lee got it up, but I don't believe it was in honor of only two girls—the boys are not selfish enough. Mrs. S. K. Lindley, Mrs. Lee and Mrs. Guinne chaperoned.

(Caedmon was the first political writer ; lived quite a good many years ago. Baeda told about him. They are both dead now.)

April 14th. The Senior A's are doing their best to enjoy themselves, and they couldn't have chosen a better plan than the bicycle ride. We went to Pasadena on the Terminal, partook of an appetizing supper, had a jolly little dance and returned on our wheels. Miss Dunham and Arthur Wright on a tandem acted as the captains of the company, and I think Mr. Wright especially deserves credit for the way the whole was managed. There were about fifteen single wheels, and half as many tandems, and it was perfectly natural that a few should come to grief. Beatrice Snow and Edward Calder were rather inconvenienced by having Stella Schmidt and John Lashbrooke ride over them. Florence Field, who usually has brown eyes, appeared the next day with one black one. This ride started a new fad, as several of the boys have the daintiest watch fobs imaginable—gold set with the pearliest bits of teeth; too pretty for anything. No one was severely hurt and everyone had a splendid time.

April 21st. I havn't written in my diary for four days; how careless I have been; but then anyone would excuse me if he knew how hard I have worked. Oh, it was so funny. Uncle and I were returning from the theater the other evening and stopped at Levy's for a few oysters, and what do you think we tumbled into? Nothing less than a frat meeting. I was quietly nibbling a cracker when I heard the sonorous sounds of a voice quite familiar to me percolating through the key-hole. He evidently said something funny, for all the boys laughed. He cleared his throat, and—"Did you say salad, Miss?" Oh! that waiter! Plague him; he spoiled everything, just as I was about to hear something interesting, too. I couldn't restrain my curiosity, so I asked him about the occupants of the next room. "Oh! mighty fine, Miss, mighty fine gentlemen; all purple and red." Then he disappeared. Purple and red gentlemen. Was he crazy? I wonder what he meant. I have pondered over it all evening. Perhaps he was speaking about the decorations; yes, that must have been it; but who would have such a combination. Oh! I know—it was the Pi Delta Koppas, and the voice—belonged to Pembroke Thom. How foolish I was not to think of it sooner.

The G. E. K. dinner at Philo Lindley's was not the sensational affair expected, but it was quite swell. He entertained in honor

of one of the northern brothers, and, of course, the boys were all on their model behavior. Talk about girls gossiping! Umph! they don't begin to compare with the sterner persuasion. Ha! Ha! It seemed too odd to hear those boys innocently gossiping with me behind the screen. They say eavesdroppers never hear any good of themselves, and I believe it. Never mind; that was no excuse for that horrid Doc. Hubbard making that mean remark about me. I shall never forgive him.

Another picnic. This time the Δ I X. A bicycle ride to Laurel Cañon; but it happened that only five went on wheels, and the rest went in the cars. There were about twenty-five in all. Of course they had a private car—all frats have—a bountiful lunch and an elegant time.

P. S. I brought home quite a good many specimens for my herbarium; pressed some *polypodium vulgare*. (See Encyclopedia Britanica for full description.)

April 26th. A brief spell of festivities. Dinners, receptions and weddings have been concentrated without any respect for our feelings, into about four or five days. Of course a great flutter was occasioned by Bob's wedding, or, I suppose I should say the wedding of Miss Helen R. Carhart and Mr. Bertram Eldred Williams. It took place at the country home of the bride's mother at Burbank. About one hundred and fifty guests went out from the city, and it was an especially merry party, as they were all the bride and groom's best friends. All the Δ I X girls were there, and quite a number of the elder G. E. K's, as Mr. Williams was one of the original members. They are in San Francisco now on their honeymoon. If I were Bob I would hurry right home as there is such a pretty brown house out on West Adams street awaiting them.

There was a Phi Sigma stag dinner the other night—a dreadfully smart affair, I heard, but much to my disappointment I couldn't find out very much about it. Boys are so tantalizing; they merely raise my curiosity and then leave me in despair.

I almost forgot the first neighborhood dance, which took place on the same night as the wedding. Evan Jenkins and Louis Everett got it up, and I heard it was a great success.

On the twenty-eighth the Gamma Phi's entertained at hearts at Helen Bushnell's on Estrella avenue. I left early as I wished to be at the Senior B party. I was glad that it came off at last.

They had been talking about it for two months, and I was tired to death of it. Of course it was hard for them to decorate with their colors, blue and green, but they thought they were Frenchy and up-to-date, so selected them. They used a great quantity of smilax, and with here and there a stray bow or so it looked exceedingly pretty. Mrs. Walton made a charming hostess, and the house was lovely. In the games played, Miss Allen won the first, Mr. Gibson the second, and Fay Lewis carried off the booby. When a jolly Virginia reel ended the evening I realized I had enjoyed myself better than I had expected.

May 1st.

Oh my ! I think I have done my best to celebrate Dewey's victory. A picnic and a party. In the morning a merry throng started for Santa Monica ; it included Etta Janss, Elsie Kimble, Belle Coulter, Bertha Pollard, Frances Coulter, Ada Ford, Marguerite Moore, Ruby Kimble, Inez Moore, Stella Sanford, Melia Simonds, Alice Harpham, Pauline Botts and myself. Mrs. Janss chaperoned, and Earle Anthony, seven cameras and ten lunch baskets helped us to while away the time. We didn't get home until six, then I had to don my regimentals and start for the Dewey party. It was the original idea of the Senior A Class, and even the elements seemed to wish them success. When the cars stopped at Lake street, sounds of mirth and laughter helped us to find Miss Harrison's house. We entered, everything was changed, gay flags and bunting, and boys in uniform, had transformed it into a typical military post. In the early part of the evening a conversation party furnished amusement. The score cards were dainty little hand-painted affairs with the stars and stripes festooned about the name Dewey. A five-minute talk was devoted to each topic. Dewey was praised, the moon discussed, and when the topic the "Conceit of the Modern Boy" was introduced, Bowler, Judy, Enderlein and Hillman stood up for the defense. Enderlein with his sword clanging at his side strutted up and down ; Bowler rearranged his tie, gazed admiringly at his patent leathers, braced his shoulders and declared that they had no conceit. Oh, it was too ridiculous. Somebody made a flattering remark about Hillman, and I noticed his chest expand about four inches, and yet he had the audacity to tell me he was not conceited or susceptible to flattery. I was very, very sorry when the bell rang and we had to change partners and topics, for I had enjoyed myself im-

mensely, but the next topic was almost as interesting—the “Hobson Kiss”, though the boys insisted upon saying the Dewey kiss. We were in the midst of a most animated discussion when supper was announced.

Army rations: Beef sandwiches, hardtack and coffee. I don't see why the soldiers fussed so. Everything had such a delightfully novel air that I hated to leave, but this idea was rather overbalanced by the fact that I had at last been to a real military party, and as this had always been my ambition in life I came home partially pacified.

Memoranda. Dewey victorious. Philippines, May 1, '98. One history fact fixed.

May 13th. The Middle A's were initiated last evening into the delights of party-giving. It was a Progressive Salamagundi and was held at the home of Mrs. Nicholson on Thirty-sixth street. The girls had transformed the house into a bower of bloom, and as this was a surprise to the boys who seemed to be perfectly delighted, I followed several of the parties from table to table and was especially amused by Harry Baskerville and Willie Wiggins. In the game of anagrams Harry should have carried off the prize for his method of coining words was marvelous. Once “a” turned up and he immediately answered goat, the next happened to be an “n”, and leaning way over the table with face beaming with excitement and eyes dancing he shouted “nanny-goat.” Poor Willie Wiggins was prostrated by this wit and quickness and if the bell had not stopped the game I think he would have fainted.

May 15th. We are nearing the end of the term and I feel that my last months have not been spent in vain and I deserve credit for the way I have worked. I am so busy I don't know which way to turn. Early in the week I went for an outing with the R. R. R. (I wonder what it means). They were delightfully entertained at the winter home of Taffy (Genevieve Knoll) at Long Beach. In the morning there were parlor theatricals, then luncheon at one; dancing in the afternoon, and after another delicious repast the party took the early train for Los Angeles. One thing I noticed was the way they addressed one-another. Lena Turner was called Michael Angelo; Nellie Winters, Sir Launfaul; Mary Putnam, Robinson Crusoe; Ethel Magee, Sir Roger de Coverly; Marian Snow, Uncle Sam; Grace Barnett,

Feaddles; Florence Dodge, Rip Van Winkle, and Keturah Paul, Ben Hur. The club has been organized since '97, but it was kept so quiet that nobody knew anything about it.

Last week Messrs. Davisson and Fay had a dancing party and Clarence Hubbard entertained the Gamma Eta Kappa, but sad to relate neither of them invited me, so I know nothing about them. Really I think the G. E. K.'s must be planning something for they had another meeting at Carl Tufts' the other night and since then they have been talking mysteriously about cotillions, fancy-dress hops, Kramer's, and dear knows what else. I wish I could find out about it. Oh, that reminds me, Miss Ford visited Redlands, Riverside and San Bernardino last week, and met all the G. E. K. boys. She was especially pleased with the San Bernardino Chapter, was their guest for the afternoon, and she said they did everything in their power to make her enjoy herself.

P. S. "Psalm of Life" for Wednesday. Learn Spanish translation. Made a brilliant recitation in Latin today.

June 1st. The Phi Sigmas were entertained by Louis Everett two days ago. They had a prolonged business meeting, then the doors of the dining-room were opened by two dainty colored waitresses. Everything was running along merrily until one of the boys mentioned the names of two of his girl friends. Immediately both of the little colored damsels started violently. A dozen pairs of scrutinizing eyes were turned upon them and they were recognized as Helen Howes and Caryl Sippy. It was a good joke on the boys and they seemed to thoroughly appreciate it.

Talking of Phi Sigmas, I am so disappointed I could just cry. Earle Anthony has joined them just when we were about to ask him to become a Δ I X. And we have always been so quick, never missed a person. Oh! oh! I am so cross. After the initiation they were surprised with a supper. As fate would have it Belle Coulter entertained the members of Delta Iota Chi the next day in honor of May Ridgway's return from Mexico.

Today seeing one of the college boys reminded me that both Berkeley and Stanford are out and all the students, except those who remained for some special reason, are home. Braly and Newlin will be back in a week or so, but Roscoe Sanborn who

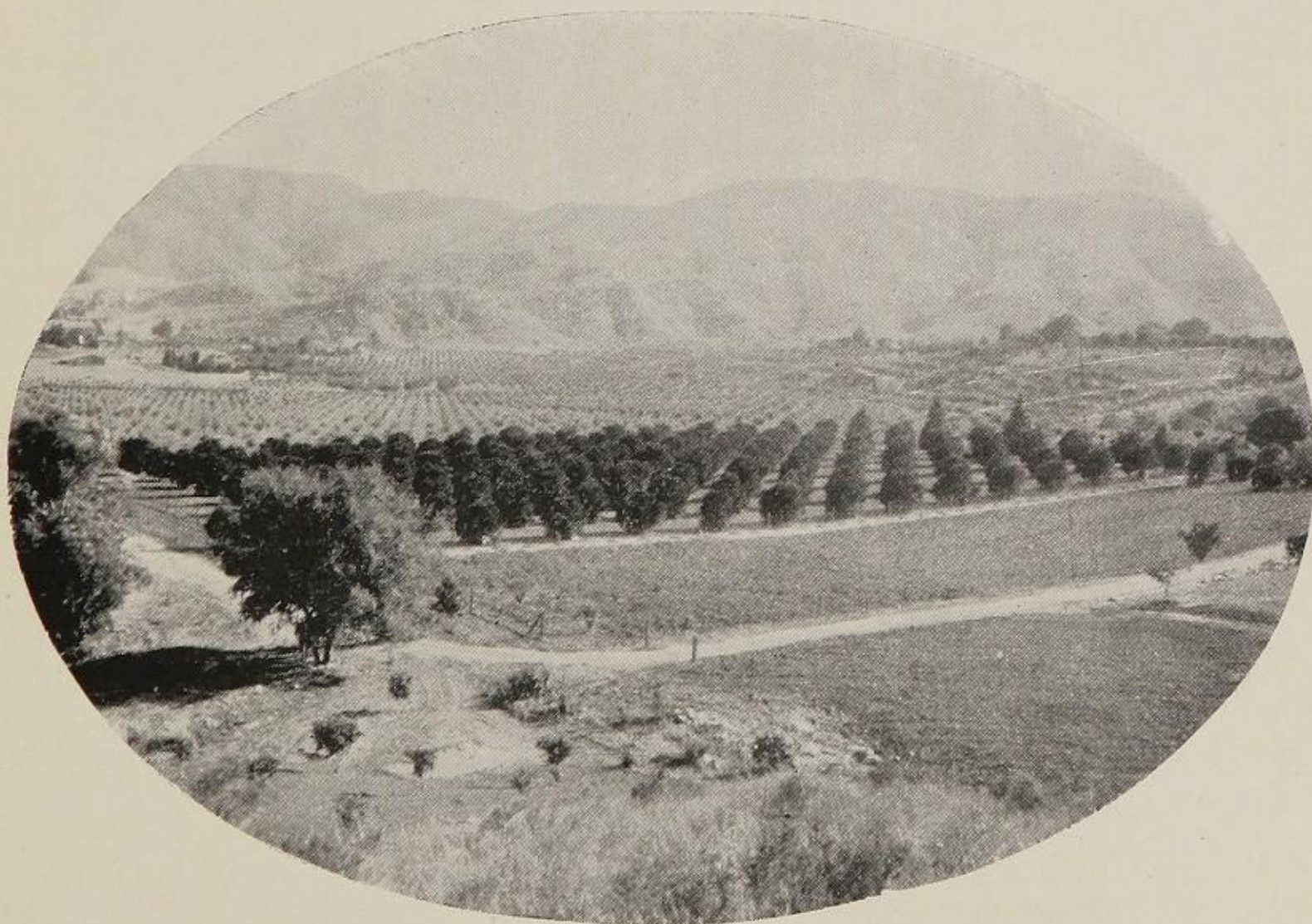
has been winning laurels at the University of Pennsylvania has decided to visit in New England this summer.

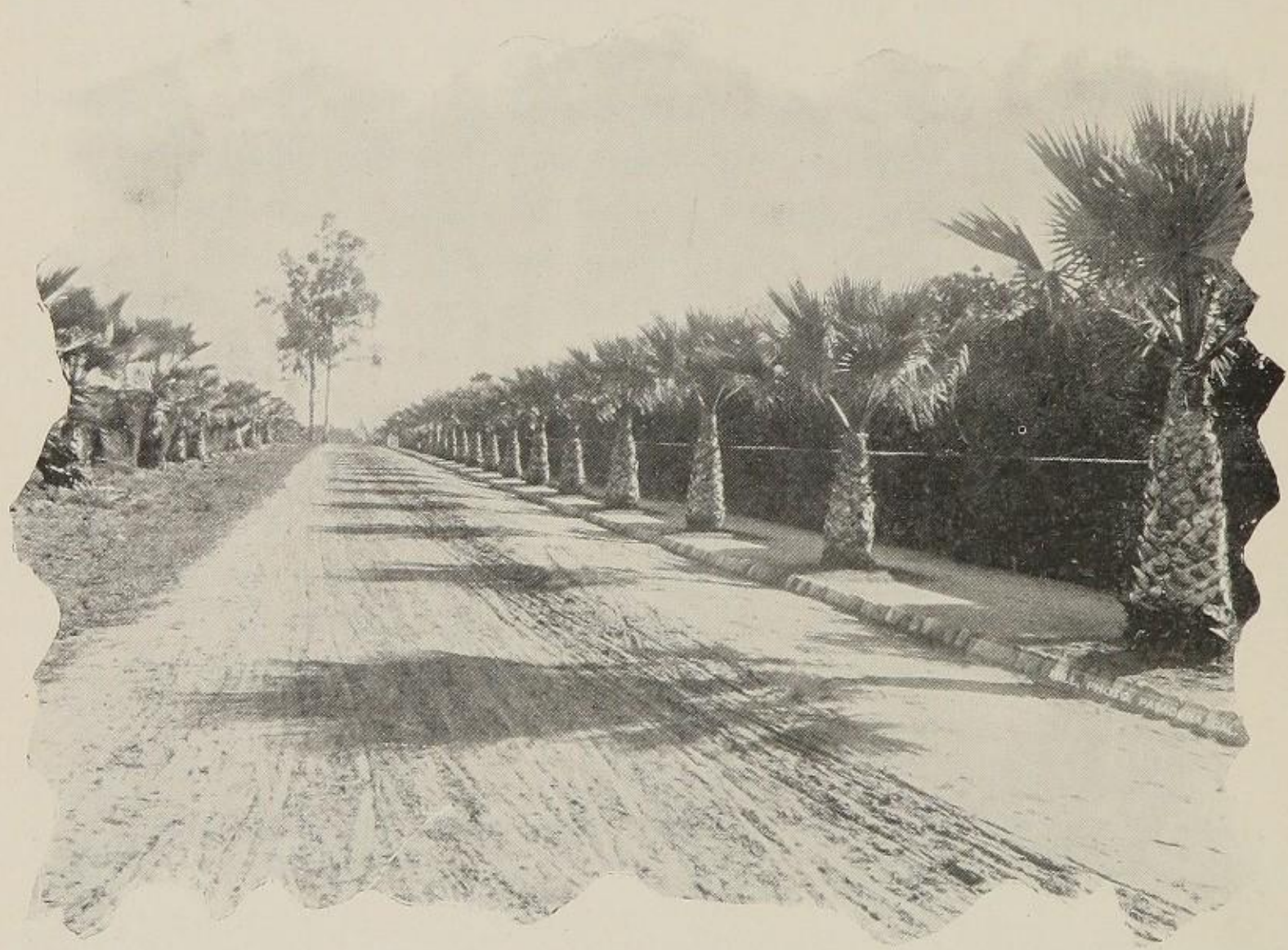
Didn't I say so? I knew it. Of course the G. E. K.'s are going to entertain. It is to be on the 28th, and I shall feel so bad if I don't get a chance to wear my graduating dress.

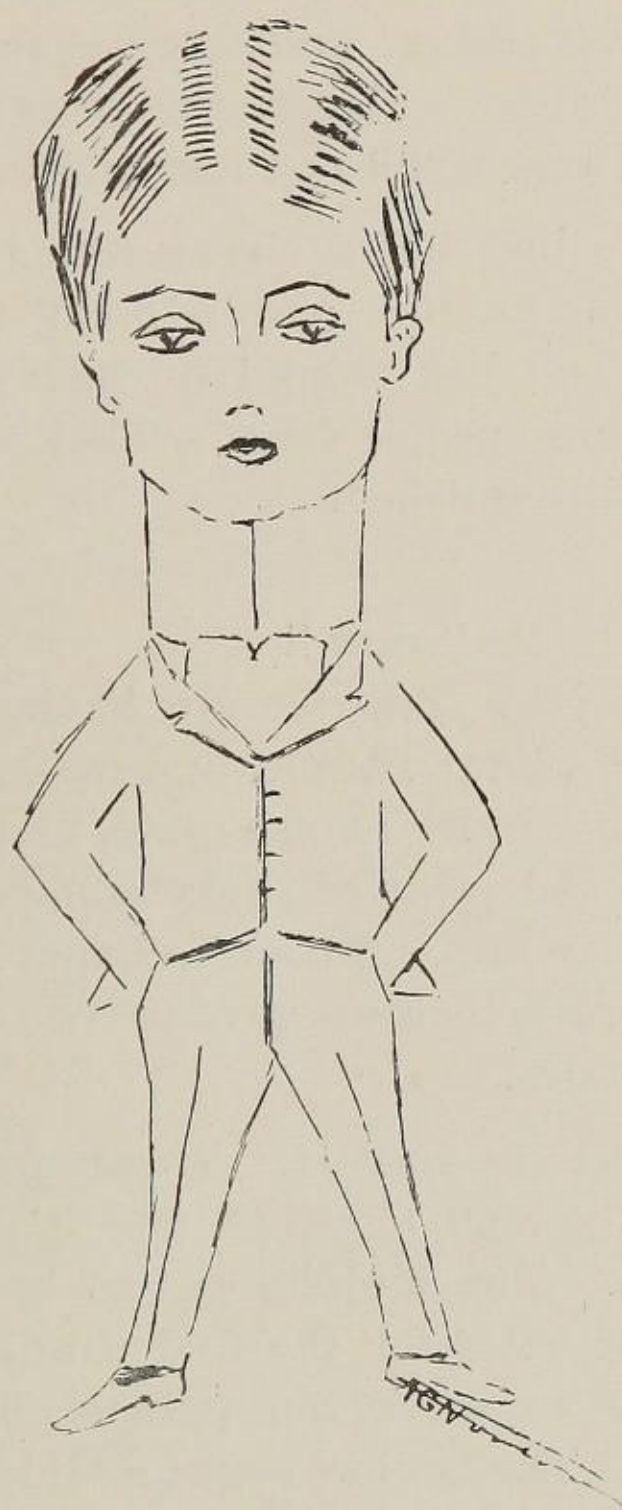
Memoranda. Grant fought in the Civil War.

June 15th.

Today I received a call from the office and tripped down lighthearted and triumphantly, for I knew I was to be told about my valedictory, and oh, how I felt when Prof. Housh told me I was to have no valedictory, no salutatory, no nothing. (Mrs. Frick would call this poor English, but I don't care.) He said I had been paying too much attention to gayety and had not attended to my lessons. This is the reward for my hard work, my toil, my drudgery; this the reason the gas bills have been so large, and I am so thin and haggard. No, I will never study again; never, never, never! Henceforth I will enjoy myself. Good-by, dear little diary; you stand as a silent witness to my hard labor, which nobody appreciates. I have enjoyed you and you have been a great comfort to me, but I find that even you cannot fill in the want, so good-by, forever.







Senior A

Diary of the Summer Class of Ninety-nine.

L. A. H. S.

1895.

September. How queer everything is here. The building is so large and the surroundings are so spooky. There are so many halls I can scarcely find my way. Those people who walk around as if they owned everything, and congregate in the halls—a thing which we cannot do—glance at us so and call us “scrubs”, which makes us feel very small and uncomfortable.

October. We have just had a class-meeting (over three hundred of us) and it was such fun; we’re going to have them real often, the boys say, and just think! we have class colors—pink and green—just as those people have. They say we are the first “scrubs” to be so distinguished.

1896.

February. We are “subs” now!!

April. What a jolly time we are having. We’ve had a float in the La Fiesta Floral Parade, and we have taken a prize! There is a red satin banner in the office, and the Fiesta Committee gave us a special prize of thirty dollars to “soothe many little heartaches”, they said. But we’re happy, and we spent the money for two pictures which we gave to the school—they are in the main hall downstairs.

September. At last we are Juniors. We are really getting so important; we go to Star and Crescent, and it’s fine. We are decidedly popular, too. The Middles try to be friendly with us; we gave them all our votes for the first Star and Crescent election. Our class is so large that our influence is felt throughout the whole campaign. The Seniors say the Middles like us merely for our ballots, but I know it is because we are so intellectual and witty that they are proud to speak to us. The scrubs this year are funny, but we are the Junior B’s. We have no class-meetings, but we really do not need them.

1897.

February. Star and Crescent met today for the election of officers. Don Irvin from our class was elected treasurer, and Florence Dodge critic.

June. The Senior A's asked us to decorate for their closing exercises. I guess it is because we show such artistic taste.

September. How well we are doing. Electioneering is very exciting. The Juniors, who are so anxious to be popular, pledged their votes to us. The Middle A's did not like it at all. Keturah Paul acts as secretary for Star and Crescent and Carl Tufts takes care of the money.

Julia Rowell, one of our brightest and best girls, has been called to the home above, where earthly cares are no more. She leaves a vacant place that will be very difficult to fill.

1898.

May. "Fifteen" is our class-room. We are very patriotic; everyone is excited about our war with Spain. Charlie White has enlisted and has gone to Manila. This noon we girls decorated the room in the national colors with erasers and flags. Star and Crescent recognizing our honesty from past services elected Sam Kreider, treasurer. Beatrice Snow and James Case are critics.

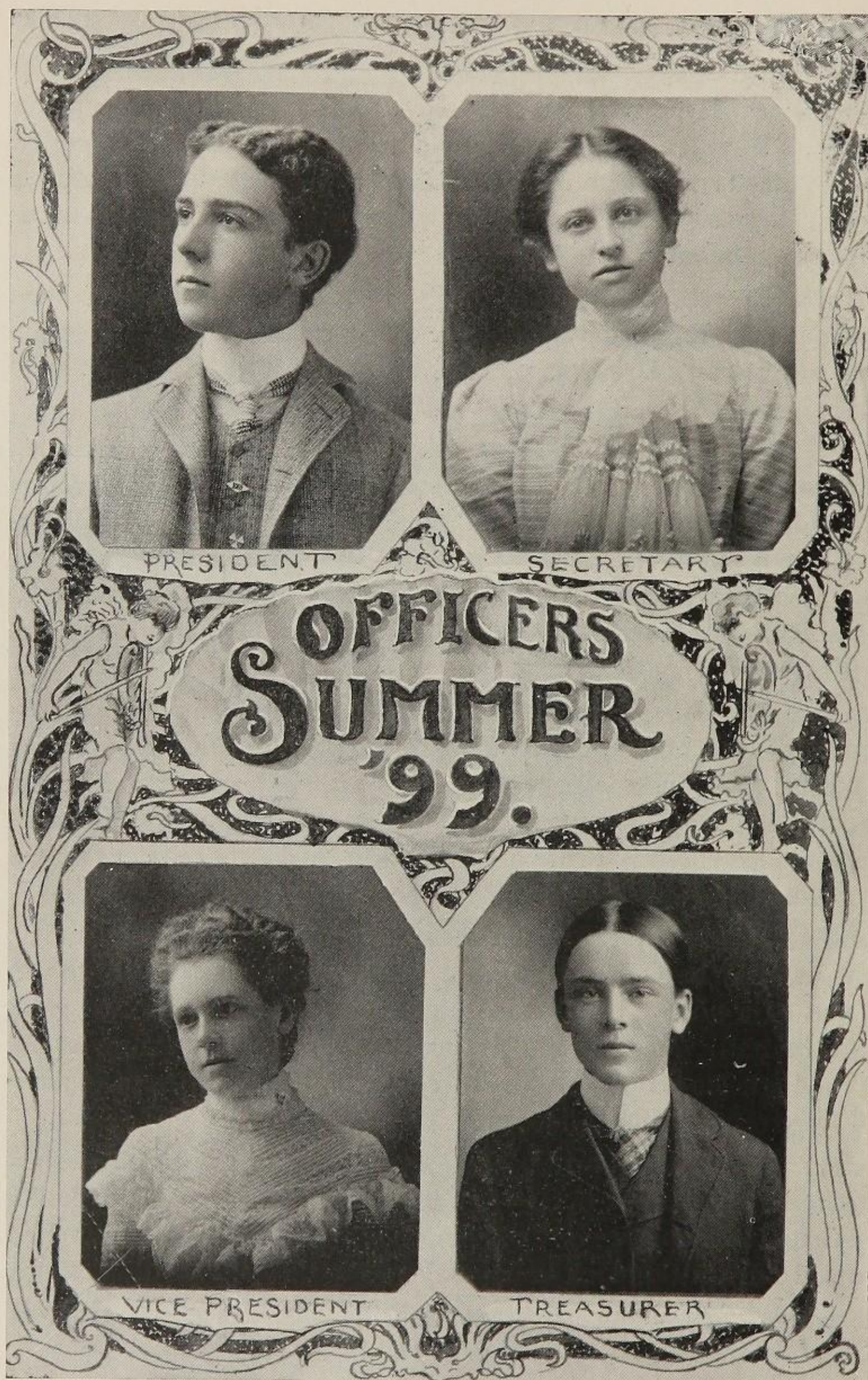
September. Hurrah for the Senior B's! Class colors again, class-meetings, too, and a dear little triangular pin which distinguishes us from the lower classes and all our predecessors. Rowena Moore, as vice-president, plans the Star and Crescent programs; they are excellent. From a numberless body we are now united into a compact sixty or seventy.

November. The boys treated the class and several of the faculty, with whom they wished to gain favor and a good mark, to ice-cream this noon. After the freezers were left empty, we went into the hall. We met the Senior A's who were "coming as uninvited guests unto the spread we gave." After a sharp encounter they retreated to "sixteen."

Later. The Senior A boys have united in a black ribbon organization. This noon—a time when almost all our Senior combats take place—a "ribbon-rush" occurred. Sam Kreider carried off a little black bow much to the chagrin of the Seniors.

December. Now our boys are wearing significant red ribbons. They are running in opposition to the black ribbons.

Dec. 22. We were invited to the Senior A Christmas tree this afternoon. But the Seniors kept the pretty things for themselves. They gave us a cabbage-head. I wonder why?



Earle C. Anthony
Lena Turner

Florence Norton
Wheeler O. North

1899.

Feb. 10. This is our class-day, a day upon which we have counted and planned so much. A cloud darkened our horizon, but it has swept by and turned out its silver lining, so today we presented the Star and Crescent pins to the graduates with an appropriate quotation for each one, and in costume we sang our class-song. O, yes, we buried the Senior A's, but they appeared again this afternoon and sang their song to us. Everyone says we are so original. Our programme today, like everything else in our High School career, was entirely different from those of preceding Senior B's.

Feb. 13. At last those Seniors are gone, and Room 16 is ours ! We moved in today and decked it in pink and green.

Mar. 11. Harry Walton has been made President of Star and Crescent. We filed into the auditorium with becoming dignity, and with our dainty pink and green streamers flying. The lower classes look up to us as the pride of the school.

May 1. We have had class parties, picnics, bicycle rides, and a social time in general. This evening we are to celebrate Dewey's victory at Manila with a party.

Summary. At last our school term is drawing to a close, and study is almost a thing of the past. We have studied and played, been happy despite a few drawbacks. Now, as we are about to leave these familiar halls we realize that it is hard to part with one another, with Alma Mater, and with our teachers who have so patiently trained us morally, mentally and physically. We realize that our education has but begun ; that we have gone through a preparatory training for Life's struggles ; and that a busy world has need for each one of us. As Seniors we feel that the school is small, the library inadequate, the walls bare, but we hope that succeeding classes will follow our good example in picture donations.

And now, as a class, our history is ended, for from now on each one will make a history for himself.

ETHEL BLAINE MAGEE.



Grace Laubersheimer
 Carl R. Tufts
 Florence Field
 Earle C. Anthony

Philo L. Lindley
 Helen Kate North
 Genevieve Hamlin
 Rowena J. Moore

M. Keturah Paul
 Harry A. Walton
 Florence Dodge
 Roy P. Hillman

Who We Are.

M. Keturah Paul.

Lambda Theta Phi ; Delta Sigma Delta ; Kamera Klub ; Bicycle Club ; Member Parliament ; Parliament Executive Committee ; R. R. R.

Philo L. Lindley.

Gamma Eta Kappa ; Beta Sigma ; President Athletic Association ; Bicycle Club ; Kamera Klub ; Blue and White Managerial Staff ; Baseball Team ; Summer '99 Football Team.

Grace Laubersheimer.

Delta Sigma Delta ; Vice-President S. '99 Senior B Class ; Basket Ball Team ; Bicycle Club ; Kamera Klub.

Harry A. Walton.

Phi Sigma ; Beta Sigma ; President Star and Crescent ; Staff Blue and White ; Member Parliament ; Captain L. A. H. S. Second Football Team ; Captain S. '99 Football Team ; Sub. L. A. H. S. First Football Team ; Baseball Team ; Bicycle Club ; Kamera Klub.

Helen K. North.

Lambda Theta Phi ; Staff Blue and White ; Captain Basket Ball Team ; Delta Sigma Delta ; Bicycle Club ; Kamera Klub.

Carl R. Tufts.

Gamma Eta Kappa ; Beta Sigma ; Ex-President Athletic Association.

Florence Dodge.

Delta Sigma Delta ; Member of Parliament ; R. R. R. ; Bicycle Club ; Kamera Klub.

Genevieve Hamlin.

Delta Sigma Delta.

Florence Field.

Lambda Theta Phi ; Delta Sigma Delta ; Manager Blue and White ; Member of Parliament ; Basket Ball Team ; Bicycle Club ; Kamera Klub.

Roy P. Hillman.

Phi Sigma ; Beta Sigma ; Editor of Blue and White ; Manager Baseball Team ; S. '99 Football Team ; Member of Parliament ; Bicycle Club ; Kamera Klub.

Rowena J. Moore.

Delta Iota Chi ; Staff Blue and White ; Delta Sigma Delta ; Ex-Vice P. Star and Crescent ; Sergeant-at-Arms S. '99 ; Member of Parliament ; Basket Ball Team ; Bicycle Club ; Kamera Klub.

Earle C. Anthony.

Phi Sigma ; Beta Sigma ; President Senior A Class ; Staff Blue and White ; Member of Parliament ; Kamera Klub ; Bicycle Club.



Neva Iles
 Ella Eason
 Helen McCallum
 Samuel L. Kreider

Belle Chadsey
 Jonathan D. Bowler
 Alice Retzer
 Arthur McComb

Edward Calder
 Perley Hulbert
 Beatrice M. Snow
 Grace Barnett

Who We Are.

Edward Calder.

Beta Sigma ; Member of Parliament ; Kamera Klub ; Bicycle Club ; Prominent Member of Y. M. C. A.

Belle Chadsey.

Delta Sigma Delta ; Member of Parliament.

Neva Iles.

Delta Sigma Delta ; Bicycle Club ; Kamera Klub.

Perley Hulbert.

Beta Sigma ; Kamera Klub ; Bicycle Club ; Member of Parliament.

Jonathan D. Bowler.

Beta Sigma ; Staff, Blue and White ; Kamera Klub ; Bicycle Club ; Member of Parliament.

Ella Eason.

Delta Sigma Delta.

Beatrice M. Snow.

Delta Sigma Delta ; Staff, Blue and White ; Parliament ; Star and Crescent Critic ; R. R. R. ; Bicycle Club ; Kamera Klub.

Alice Retzer.

Delta Sigma Delta ; Bicycle Club ; Senior B Secretary, S. '99.

Helen McCallum.

Delta Sigma Delta.

Grace Barnett.

Delta Sigma Delta ; Member of Parliament ; ex-Secretary of Parliament ; R. R. R. ; Bicycle Club ; Kamera Klub.

Arthur McComb.

Beta Sigma ; Member of Parliament ; Bicycle Club.

Samuel L. Kreider.

Beta Sigma ; Member of Parliament ; Bicycle Club ; Kamera Klub ; Captain Baseball Team.



Agnes Stephens
 Agnes White
 Donald Irvin
 Lulu Hull

Clarence J. Shults
 Clara Wright
 Pearl King
 Merick Reynolds

Helen Reynolds
 Leo Gibson
 Max Enderlein
 Jennie Freeman

Who We Are.

Helen Reynolds.

Delta Sigma Delta.

Clarence Shults.

Beta Sigma ; Member Parliament ; Bicycle Club ; Kamera Klub.

Agnes Stephens.

Delta Sigma Delta.

Leo Gibson.

Beta Sigma ; Kamera Klub ; Bicycle Club ; Baseball Team ; President Anti-Fat Society.

Clara Wright.

Delta Sigma Delta.

Agnes White.

Delta Sigma Delta ; Bicycle Club ; Kamera Klub.

William Max Enderlein.

Kamera Klub ; Bicycle Club ; Member Parliament ; Pearl fisher.

Pearl N. King.

Delta Sigma Delta ; Bicycle Club.

Donald Irvin.

Beta Sigma ; Kamera Klub ; Bicycle Club ; President S. '99 in Senior B.

Jennie Freeman.

Delta Sigma Delta.

Merick Reynolds.

Beta Sigma ; Kamera Klub ; Bicycle Club.

Lulu Hull.

Delta Sigma Delta ; Bicycle Club ; Kamera Klub.



Gertrude Young
 William Yarnell
 Hugh Neuhart
 Stella Schmidt

Ethel Magee
 Mary Putnam
 Marthe Durnerin
 Zella Z. Fay

William Hunter
 Elsie Holway
 Guy Stewart
 Clinton Judy

Who We Are.

William Hunter.

Beta Sigma; Staff, Blue and White; Kamera Klub; Bicycle Club; Member of Parliament.

Ethel Magee.

Delta Sigma Delta; Member of Parliament; Bicycle Club; Kamera Klub.

Gertrude Young.

Delta Sigma Delta.

Elsie Holway.

Delta Sigma Delta; Bicycle Club.

Mary Putnam.

Delta Sigma Delta; Vice-President of Parliament; Bicycle Club; Kamera Klub; R. R. R.

Guy Stewart.

Member of Parliament.

Hugh Neuhart.

Beta Sigma; First Football Team; Ex-Treasurer Athletic Association.

William Yarnell.

Member of Parliament; Bicycle Club.

Marthe Durnerin.

Delta Sigma Delta.

Clinton Judy.

Beta Sigma; Staff, Blue and White; Member of Parliament; Kamera Klub; Bicycle Club; Attorney.

Zella Fay.

Delta Sigma Delta; Member of Parliament.

Stella Schmidt.

Delta Sigma Delta; Staff, Blue and White; Bicycle Club; Kamera Klub.



Chas. Listenwaller
Bessie Neidecken
Augustus Jackson
Daisy Harrison

Miss Hoyt
Bert Thomas
Claire Matlock
Genevieve Knoll

Ida Cheney
Robert Edwards
Marian Snow
Ollie Caunter
James Case

Who We Are.

Ida Cheney.

Delta Sigma Delta.

Miss Hoyt.

Delta Sigma Delta.

Charles Listenwalter.

Member Parliament ; Manager of Physics Laboratory ; Epworth League.

Robert Edwards.

Beta Sigma ; Kamera Klub ; Bicycle Club ; Member Parliament ; Former Proprietor of San Diego.

Ollie Caunter.

Delta Sigma Delta ; Member Parliament.

Bert Thomas.

Accompanist Senior B Class Song, S. '99.

Bessie Neidecken.

Delta Sigma Delta : Kamera Klub ; Bicycle Club ; Parliament.

Marian Snow.

Delta Sigma Delta ; Parliament ; Bicycle Club ; R. R. R.

Claire Matlock.

Delta Sigma Delta.

Augustus Jackson.

Member Parliament ; Manager of Physics Laboratory.

James Case.

Beta Sigma ; Kamera Klub ; Bicycle Club ; Member Parliament.

Genevieve Knoll.

Delta Sigma Delta ; Kamera Klub ; Bicycle Club.

Daisy Harrison.

Delta Sigma Delta ; Bicycle Club ; Kamera Klub.



Nellie Winters
Opal McCleary
Arthur Wright
T. Jackson Douglass

Lena Turner
Wheeler North
Isabelle Denker
Hilary Wixom

John Lashbrooke
Edith Phillips
Oscove Brooks
Florence Norton

Who We Are.

John Lashbrooke.

Beta Sigma ; Manager Blue and White ; Member Bicycle Club and Kamera Klub ; Member of Parliament.

Lena Turner.

Delta Sigma Delta ; R. R. R. ; Member Parliament ; Bicycle Club ; Kamera Klub ; Vice-President Senior A Class.

Nellie Winters.

Delta Sigma Delta ; R. R. R. ; Secretary Parliament ; Bicycle Club ; Kamera Klub.

Edith Phillips.

Delta Sigma Delta ; Member Parliament ; Bicycle Club.

Wheeler O. North.

Beta Sigma ; Senior A Class Treasurer.

Opal McCleary.

Delta Sigma Delta ; Bicycle Club ; Kamera Klub.

Oscoe Brooks.

Bicycle Club ; Kamera Klub ; Treasurer of Parliament.

Isabelle Denker.

Delta Sigma Delta.

Arthur C. Wright.

Manager Blue and White ; Member Parliament ; Bicycle Club ; Athletic Association ; S. '99 Football Team.

Florence Norton.

Delta Sigma Delta ; Member Parliament ; Bicycle Club ; Kamera Klub ; Secretary Senior A Class.

Hilary Wixom.

L. A. H. S. Football Team ; Athletic Association ; Member Parliament ; Member Y. P. S. C. E.

T. Jackson Douglass.

Beta Sigma ; Member Parliament ; Bicycle Club ; Kamera Klub.

Prophecy of Summer Ninty-nine.

**"You are invited to attend the banquet
at Madison Square Garden
June 30, 1920**

**Celebrating the Completion of the Hunter-Calder
Transcontinental Air-ship Line."**

This invitation lay on my table one evening and I decided at once to attend, partly because I was sure of meeting many famous people and partly in honor of the completed work.

As I boarded the "Elevated" for Madison Square, on the evening mentioned, I purchased a paper to while away the long ride, and almost the first thing which struck my eyes were these headlines in staring type :

"HON. WILLIAM YARNELL'S

**Great Speech Against the Annexation
of the Equator.**

**Wins Him First Place on the Free-Aluminum
Party Ticket.**

GREAT ENTHUSIASM AND A UNANIMOUS VOTE."

Pondering over the possible results of this action, my eyes wandered on down the page to the display advertisements, and there, to my surprise, I saw the following :

**"NOW AT THE MANHATTAN
MR. J. DUNEUP BOWLER**

Supported by

MISS PHILLIPS

The Great Tragedienne, will produce

CRYANO DE BERGERAC

Under the management of J. Trumbower Case.
Engage seats ahead."

My curiosity now being aroused, I glanced further and was rewarded by seeing this item :

"PERSONAL INSTRUCTION GIVEN AT PROF.
North's Academy of Dancing and Deportment.
MISS HELEN NORTH will conduct Physical Cul-
ture Classes on alternate days. 162 Fifth Avenue."

Finding no more familiar names in the advertisements, I turned to the telegraphic dispatches for news of general interest and learned that Merick Reynolds, the "Western Wonder," had knocked out Peter Dooley, the "Irish Cyclone," in five rounds, winning the feather-weight championship. Another item was "The Lashbrooke-Douglass Glue Factory at Podunk, New Jersey, burned yesterday with great loss. R. H. Edwards, the general manager, barely escaped with his life in an effort to save the buildings." "Madison Square," yelled the conductor, but before I left the car, I noticed that the presentation of Isabel Denker's latest comic opera by Miss Barnett, had been warmly commended by the "World's" dramatic critic, Florence Field.

Hurrying on, I met Roy Hillman at the entrance of the "Garden," and we passed into the banquet hall together. He kindly offered to point out the notables, so, sauntering about before the banquet began, we talked of the guests.

"That's W. Max Enderlein, the South Sea Traveler over there," he said, "and those ladies in conversation with him are Miss King and Miss Stephens, the one a poet, the other a concert-singer. Just beyond them you can see Rev. C. K. Judy of Trinity, talking with Kreider, the vaudeville star. The men just coming in the door are three well known Texas cattle-men, Brooks, Hulbert and Stewart, while that group at the foot of the stairs is composed of four wealthy New Yorkers, Beatrice Snow, editor of St. Nicholas; Walton, the manufacturer of reclining school desks—his own invention; Tufts, the Mexican miner, and Stella Schmidt, the wife of Lord Westmeath." There were quite a few intellectual persons present whom I recognized myself, among them being Prof. Wright, who occupied the chair of classic languages at Yale; and Misses Magee and Holway, teachers of mathematics at Prof. Schults' famous school. I also saw Listenwalter and Jackson, whose researches on liquid wood have startled the entire world with its possibilities.

Further conversation was prevented by a burst of music from Thomas' Symphonic Orchestra, announcing the fact that the banquet was spread, and we seated ourselves at the tables. The viands were unusually delicate, and Hillman informed me that Anthony was the caterer for all swell affairs nowadays.

As the dinner progressed, I was told that quite a California colony had settled in Paris, after the Exposition of 1900. Helen Reynolds had married an eminent French novelist; Neva Iles was a designer of swell Paris gowns, and Alice Retzer was a well known sculptor, while the Misses Snow, Knoll, Durnerin and Young had formed an Art League and were studying in the Louvre. On the opposite side of the globe, after a career in society, Rowena Moore and Keturah Paul were achieving honors in the missionary field, while Grace Laubersheimer, international golf champion, was teaching the "royal game" to the Filipinos.

At intervals, Hillman told me that the Misses Hamlin, Niedecken and White had built up a great camera trade, and were rapidly crowding the Eastman Kodak Co. out of the business, and Walter Munday is their business agent; that Mary Putnam was U. S. Senator from Indian Territory, and McComb was a railroad builder in China. Zella Fay had married the editor of the largest paper in Berlin and was well known for her "Embassy dinners." Hugh Neuhart and Hilary Wixom had finally become separated, Hugh becoming Chief Justice of Hawaii, while Wixom bought a coffee-ranch in Mexico and taught the young Mexicans how to play football in Spanish.

I was by this time desirous of learning the lot which Fortune had assigned to other friends, and as the final toasts to the success of the air-ship line was being drunk, I learned their various stations.

Miss M'Clary, Miss Harrison and Miss Winters were noted for the splendor of their annual receptions at which Miss Dodge and Miss Turner were often seen, rivals for the leadership of the "400," and as for Pembroke Thom, he is our modern Ward McAllister. Florence Norton had become a noted portrayer of such society scenes, and her swell "Norton Girls" were seen in every illustrated paper of the day. Miss Hull, Miss Matlock and Miss Wright were in College Settlement work, and the Misses Cheney, Freeman, M'Cullum and Hoyt were exploring in New Guinea.

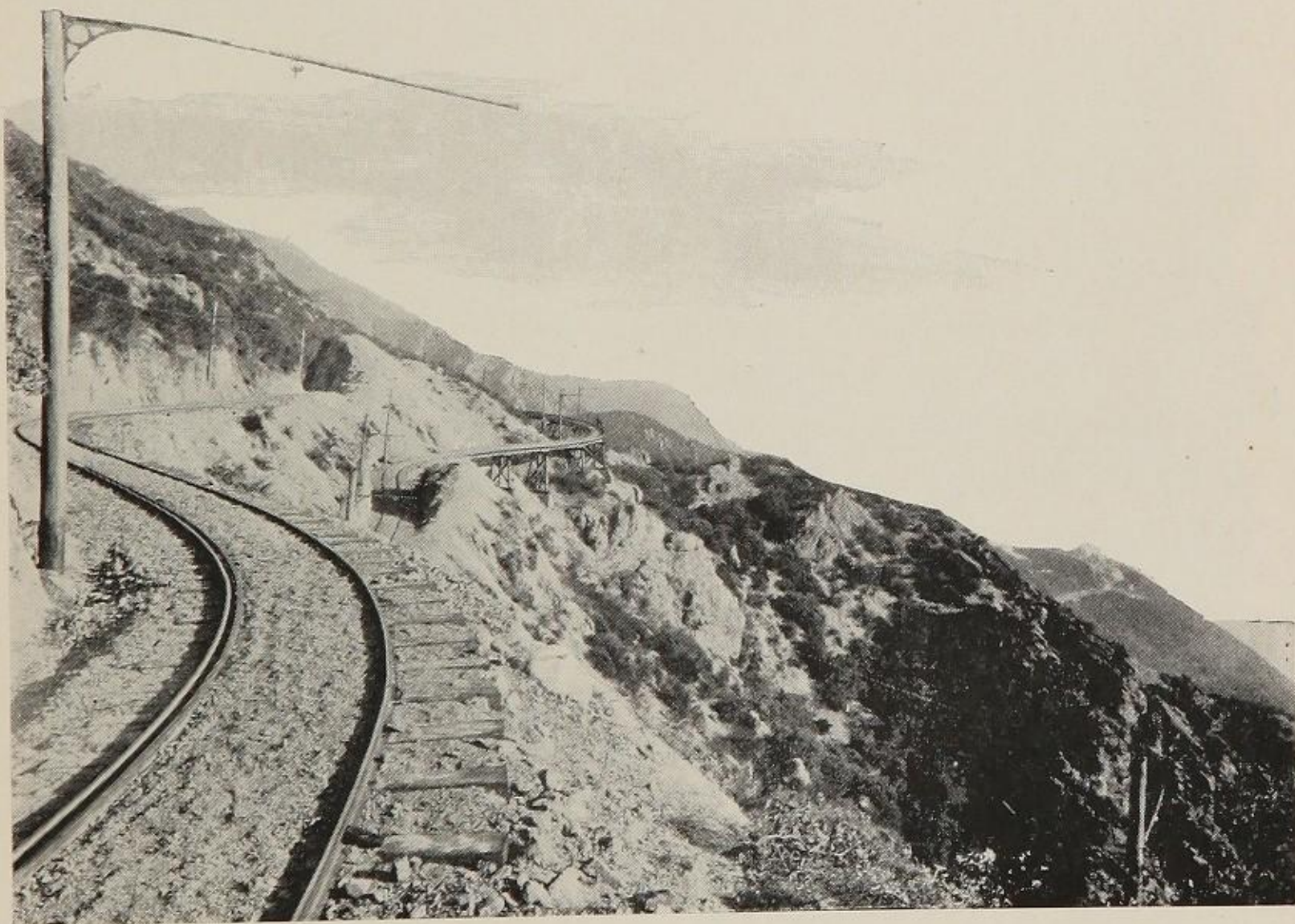
"I expect you wonder why I know about so many people, but I'm the head of a press-clipping bureau, and I have gotten all of this information through it," was Roy's answer to my unspoken question.

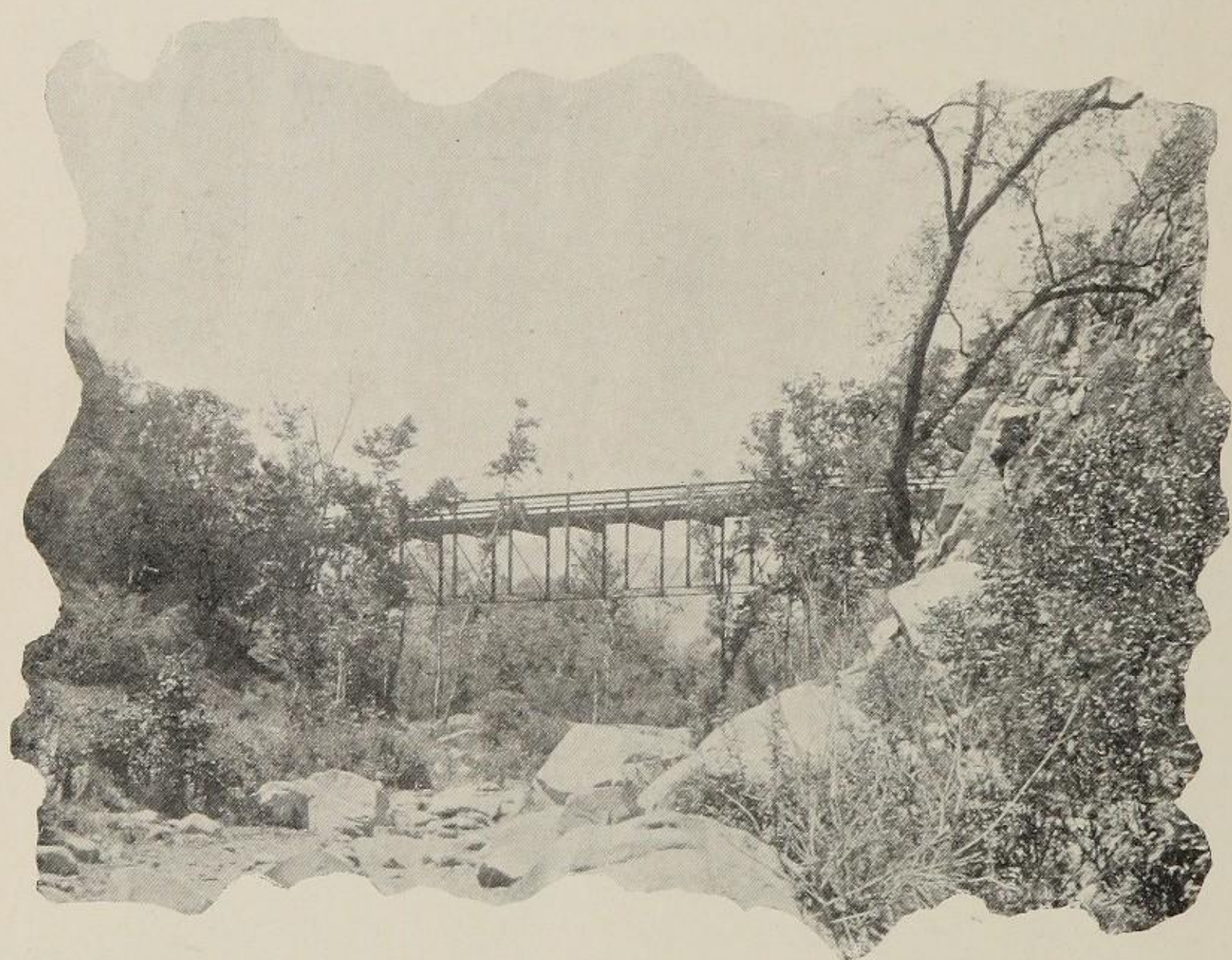
"By the way, Hillman, what has become of Gibson, Lindley and Irvin?"

"Oh, they're all doing well; Gibson makes and sells wigs to the theatrical trade; Lindley is president of the Ralston Non Poisonous Tamale Co., Limited, while Irvin is walking delegate of the Amalgamated Union of Carpet Beaters."

"Well, here's my car. Good night!"

DONALD F. IRVIN.







Fraternities

Gamma Eta Kappa



Chapter Roll

Alpha	San Francisco	High School
Beta	Stockton	High School
Delta	Oakland	High School
Epsilon	San Jose	High School
Zeta	Los Angeles	High School
Theta	Pasadena	Throop Polytechnic Institute
Iota	Santa Cruz	High School
Lambda	Fresno	High School
Kappa	San Bernardino	High School
Gamma	Portland	High School
Sigma	Riverside	High School
Omega	Denver	High School

Frater in Facultate

W. H. Housh

ACTIVE

John Posey	Benjamin Harwood	Thomas Nolan	Philo Lindley
Albert Cook	Robert Campbell	Homer Donnell	
Simpson Sinsabaugh	Thomas Haskins	Frank Gillelen	
William Nevin	Harry Gregory	Hugh Shinn	
Edwin Janss	Vaughn Tomblin	Fred Hambright	Carl Tufts
Otto Brodtbeck	Clarence Hubbard	Robert Allen	John Harris

RETIRED

Leslie Hewitt	Thomas McCrea	Ralph Hubbard	Rus Avery
William McIntosh	Otto Wendemeyer	George Spence	
Victor Stewart	Warren Carhart	*John Corson	Burdette Jevne
Charles Stimson	Gurney Newlin	Roys Strohn	
Gay Lewis	Russell Taylor	Fred Engstrum	Will Innes
Cyril Wigmore	Harry Spence	Clarence Strohn	
John Glass	Harold Braly	Ralph Carhart	Bertram Williams
		Ralph Ware	

Colors, Crimson and White
Flower, Carnation

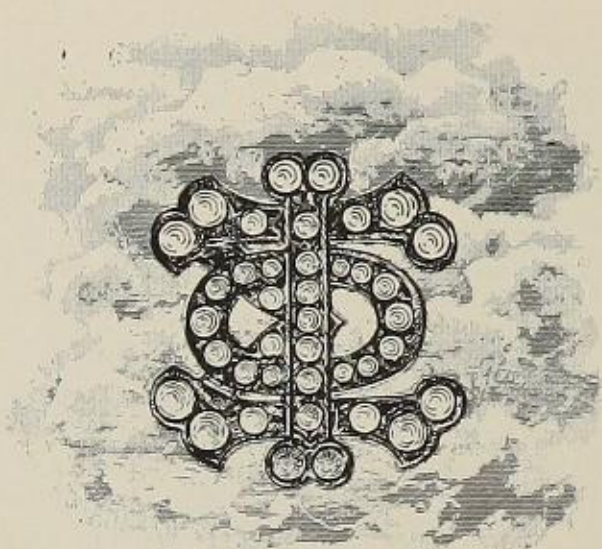
*Died at Guadalajara, Mexico, April 16, 1899.



Gamma Eta Kappa Fraternity

Photo. by Steckel

Fraternity of Phi Sigma



Colors, Turquoise, Pearl and Gold



Chapter Roll

GRAND	University of Michigan	Ann Arbor, Mich.
ALPHA	Central High School	Grand Rapids, Mich.
BETA	Central High School	Detroit, Mich.
GAMMA	City High School	Kansas City, Mo.
DELTA	Lake View High School	Chicago, Ill.
EPSILON	Oakland High School	Oakland, Cal.
ZETA	Polytechnic High School	San Francisco, Cal.
ETA	Hyde Park High School	Chicago, Ill.
THETA	Maston Park High School	Buffalo, N. Y.
IOTA ALPHA SAN	Los Angeles High School	Los Angeles, Cal.

Iota Alpha San Chapter

Honorary

Dr. Edward M. Palette

Members in School

SENIORS

Roy P. Hillman
Harry A. Walton

Earle C. Anthony
Olin Wellborn, Jr.

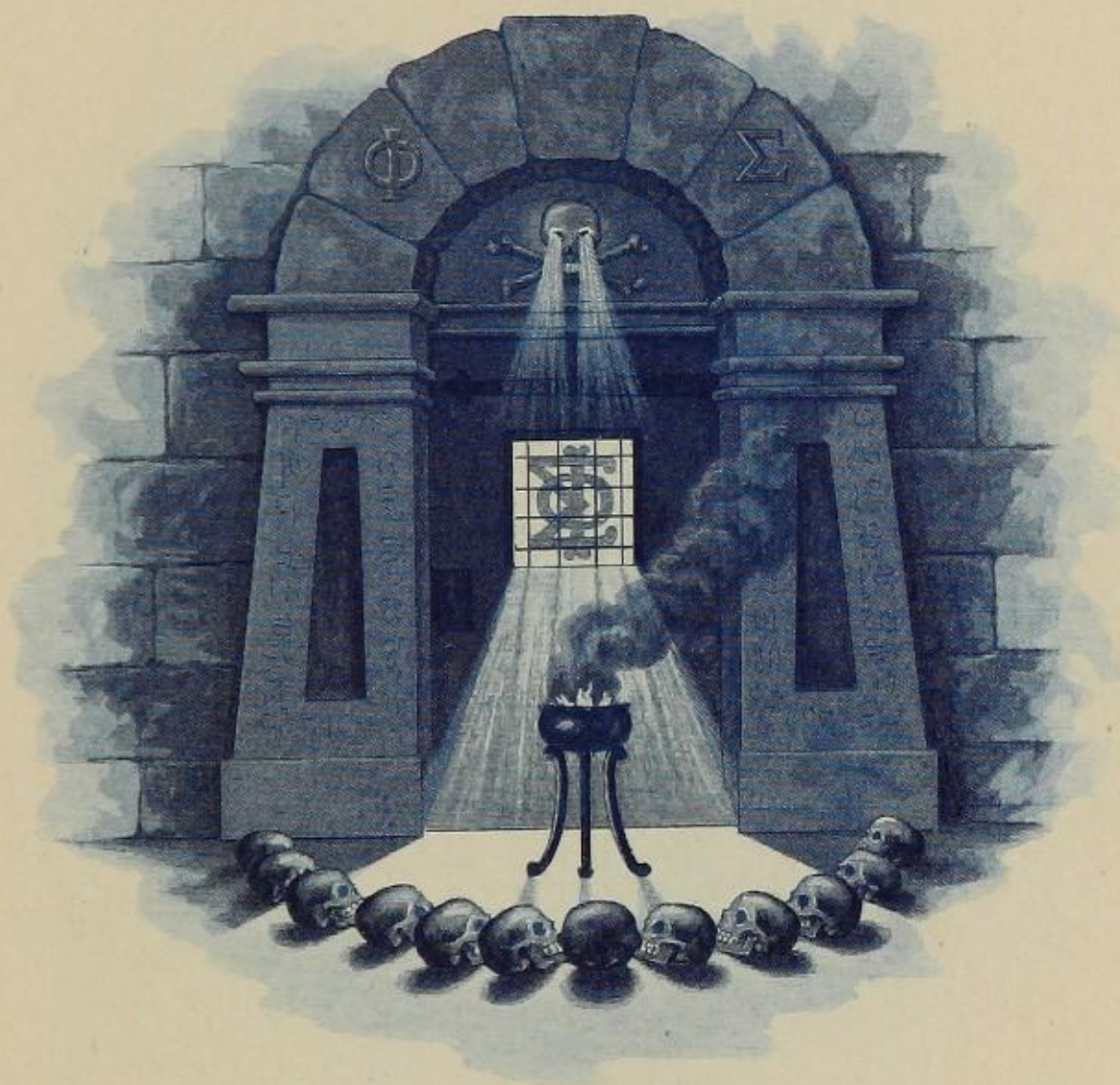
MIDDLES

Edward C. Bosbyshell John T. Cooper G. Hamilton Fay

JUNIORS

Sam N. Bonsall
C. Woodford Davisson

Louis Everett
George McLain



Ireko, Phila.



Phi Sigma Fraternity

Photo by Steckel



Pi Delta Kappa Fraternity

Photo by Scholl

Pi Delta Koppa Fraternity



Epsilon Chapter

Established August, 1898

Chapter Roll

Alpha	Michigan Military Academy	Orchard Lake, Mich.
Illinois Beta	University School	Chicago, Ill.
California Beta	San Jose High School	San Jose, Cal.
Illinois Gamma	Springfield High School	Springfield, Ill.
California Gamma	Lowell High School	San Francisco, Cal.
Illinois Delta	Chicago High School	Chicago, Ill.
California Delta	Santa Cruz High School	Santa Cruz, Cal.
California Epsilon	Los Angeles High School	Los Angeles, Cal.
California Zeta	Santa Clara High School	Santa Clara, Cal.

Members

HONORARY

Frederick Warde



Mark Hopkins Slosson Charles Henry White, Jr. Moye Wicks Stephens
Albert Garfield Glass Frank Forest Barham
Trowbridge Wesley Hendrick Erskine Pembroke Thom
Percy Langley Wicks Alfred T. Brant

Colors, Purple and Crimson.



THE PI DELTA KOPPA Fraternity was established in 1879, at the Michigan Military Academy, at Orchard Lake, Michigan. Unfortunately a fire destroyed the Fraternity records about ten years ago, so that the records previous to that time were lost.

Chapters are now situated in Michigan, Illinois and California, and all of them are in a flourishing condition. The Epsilon Chapter, located at Los Angeles High School, was established during the summer vacation of '98.

Rickety! Kackety!

Wa Hoo!

Epsilon of P. D. Q.



Beta Sigma Fraternity

Color, Green



Alpha Chapter

Established in Senior A Class, March 14, 1899

Charter Members

Roy Palmer Hillman	Carl Reuben Tufts	Philo Leonard Lindley
Harry A. Walton	Earle C. Anthony	

Active Members in Summer '99

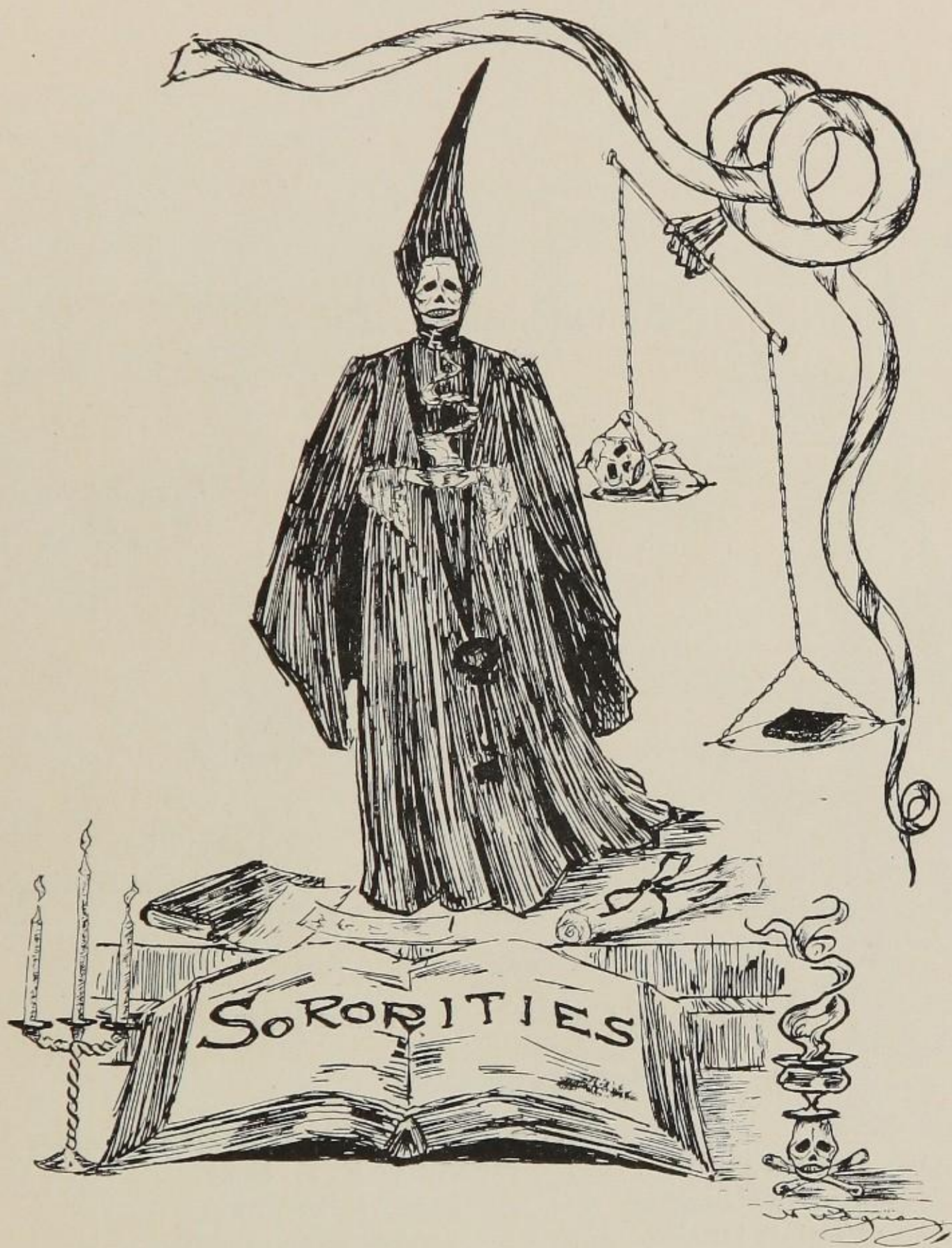
Clinton K. Judy	Merick Reynolds	Hugh Neuhart
Thomas Douglass	Leo Gibson	
Robert Edwards	Edward Calder	Jonathan D. Bowler
William Hunter	Arthur McComb	
Wheeler O. North	Donald F. Irvin	Samuel L. Kreider
Perley Hulbert	James T. Case	
Clarence J. Shults	John H. Lashbrooke	



Beta Sigma Fraternity

Photo by Schumacher





Delte Iota Chi

Established 1894



Roll of Chapters

ALPHA	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	San Jose
BETA	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	San Francisco
GAMMA	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Los Angeles
DELTA	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Santa Cruz
EPSILON	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Fresno

Gamma Chapter

Established April, '96

Patronesses

Mrs. Coulter

Mrs. W. S. Moore

Mrs. Janss

Sorores in Schola

• 1899 •

Rowena Josephine Moore

• 1900 •

Frances Coulter

Elsie Leslie Kimble

• 1901 •

Inez Moore

Juliet Phelps

Elizabeth Laux

Bertha Pollard

Alice Harpham

Adele Brotbeck

Ruby Kimble

Mary Jeanette Ridgeway

• 1902 •

Mary Isabelle Coulter

Pauline Botts

Sorores in Urbe

Sabina A. Burks

Mrs. Bertram Williams (Helen R. Carhart)

Francis Mitchell Barber

Marguerite P. C. Moore

Nannie Snow Longley

Pansy L. Whittaker

Virginia Dryden

Ada Brand Dryden

Mable Ferguson

Edith Whittaker

Edna Bumiller

Henrietta Janss

Jessie E. Hall

May G. Kimble

Florence Nolan

Marie Gordon

Color, Heliotrope Violet



Photo by Schumacher

Delta Kappa Chi Sorority



Lambda Theta Phi Sorority

Photo by Schumacher



LAMBDA THETA PHI

Founded 1894

CHAPTER ROLL

ALPHA	..	..	..	..	Oakland High School
ZETA	..	..	..	..	Stockton High School
DELTA	..	..	..	..	San Francisco High School
IOTA	..	..	..	..	Santa Rosa High School
BETA	..	..	..	..	Los Angeles High School
GAMMA	..	..	..	..	Berkeley High School

BETA CHAPTER

Founded 1896

In Facultate Mrs. Margaret J. Frick

Alumnae

In Urbe

Mabel Hill
Lucy Sinsabaugh
Emma Widney
Charlotte Teale
Marian Shinn
Barbara Hitt

In Collegio

Isabel Godin
Susan Barnwell
Jessie Knepper
Winnie Nauwerth
Louler Lord
Nell Brown

In Schola

S. '99

Florence Field
Keturah Paul
Helen North

W. '00

Phila Johnson
Florence Clute
Margaret Cornwell

S. '00

Katherine Thompson
Shirley Jenkins

S. '01

Blanche Engstrum
Josephine Lewis

W. '02

Ruth Bosbyshell





Lieut. John A. Glass
Battery "A," First California Heavy Artillery

Our Boys in Manila

SEVERAL of our High School boys have been fortunate enough to be among those who are seeing active service in our campaign against the Philipinos.

Roy Brosseau, Herbert Laux, Sergeants Catesby and Cameron Thom, Lieut. John A. Glass, belong to Battery D, First California Heavy Artillery, who are now protecting the fighting forces at Manila. Floyd G. Dessery, Battery F, of the Third Heavy Artillery, and Charles White of the Third Regiment U. S. Regular Heavy Artillery, are at Manila. They left San Francisco early in '98, and have since been experiencing the hardships that necessarily attend a soldier's life. Although all of the boys are inexperienced, they have conducted themselves so as to win promotion.

John A. Glass, who enlisted as a private, but is now Lieut. Glass, has been especially daring. He was chosen to convey a flag of truce to the insurgents, and accepted the commission, although he fully realized that it meant almost certain death. Admiral Dewey met him upon his return, shook his hand and said, "That boy is all right."

Herbert Laux is collector of the port of Cavite.

Floyd G. Dessery is head clerk of Battery H, Third Artillery.

Sergeant Charles White, being one of the regulars, has seen more real fighting than the other boys.

F. G. N., S. '99.

The "Kingsetta" March, recently adopted as the official N. E. A. convention march, to be played by the bands and orchestras at the great convention, was composed by Mr. Marvin L. MacKenzie, of the Winter class of '99. Mr. MacKenzie has shown much ability as a composer, having recently written many pieces of merit. A beautiful souvenir edition is being published in honor of the delegates of the N. E. A. convention.

Letters to the Editor.

DERE EDITOR—Eye am a nice little boy and I want everybody lse 2 now itt two I am fond av sassiety and pine 2 b in thee soshal swim. I dont lik too kome two Hi skule itt is 2 komun. Mi girl (ive got 1) lives in Pasadeena. I hav more time an money, butt am awfull bizzy. Yourz 4 2 bits

H. LESLIE HARRIS.

P. S.—I am no scrub eye take A nine sloyd.

DEAR EDITOR—I want the golfiacs to kondole with mee eye am joshed bye the boys. eye am a genuine ruff rider an weer mi kolf sute 2 all my recitations, Now *pleze* dont put onythinge in the poiper bout me. Oh eye forgot—all the girlees come 2 see mi sister.

Your friend,

TOMMIE R. LEE.

DEAR KIND EDITOR—I am a little boy but al the gorls say I am cute. My subject for composition is child study I know a hole lott bout children eye alus plaed with small boys. I asked Florence Norton to rite a karakter sketch of me butt she sed I had no charactur.

Your Cunning Friend

EDWARD QUEENER CALDER.



Mi old an' respected friend :

I coodn't quite decide at first whether to lour mi dygnty or not buy righting to you, butt thinking you wood be so onored have decided 2. Eye am the trashurer ov Stare and Ches-nut. I send you my pictcher as you mite wysh 2 shoe two ure reeders a grate man. Ialsew had a Dix pin for a few ours.

Evr as of yore,

JOHNNY COOPER.

MISTER EDITOR—I want 2 tell you bout mi knew ring. She am a daisy ! Gold set with a fine beautiful ruby ! And I am knott the 1 who make sew much noise in the studie roomes.

From your

UNCLE SAMUEL (bonsall)

DERE EDITOR—Onlie a few words 2 tell you how kute I was in the play. Everybody says I'll be an actress when I grow up. I do love to recite chemistry ! Well I will stoppe as it is time 2 go to bed.

Your little friend

KATIE WIDNEY.

P. S.—That Mellin's food josh makes mee tired !

Say, Roy :

I am a organizer !! Eye organized a bike club !—an the D. S. D. otherwysee knone ez pinck ribans. I do not wish it none I runn thee class. Some timez I kome to schule in my bikk suit. Everyone comez 2 mee 4 advise. I must go now.

TIA ROWENA JOSEPHINE MOORE.

MY OLD AND SUFFICIENTLY RESPECTED FRIEND—I affirm that I apprehend the keenest delight in vociferating my respectful sentiments, and I take this convenient opportunity to convey, both to you, and the school at large, my heartfelt thanks for the unlimited and highly esteemed privilege that you have gratuitously accorded to my humble self.

It becomes necessary, however, to bring this epistle to a close, and hoping that you may hear from me again, believe me always your obedient servant,

WILLIE MAX ENDERLEIN.



Samuel Kreider
Is known as a rider
Of great skill and dex-ter-itee ;
And the way that he crams
Over Latin exams.
Is a sight that is worth while to see!



WHO SAID ELSIE ?

Janitor (at door of French Class)—“ The Board of Health are coming to visit the room.”

Everyone scrambles to open the windows.

Episodes.

Sam Gives Advice.

Sam Bonsall and Olin were coming home the other night and Olin said, "Tell me something to do, Sam. There's nothing going on, nowadays, to have any sport. I'm tired of the same old things."

"Well, let's see", Sam replied. "You might — I'll tell you what, Olin, why don't you learn to dance. It's lots of fun, when you know how."

Too Sporty.

"Yes, I'm getting too swift and sporty, I'm afraid" remarked Pembroke. "Yesterday I went down the street with some H. S. girls and just blew myself to my last cent, on soda water, etc."

"About how much were you stuck for?" anxiously inquired Barham.

"Oh, about twenty cents, not counting my car-fare home, you know."

Up-to-Date.

The other evening Harry and Tia were on the street-car and the conductor came for the coin. Harry reluctantly fumbled in his vest pocket a moment, when Tia exclaimed, "Never mind, Harry, I'll pay the fare."



Something Swell.

Once a young lady called Day
Was overheard in the halls to say,
"I think I'd like very
Much to be Secretary",
And so she was elected straightway.

Who said Inez Moore was going to run a
Cooperage shop?

Can't Shaw draw pictures, though?

Tom Lee's new golf stockings look very
(k)nobby.

In Chemistry—"Give the properties of $H_2 S$."

Miss Phillips—"It is a clear, colorless gas without odor."

And she wonders why the class laughed.

What We are Dying to Announce.

How Sam Bonsall started to a party the other night, and—

How his father, by mistake, had taken his black suit to San Diego.

How Pembroke Thom came into his class-room one day late, and tried to slip into his seat without attracting attention, and—

How the teacher heard his necktie, and sent him to the office for a tardy slip.

How Robert Hoedel asked fourteen girls to the Senior B picnic, and—

How he finally decided to go alone.

How hundreds of personals were handed in about Fay Lewis and some others, and—

How it was found that she wrote them all herself.

How Tuffie, hearing that every hair in one's head was numbered, would like to know where he can find a few back numbers.

How Blanch-ay Engstrum tried to raise the seat in 22, and——? ! ! ?

How Hendrick and Variel christened the Tennis Cup with lemonade.

How Tufts came to be owned by the Pies.

How Lawrence Horatio Baker asked a young lady to a party, and—

How he suddenly decided he could not go.

We know of one stamp picture that is not in Miss Klein's collection. Now look innocent, George.

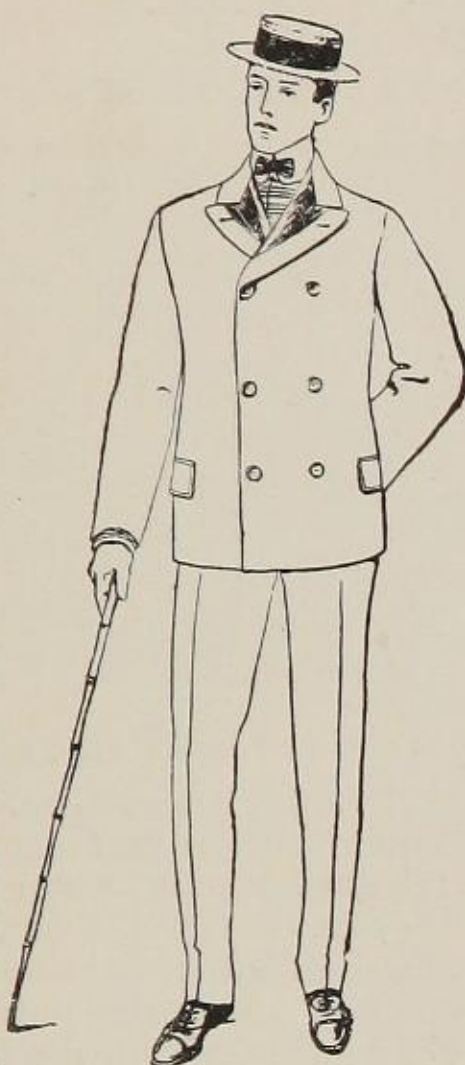
How Louis Everett took a whole row of stamp pictures from May Prentiss, and how she asked the teacher to get them back for her.

Ruby Kimble—Never allow a young gentleman to lift you to a seat on a porch railing, even if he is your cousin. You should have sent for a step ladder.

In Civics it was stated that the presidential election came on the first Tuesday in the month. Everett Adams asked innocently, "But—supposing that day came on Sunday, when would they have them, then?"



March 2—Picnic to Devil's Gate. Enderlein and Gibson kept the ice-cream from melting by standing on the freezer.



YOUNG MEN!

We want you to know that we are holding a Special Sale of

SWELL SUITS

For Young Men of from 14 to 19 years

All Elegant New Goods Direct from the Best Wholesale Merchant Tailors in the East.

WE CAN SAVE YOU MONEY
ON YOUR PURCHASES
LET US SHOW YOU

MULLEN, BLUETT & CO.

N. W. Cor. First and Spring Sts.

TO HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS

Shorthand During the Vacation Period for \$10.00

Ample time to learn it thoroughly

Money refunded if results are not satisfactory

Metropolitan Business University

438-440 South Spring Street

Shirts...

"It's a Pleasure to wear a Shirt"
THAT'S JUST RIGHT

We have opened, at 120 South Spring Street, with a Complete Stock of Our Own Make of Ready-to-wear Shirts

FINE GOLF SHIRTS \$1.00

FINE COLORED SHIRTS \$1.00

Our dollar White Shirt will please you

All Shirts Finished by Hand

120 S. Spring Street

Royal

**Shirt
Co. . . .**

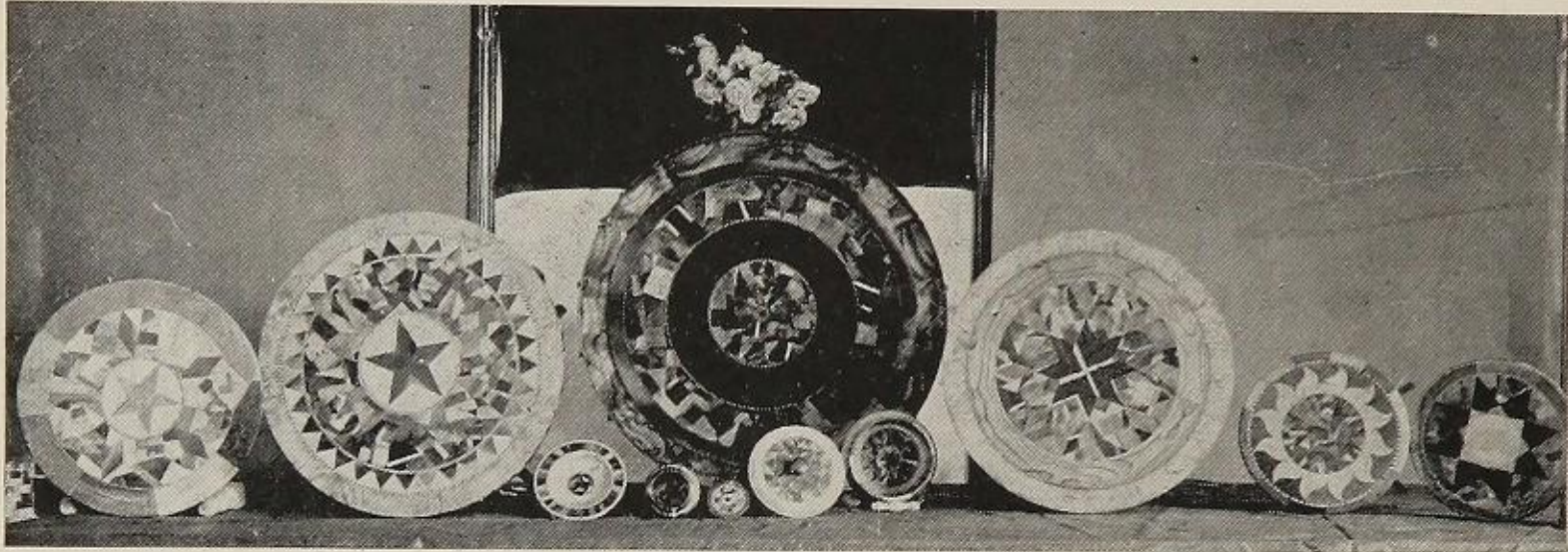
With NEWCOMB
The Hatter

March 7—Kreider discovers wax on the floor of 14 and incidentally polishes it up a bit.

March 25—Bike ride to Pasadena.
March 26—Monday—Florence Field absent.

THROOP POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

AND MANUAL TRAINING
SCHOOL



INLAID WORK BY WOOD-SHOP PUPILS.

Offers full instruction in usual studies from fourth grade through the college. Also courses in mechanical and architectural drawing. Special attention given to high-grade art work in wood carving, clay modeling, free-hand drawing and water color. Complete courses in sewing and cooking, woodwork, forging, design and construction of machinery. Biological, Physical, Chemical and Electrical Laboratories. Teachers' courses in Sloyd and Domestic Science. Academic graduates admitted without examination to the leading colleges. Tuition \$75 a year. Visitors always welcome. Write for catalogue.

WALTER A. EDWARDS, A. M., Pres.

DAVID HEAP, Sec'y and Business Agt,

Lang-Bireley Co.

CHAS. E. BIRELEY
FRED S. LANG

PRINTERS
DESIGNERS

Telephone Main 1671

311 W. Second St., Los Angeles

Have you Gifts to Buy for Weddings?



We are the Acknowledged Headquarters
for all that is New and Novel

CALL AND SEE

H. F. VOLLMER & CO.

116 SOUTH SPRING STREET

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

March 28—Florence Field still absent.
March 29—Florence Field still absent.

March 30—Committee to interview Miss Field.
March 31—Miss Field, alias Chimmie, returns to school.

PHONE.
MAIN
1125.



WOODILL & HULSE
Electric Co.
INCORPORATED

108 WEST THIRD ST.
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

ELECTRICAL CONSTRUCTION A SPECIALTY
ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES AND
HEATING APPLIANCES.

**We have Wired the High School
And some of the Finest Business Blocks in the City.**

BEST WORK LOWEST PRICES ALL WORK GUARANTEED



Portrait of Mr. William Nevin,
Drawn by our Special Artist.

Bertha had a little hat
Of finest braided straw,
Wherever little Bertha went
The Knox was sure to go.

She wore it to a dance one night,
'Twas not against the rule,
But it was swiped, and now she comes
Bareheaded up to school.

And when she found her hat was gone,
She was so wondrous wise,
She quickly registered a kick
That opened Kramer's eyes.

So when he heard her little tale
He went down town straightway,
And the hat she wears now, is the one
For which Kramer had to pay.

Belle Coulter intends to go to Stanford after finishing High School.

Query—"Is Albert called Glass because he gives us a 'pane'?"

April 5—Cartoonist attempts to draw Truman Wiggins—Sends for a longer piece of paper
April 7—Miller buys ice-cream for three!

We hear of many High School graduates who propose taking advantage of the reduction in tuition at Throop Polytechnic Institute next fall.

Last year the charges were \$105 for Academy and College, with \$90 for the Sloyd department. In future one uniform rate of \$75 per annum has been fixed.

The catalogues for 1899-1900 are out and may be had for the asking.

At Throop all the fellows who have been dabbling in electricity can follow their bent scientifically and come out in time full-fledged electricians.

A couple of years out at Throop, and all they have accomplished there will be credited at either of the California Universities and at most Eastern Colleges, or they may continue at Throop right up to the A. B. degree.

Hurrah for Southern California!

No need to leave home now in order to get the very best there is in mental or manual training.

Boys, go out to the exhibition on Friday, June 16th, and see what has been done in the woodshop, the forge and machinery departments.

Girls, go over and feast on the good things made by the girls in the cooking-room, and behold the dainty dresses, etc., in the sewing room, not to mention the lovely art exhibit in water color, the wood-carving and the clay-modeling.



Foot Form

Shoes

W. E. Cummings

HIGH GRADE

Foot Wear

COR 4TH AND
BROADWAY ~
LOS ANGELES, CAL

TEACHERS WANTED

UNION TEACHERS AGENCIES OF AMERICA
REV. L. D. BASS, D. D., Man.

Pittsburg, Toronto, New Orleans, New York, Washington, San Francisco, Chicago, St. Louis and Denver. We had over 8,000 vacancies during the past season. Teachers needed now to contract for next term. Principals, Superintendents, Assistants, Grade Teachers, public, private. Art, music, etc., wanted. Address all applications to Washington, D. C.

April 8—Roe Sanderson begins his term's studying.

April 9—Yarnell makes a mistake in parliamentary law, in Star and Crescent—School revived after hard efforts by the janitor.

April 16—Delta Iota Chi picnic to Santa Monica—A 16 to 1 affair.
 April 18—Burke can't decide whether to join G. E. K.'s or Phi Sigmas.

HIGH
SCHOOL

Boys and Girls

all go to MERRIAM'S
for

**ICE CREAM SODA
and CANDIES** ❀

Sherbets, Ices and Ice Cream ❀
delivered to any part
of the city ❀

D. E. Merriam

127 S. Spring Street

Tel. Red LOS ANGELES
1074

SCHOOL BOOKS ...

NEW AND
SECOND-HAND

Fine Stationery
Copper-plate Engraving
Monogram Dies

All the LATE BOOKS

Standard and
Miscellaneous
LITERATURE

Fowler & Colwell

221 W. SECOND ST.

A Typical Moon Scene.

Calder—No class meeting? Then I'll go home.

Leo—Oh, Benny Harwood has bought some candy.

Munday—Will we have some? !!

$\times 11 + ? \times 0 ? !! y k$ (for 3 minutes).

All—Say, Bennie, buy some more.

Tom Lee—Aint you going to treat me?

Moye—Not until you tell us whose $\triangle I X$ Pin that is.

Tufts—Oh, say, tell us, Tom, *we* won't tell.

Tom—It's none of your business. Oh! quit joshing me, I want to finish my ice.

Sam—Well, the enamel's chipped. Guess you got it at a pawnshop, anyhow.

Tom—You needn't talk; your sauer-bawled, 'cause you havn't one yourself.

Bummy—Gee whiz! Look at Woodford's new suit. Let's take a walk down to the corner.

Wood—Ah! no, let's don't.

Bummy, Sam, McLain, Tufts—Come along.

Bowler and Shults—Let's play crack the whip.

Everybody—All right.

(Four minutes general rough-house.)

The bell rings.

April 19—Frank Gillelen walks out Adams street.
April 20—W. D. introduced to E. L.—The whole High School celebrates.

LOS ANGELES CALIFORNIA ILLUSTRATED

A Souvenir of Los Angeles, Containing 111
Pages Profusely Illustrated

With 103 full page 6x8
half-tone plates of hand-
some private

**RESIDENCES
PUBLIC PARKS
AND
BUILDINGS**

of this "Magic City",
showing what money,
brains and the matchless
climate of this "Land of
Sunshine" has accom-
plished in a few years.

**THE BOOK
CONTAINS NO
ADVERTISING
MATTER**

Being entirely devoted to
its subject of illustrating
the beauties of Los An-
geles homes and places
of interest, making a
handsome souvenir for
your

**EASTERN
FRIENDS** ❀❀❀

**Bound in Embossed Illuminated Covers
Tied with Silk Cord** ❀❀❀❀

FOR SALE BY

Kingsley-Barnes & Neuner Co. (Ltd.)

123 SOUTH BROADWAY, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

And by Bookstores and News Dealers in Los Angeles.

April 25—Jacoby appears in white duck trousers—Goes home in dark suit.
April 26—Fay Lewis recites.

April 28—Edwin Janss visits High School.

April 29—Astronomy Class goes to Mt. Lowe—Enderlein experiences a change of heart.



C. M. DAVIS CO. 

TELEPHONE MAIN
..417..



**ENGRAVERS
DESIGNERS AND
ILLUSTRATORS**

Engravers to "Blue and White"

123 SOUTH BROADWAY, LOS ANGELES

A Few Testimonials.

DEAR SIRs—Since using your "Beauty Lotion" I have never used any other. Everyone notices the marked improvement.

Thankfully yours, MARGARET CORNWALL.

DEAR SIRs—When I first began using your "Hair Restorer" I had a few hairs; but after using three bottles I find I have none at all, to speak of.

CARL R. TUFTS.

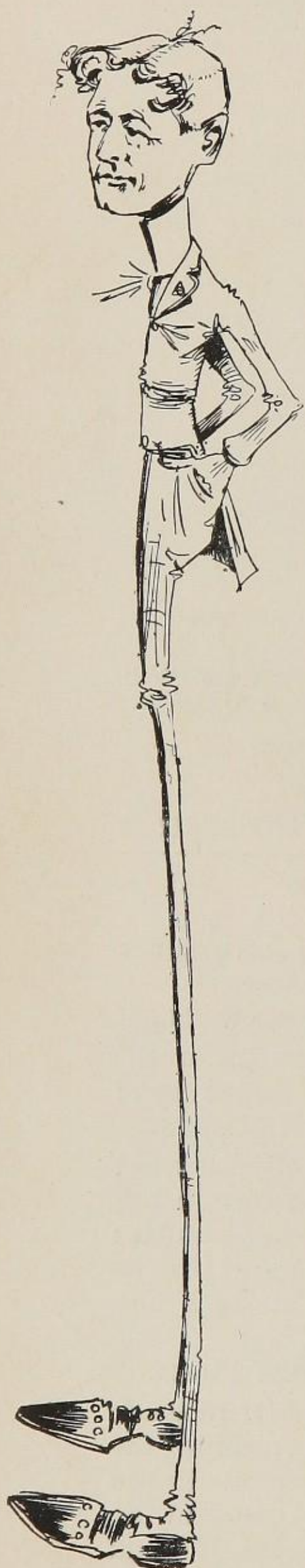
DEAR FRIEND—I wish to write a few lines to tell you what wonderful results your remedy has brought about. Before using I was so shy that when I had to get up to recite, I would blush; but since taking your "Cure for Bashfulness" I would just as soon speak to a girl as not. I think if I use it faithfully I may get over my quiet and retiring ways.

Yours in hopes, ERSKINE PEMBROKE THOM.

KIND FRIENDS—I want to thank you for the wonderful work done by your "Free Advertising Bureau." Before running the paper I was comparatively unknown, but now every one in the school has heard of me. I also am the official manager of the High School; but don't tell anyone, for they might think I had he big-head.

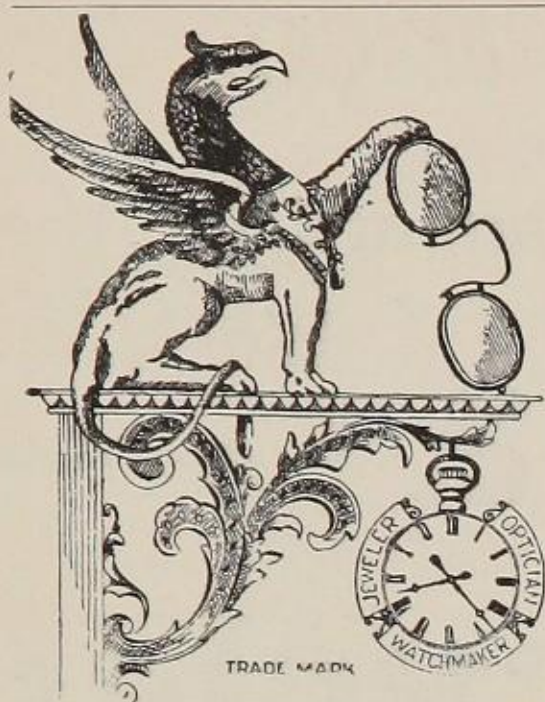
Yours, ARTHUR C. WRIGHT.

High School Alphabet.



- A** is the Annex, just off of sixteen,
Also for the "Angels" (?) who are sitting therein.
- B** is for Bummy, the great football sage,
And Baskerville, pride of the vaudeville stage.
- C** is for Coulter (which one, *you* may tell);
Some say it means Fannie, some say it means Belle.
- D** is for Davisson, or Else—he's called Wood.
Why his drugs come from Laux's is not understood.
- E** is for Enderlein, who smiles on one girl;
Of all the gay Seniors, she's surely the pearl.
- F** is for Galucious Hamilton Fay,
A dear little darling, the ladies all say.
- G** is for Grace L., of Basket Ball fame;
If we had lots of space, we would print her last name.
- H** is for Hillman, who starts a new style;
His gorgeous golf trousers are heard half a mile.
- I** is for Irvin, "Adonis" he's dubbed,
Whose grace-ful aspirations were nipped in the bud.
- J** is for Jenkins, for Joe and the Joy
That they both derive from sharing one boy.
- K** is for Kreider, and also for King,
Who thinks that her friend 'cross the aisle's a good thing.
- L** is for Leo, Long, Lanky and Lean
With no visible means of support to be seen.
- M** is for Moody, a much talked of man,
Who gets his biology whenever he can.
- N** is for Nevin. The girls all exclaim,
"How sylph-like and graceful", but—what's in a name?
- O** is for Olin, who wants the word passed
That he *doesn't* manage the Senior B Class.
- P** is our Pride, for our High School we mean,
And the Pride that we have for our brave football team.
- Q** is the questions the Juniors propound.
When you hear them you think that their minds are not sound.
- R** is the Rest (i) we have every noon,
And Reynolds and Retzer, who study the moon.
- S** stands for Shinn and also for Smile,
Besides for the Sketches he makes all the while.
- T** is for Tuffie, who is much over-rated.
He is sauer-bawled at present, for his girl's graduated.
- U** is the United efforts we make
To get a new High School, for good learning's sake.
- V** is the Velocity (Florence says it is right)
That the tandem attained on that memorable night.
- W** is for Walton, who always says "Pshaw!"
Whenever he laughs it sounds like "Haw! Haw! H. A. W."
- X** is the "ex", we think it's no fun,
But my! aren't we happy when we are all done.
- Y** is Yarnell, Parliamentary Light!
His speeches and lectures are really *too* bright.
- Z** is the Zeal of the High School we love,
But are all very thankful there's none up above.

May 3—Senior B Class have their photo taken.
 May 4—Photographer presents a bill for one broken camera.
 May 6—A certain member of Astronomy class discovers a comet. Hopes to find moore soon



Repairing...

Graduate
Optician

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, ETC.

Repaired in best possible manner by expert workmen

O. L. WUERKER

JEWELER AND OPTICIAN

Eyes Scientifically
Fitted

229 S. Spring Street
Next to L. A. Theatre

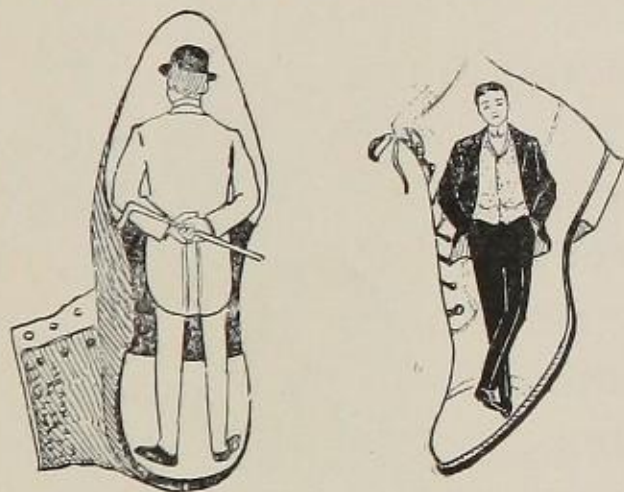
C. M. STAUB

**SHOE
COMPANY**

255 South Broadway

LOS ANGELES

\$3.50 MEN'S SHOES



"BURNS" 240 S. Spring St.

Ahren's...

**Bakery and Delicacy
Store**

425 South Broadway
Los Angeles, Cal.

Our Popular
Haberdasher

**E.
PEMBROKE
THOM**



JACOBY BROS.

128 to 138 North Spring St.

High School Apparel

OUR SPECIALTY

Golf Suits, Bike Suits, Commence-
ment Suits, Etc.

1854—The oldest business house
in Los Angeles—1854

Samuel C. Foy

Manufacturer and
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Saddlery, Harness, Leather

Blankets, Whips, Robes, Dusters
Saddles, Hardware, Silver Inlaid
Spanish Bits and Spurs

315 N. LOS ANGELES ST.
Los Angeles, Cal.

May 8—Senior B party. The six boys line up on one side of the room and the forty damsels on the other. The boy that first gets his courage up to speak to a girl receives first prize. Adjournment at 10:30.

May 12—Lashbrooke gets an ad. for Blue and White.
 May 13—Anti-loud necktie Club formed.
 May 14—Pembroke Thom joins.

HAUPT, SVADE & CO.

SOLE AGENTS FOR

The Standard for the
 World.

Columbia Bicycles

You see them everywhere.

'99 Chainless, the Great Hill Climber
 Sundries, Enameling and Repairing

Telephone Green 1631

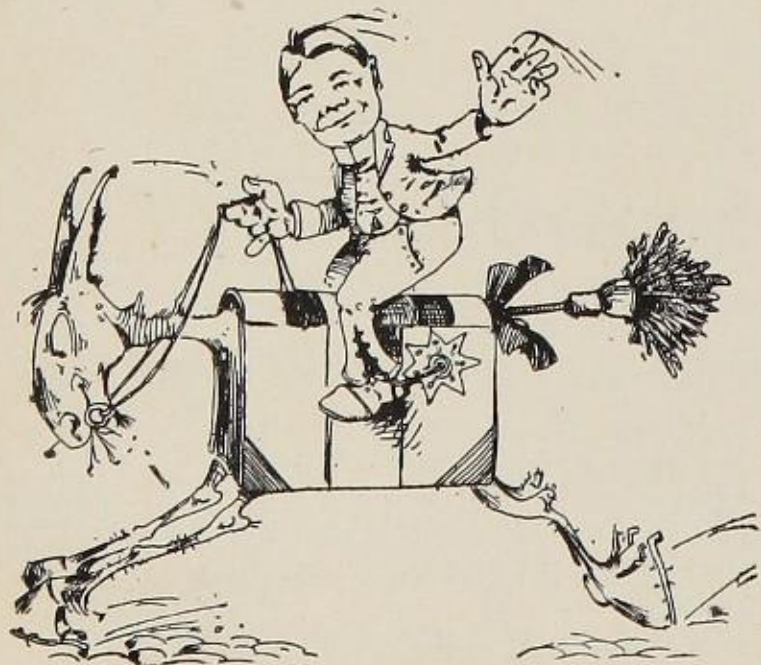
604 South Broadway

LOS ANGELES, CAL.



"Star and Crescent will please
 come to order."

Elsie was
 Maiden fair,
 Laughing eyes,
 Coal black hair ;
 Wanted candy,
 Had no mon,
 Said to Woodford,
 "Lend me some?"
 Woodford willing
 Gave her ten,



SOCIETY NOTE—Mr. Kreider spent yesterday
 afternoon horseback riding.

Smiling sweetly
 Thanked him ; then
 Called the girls,
 "Have some, do !"
 Of the bags
 Picked up two ;
 How the boys
 Jollied Wood,
 Candy man said
 "Dime's no good."



May 15—General indignation meeting.

May 19—Anti-Fat Society formed. Members: Gibson, Wiggins, North, Thom, Anthony, Bonsall.

Telephone Green 262



**Practical
Hatter**

Silk and Felt Hats Cleaned and Re-blocked in Latest Style.

216 N. Spring St., Temple Block

Hunter's Texas Tamales

The highest grade of Tamales in the United States of America, and the pride of Los Angeles. They are served upon the tables of the cultured and refined. Hunter's Tamales have been pronounced by competent judges to be superior to any in Los Angeles. Try them.

J. B. HUNTER

622 Bellevue Ave. Los Angeles, Cal.

We Sell Clothes



To the ...

**Little High
School Boys**

AGE 12 TO 24

At any old price. Lots of styles
thrown in.

London Clothing Co.

CHRISTOPHER & SPARKS

**CATERERS AND
CONFECTIONERS** ❀ ❀



..241 S. Spring St. Los Angeles

Our CHOCOLATES are the finest
made.

Our ICE CREAM is the best.

This Book Bound by

GLASS & LONG

Book Binders
And ❀ ❀
Blank Book
Manufacturers



**215-215 NEW HIGH STREET
LOS ANGELES, CAL. ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀**

Phone
535

May 28—Harold Baxter establishes a new record. Drinks a pint of—water—in six seconds.
June 5—Several boys wear golf trousers to school. Oculists in city do a thriving business

THE SCORCHER.

Vol. I. No. I.

Los Angeles High School, June 32, 1899.

Price, \$5.00

EXTRA !!!

A HORRIBLE CATASTROPHE

NARROWLY AVERTED.

PROMINENT YOUNG SOCIETY MAN ESCAPES AN AWFUL FATE.

[By Associated Gossip Telegram.]

Ingraham street—9.30 P.M.

What came very near to being a serious accident occurred this evening, at the delightful party given by Mr. Fay and Mr. Davisson. It happened during the seventh dance.

All through the evening it was noticed that there was something peculiar in the actions of Mr. Wheeler North. It was first reported by Miss Rena Kane, who discovered a certain erraticalness in the usually smooth style of his dancing. She did not mention it at first, and it was only after Miss Engstrum, Miss Kimble and Miss Cornwall had noticed the same thing that it was thought to be serious.

It soon developed into a severe case of that peculiar obnoxious malady, "The Dip." This disease, as is well known, causes wild gyrations and sudden lunges of the patient. The convulsions culminated in the seventh dance, when

Miss Josephine Lewis found that Mr. North's knees *were almost touching the floor.*



MR. WHEELER NORTH.

Horrible thought! If they did, at the speed at which he was now going, he would be injured for life! Miss Lewis was overcome with hysterics, screamed and fainted, and it was only after several trips to the lemonade-bowl that she revived!

Later—At the moment of going to press we learn that Mr. North is slowly recovering, and is expected to be in his normal condition in a few weeks. Miss Lewis is also out of danger. The unfortunates have our deepest sympathy in their severe affliction.

[Willie Wiggins.]

LOCAL BRIEFS.

Mr. Samuel Kreider attended the Free Harbor Jubilee barbecue.

So did Mr. R. Palm Hillman.

Also Mr. Lawrence Baker.

And Mr. Harry Baxter.

[H. Shinn.]

THE SCORCHER

MISSING.

THE COMMUNITY ALARMED!

MR. JOHN LASHBROOKE FAILS TO ARRIVE AT THE CLASS PARTY.

[Special to the Scorchers.]

At an early hour Tuesday evening the palatial abode of Miss Harrison, on Lake Ave., was the scene of gay festivities. But a pall was to fall upon the gay throng. The protracted absence of Mr. John Lashbrooke, our well known and respected fellow-townsmen, became the cause of much worry. The police were notified, but could not find the missing one.

Finally, when all hope had been given up, in walked the cause of all the alarm. Upon inquiry it was learned that he had taken the wrong car by mistake, and had been rusticating in the wilds of West Pico street. The knowledge of his safe return has lifted an inexpressible load from our minds.

[Jonathan Doneup Bowler.]

SOCIETY JOTTINGS.

Miss Grace Laubersheimer, of the High School, was among the excursionists that attended the Free Harbor Jubilee barbecue at San Pedro.

Mr. Augustus T. Jackson spent the recent holidays at his country house in Hollywood.

The Eucalyptus Social Club, of Room 16, enjoyed an outing at Pasadena. Many wheels were ridden—and carried. It is safe to say that the quiet people of our suburb were aware of our presents. (There were about 2000 in pink and green.)

Mr. John Cooper has decided that he will not continue in social life for a time, as it is Lent—(his money.) [C. Kalamazoo Judy.]

EDITORIAL.

In pursuance of the recent signature law, all articles in the SCORCHER are signed by their writers.

We are glad to note the recovery of Mr. Robert Edwards, formerly of San Diego, who has been laid up with a severe attack of brain fever, caused by excessive study of A12 English.

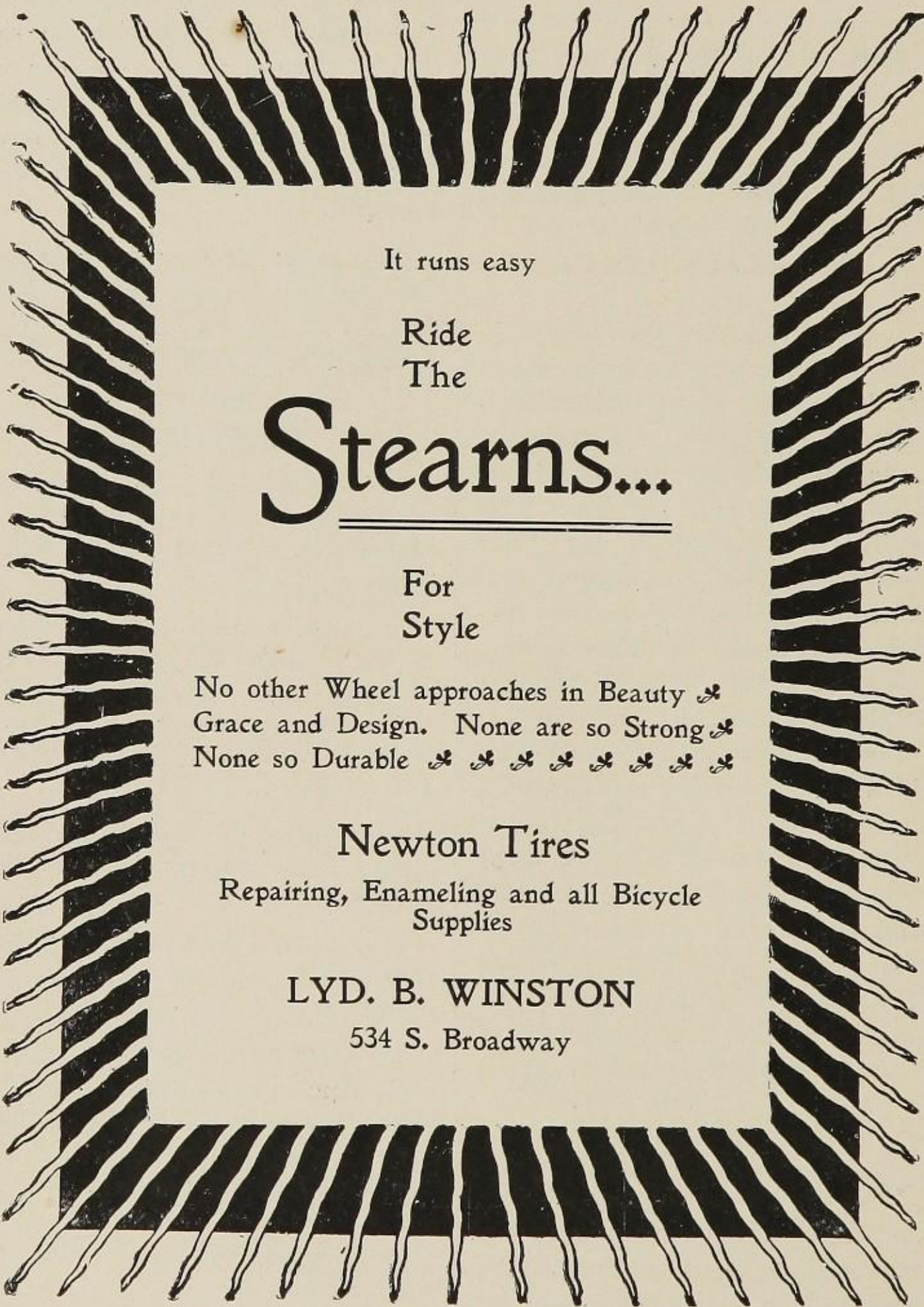
Mr. Clarence Baruch is also slowly convalescing from a similar attack.

It is common talk that before long Mr. T. Jackson Douglass will come to the workhouse.

Mr. Donald Irvin wishes us to announce that his middle name is Forsha, and that if any personals appear about him, he will never speak to the editor again. In the face of this awful threat we will close our office and go to Star and Crescent.

Mr. Hillman wishes it stated that he did not go to San Pedro with Mr. Kreider, but that he took E. Anthony with him.

[E. Z. Mark.]



It runs easy

Ride
The

Stearns...

For
Style

No other Wheel approaches in Beauty ✕
Grace and Design. None are so Strong ✕
None so Durable ✕ ✕ ✕ ✕ ✕ ✕ ✕ ✕

Newton Tires

Repairing, Enameling and all Bicycle
Supplies

LYD. B. WINSTON

534 S. Broadway

W. H. Neiswender

General Real Estate
and Loans

106 South Broadway



The man who knows a bargain
when he sees it.

Makes appraisements for the leading banks, assumes charge of properties or estates for non-residents.

His fifteen years of experience has made him an acknowledged authority on values.

LOWMAN & CO.

HIGH CLASS HATTERS
and MEN'S OUTFITTERS

Solicit Your Patronage : : : 131 South Spring Street



Nobby Styles for Young Men, at Popular Prices, Our Specialty.

What I Can't Do.

Donald Irvin—Convince G—— that I am all right.

Philo Lindley—Recite astronomy.

Leo Gibson—Help being popular.

Olin Wellborn—Whistle.

Clara Walton—Manage my brother.

Hugh Shinn—Look pleasant.

Pembroke Thom—Fill my program at a dance.

Keturah Paul—Act as if I were over sixteen.

Florence Field—Ride a tandem and do my hair up.

Rowena Moore—Make up my mind.

Phila Johnson—Drown myself while Pembroke is around.

Edward Calder—Play checkers at Y. M. C. A. rooms.

Florence Norton—Walk dignified.

Mary Pearline Putnam } —Help liking each other.
Grace Barnett } —Fail in Advanced Algebra.



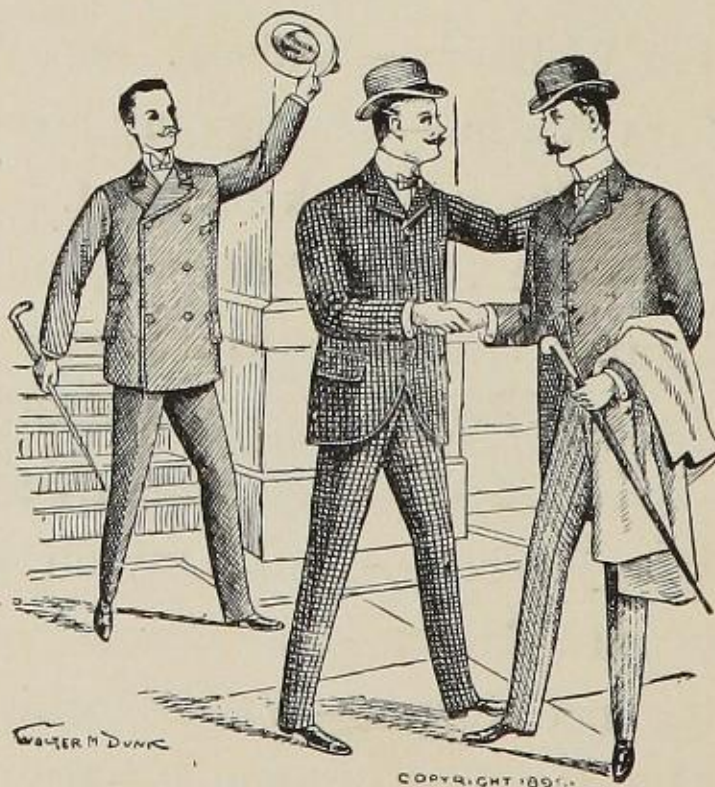
NETS FOR THE UNWARY

Are usually found on every hand, but the man who has had his clothing made at this establishment is a hard bird to catch on cheap goods and badly finished and fitting clothing, because he knows we will fit him out like a gentleman, with a suit as handsome as a fashion plate, in style, fit and elegant material.

H. A. GETZ

.. FINE ..
TAILORING

229 W. Third St.



CENTRAL PARK PHARMACY

PRESCRIPTION
DEPARTMENT

Ice Cream

Soda

with Fruit Juice
Syrup—5c. a Glass

W. KABISIUS

6th and Olive
Los Angeles

TELE-
PHONE
GREEN
604



銀
用
通

TOM LEE

LAUNDRY

Only the finest work done here. All
orders guaranteed. We put the

NO-WORK-EDGE

on all collars and cuffs. Special style of iron-
ing for Rubber Necks. No Non-Union Men.

Removed from Burlington Ave. to W. 7th St.

Bunco Publishing Co.

We publish anything from
an Encyclopaedia to a
postage stamp. Special
rates to former members
of "Lyceum."

See Our Line of Golf Suits.

ARTHUR WRIGHT, Manager

Answers to Correspondents.

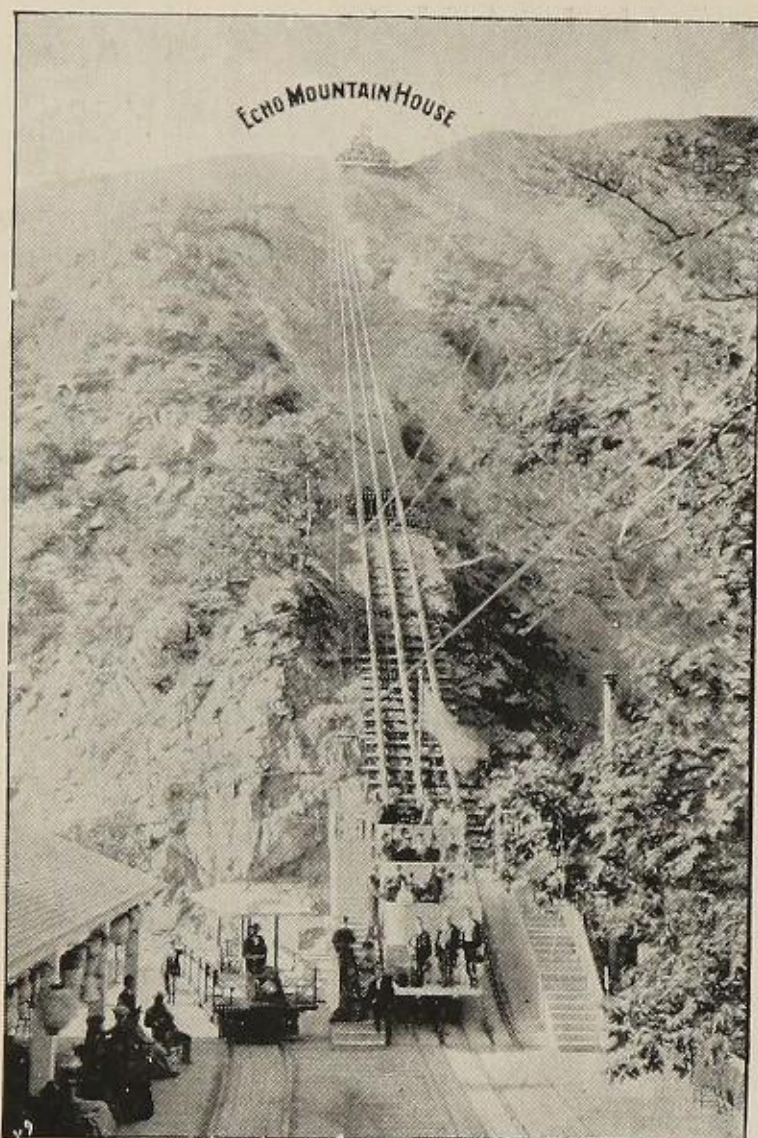
Blanche Engstrum—A good way to attract the attention of a young man is to drop all your papers and books at his feet. He will probably remember you afterward.

Beatrice Snow—Those stamp photos, twenty-eight for a quarter, are very economical. Seeing that you will have to give one to each of your friends, the outlay will not be so apt to break you as if you had cabinets.

Arthur Wright—I recommend that you rub your head every night with arnica or Pond's Extract. It may reduce the swelling somewhat, although if the trouble is of long standing it is probably, by now, incurable.

Florence Field—If you are troubled with dyspepsia, a mixture of equal parts of malted milk, Mellin's Food and hair oil, will be efficacious.

Fannie Coulter—Lemon Drop is a very nice name. Never wager a box of candy with the personal editor that your name will not appear.



Great Cable Incline Mount Lowe Ry.

Mt. Lowe Railway

MAGNIFICENT PANORAMIC

VIEW OF

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Rubio Canyon
Echo Mountain
Ye Alpine Tavern
Summit of
Mount Lowe ...

HOTELS Echo
Mountain
House
... and Ye Alpine Tavern

Finest of all Mountain Resorts.
Complete in every detail for com-
fort, pleasure and recreation.

Special Ticket Rates for
Picnic and Excursion Parties

CLARENCE A. WARNER

Traffic and Excursion Agent, 214 S. Spring
Street, Los Angeles, Cal. Tel Main 960

J. S. TORRANCE

Gen'l Manager, Echo Mountain, Cal.

Answers to Correspondents — Continued.

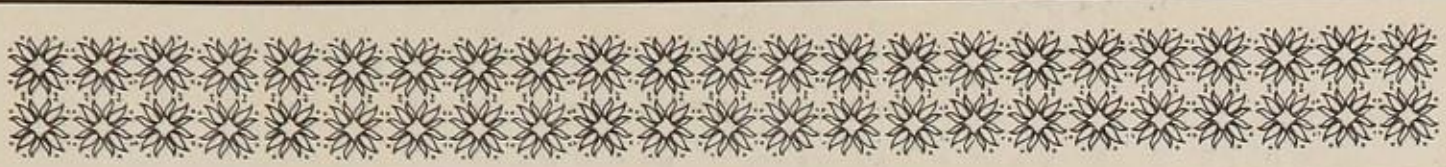
Philo Lindley—Yes, we know that you were elected President of the Los Angeles High School Athletic Association, limited. After having such an honor thrust upon you, you should never hesitate a moment about setting 'em up the crowd, even if it had to be Summer '99's, at six for a quarter.

Helen Kelly—Too bad you didn't get an invitation to Hamil-Fay's party. Perhaps if you had asked Sam Bonsall he might have gotten one for you.

Harry A. Walton—The old practice for boys to "sit out" one another has gone out of date. However, if you *will* persist in it, take my advice, never try to sit out the boy who lives across the street.

Theresa Klein—You are undoubtedly one of the best known young ladies in the High School. That Senior A Class pin is very becoming ; but, say, whose is it?

Moye Stephens—It is certainly nice to be a great man. I sympathize with you in your surroundings. Perhaps, if you used your gavel liberally you *might* drive some common sense into the heads of Winter '00. There is certainly room.

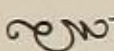


Fine Diamond Setting

a
Specialty ❀



W. A. CHAMBERLAIN



Manufacturing
Jeweler ❀

Rooms 11-12 . . . 114 South Spring Street
LOS ANGELES



Class and Greek Letter Society
Pins a Specialty ❀



Entenmann & Borst

MANUFACTURING

JEWELERS AND WATCHMAKERS

DIAMOND SETTERS
AND ENGRAVERS

MEDALS, SOCIETY BADGES AND SCHOOL PINS
IN GOLD AND SILVER

FINE WATCH REPAIRING A SPECIALTY

Any Description of Gold and Silver Made to Order and Repaired

217½ South Spring St.
Up-Stairs

TEL. GREEN
1953

LOS ANGELES, CAL.



On your way to school stop at

RIVERS BROS.

For everything in the

FRUIT AND GROCERY LINE

Telephone Main 1426

BROADWAY AND TEMPLE

In the Recitation Room.

Bright Sayings by Some Old Favorites.

Prof.—“What is the answer to this?”

Mr. Snow—“I don't know.”

Prof.—“Correct.”

Teacher (in astronomy)—“What is the vernal equinox?”

Philo.—“I-er-I've forgotten.”

Teacher—“Did you ever know?”

Horatio Baker—“I couldn't draw the figure. It is too high on the board.”

McComb—“Why didn't you get Wiggins to do it?”

Prof.—“Which one do you mean, Mr. McComb?”

Teacher (in Latin)—“Why did you change your seat, Miss Dodge?”

Flossie—“Why—why, because I wanted to be nearer you, sir.”

Teacher—Dumfounded.

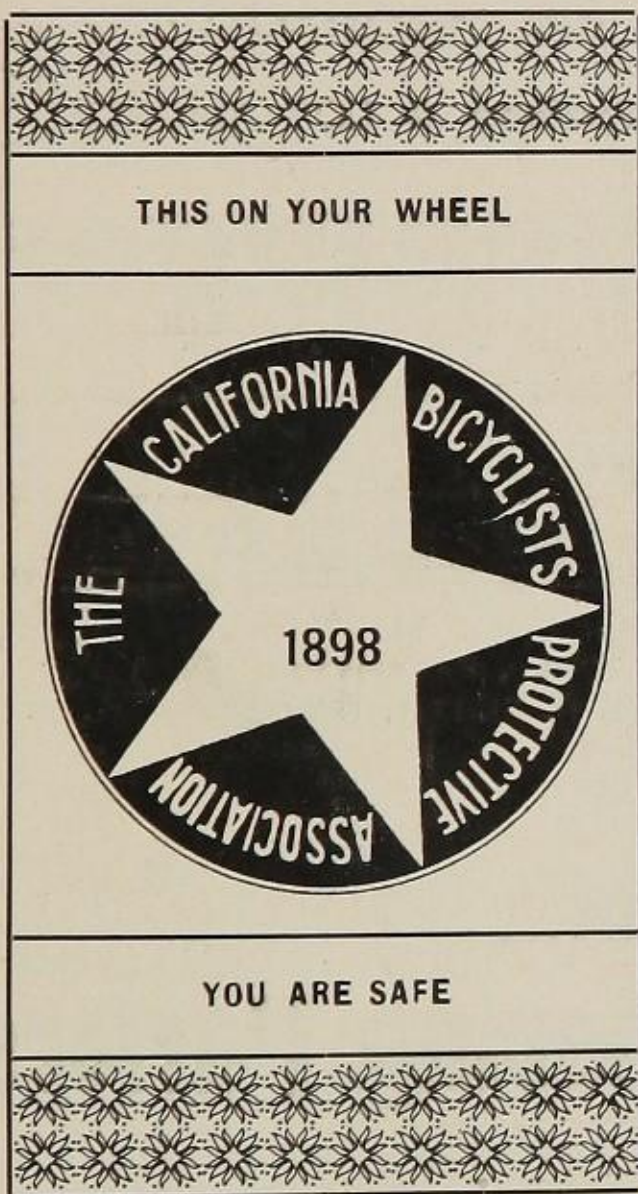
Flossie—Blushes.

The Class—Roars.

WE REPLACE STOLEN WHEELS...

NO LOCKS Over 100 wheels STOLEN last month. More this month. All sorry they did not have them registered. Thought they could save a FEW CENTS, and now have to buy a new wheel. Register your wheel, and you have one every day in the year.

NO CHAINS If you LOSE YOUR WHEEL, we give you a better one to ride. Call at our office. Let us explain everything to you. Only costs you a few CENTS A MONTH, and once your wheel is registered, you have our guarantee that you will always have a wheel to ride—and a good one, too.



THE CALIFORNIA BICYCLISTS' PROTECTIVE ASS'N

INCORPORATED

CAPITAL \$10,000

Nearly 400 Stars on 400 fine wheels, ridden by 400 of the best people in the city. Why not be one of them? REMEMBER, your money back if not satisfied.

ARTHUR C. HARPER, President
(Of Harper-Reynolds Co.)

CHAS. J. GEORGE, Sec'y and Mgr.
(General Insurance)

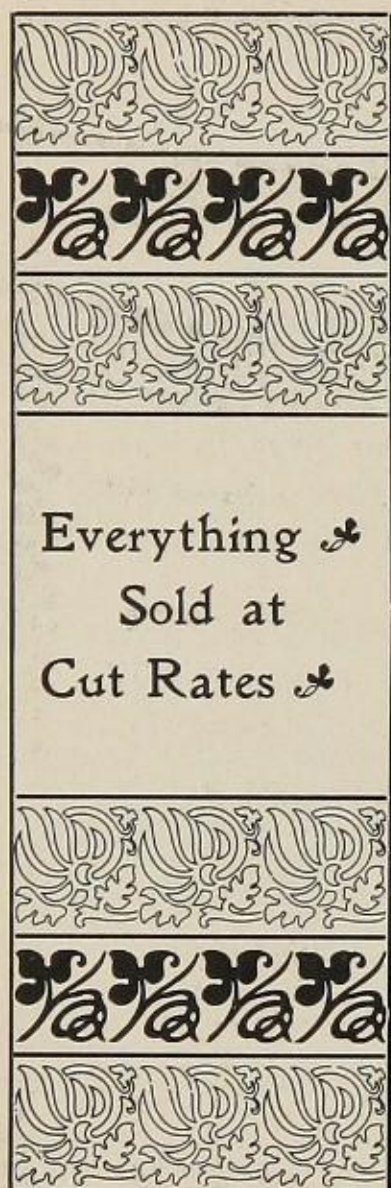
Reference, any Bank or Business House in the City.



Main Office, 208 LAUGHLIN BLOCK



LOS ANGELES



Everything ✧
Sold at
Cut Rates ✧

Don't fail to visit ✧

☺ THE FINEST DRUG STORE
ON THE COAST

Drugs, Medicines, Toilet Articles, Etc. ✧ ✧
A Fine Line of Hurd's Stationery ✧ ✧ ✧
Ladies' Purses, Pocket Books and Leather Goods ✧
Try a Glass of "Summer '99" ✧ The Official
Drink of the L. A. High School ✧ ✧ ✧ ✧

Wolf & Chilson

Cor. Second and Broadway ✧ LOS ANGELES



THE FINEST SHAVING
PARLORS IN
THE
CITY

10 CHAIRS ✧ ✧



W. F. BALL, PROPRIETOR
THEO. R. SMITH, MANAGER

The...
...Oak Shaving Parlors

POPULAR PRICES ✧

Haircutting 20c.
Shaving 10c.
Shine 5c.



106 ✧ ✧ ✧
NORTH SPRING STREET

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA



Successful Students...

THE economical, systematic people are the successful people in this day and age. Economy and systematic saving go hand in hand.

The UNION BANK OF SAVINGS is the right hand helper for the economical student who wishes to save systematically.

No matter how large or small your deposit may be you can place it here, where it will grow while you eat and sleep.

Students just making their start in life, are cordially invited to make their first bank deposit with the

Union Bank of Savings

223 South Spring St.

Next to Los Angeles Theatre

What I Want People to Know.

Hamilton Fay—That I am something of a ladies' man myself, in my own cute little way.

Wheeler North—That Polly says I can dance.

Woodford Davisson—That I am *some* in a golf suit myself.

Alice Retzer—That I may be small, but I'm game.

Bertha Pollard—That I am still walking on hearts.

Rowena Moore—That ghosts have arms, at least I think they do, at class parties.

Truman Wiggins } —That that "long and short of it" josh is
Willie Wiggins } getting stale.

Clara Walton—That my papa says I don't have to go to bed at 7:30.

Florence Dodge—That after I finish college I intend to get married.

S. R. Kellam 

Cleaning, Dyeing and
Repairing 



Merchant
Tailor ::

362
SOUTH BROADWAY

BUSINESS SUITS

\$15 TO ORDER

:: :: :: Los Angeles, California

KNOLL'S ORCHESTRA

545
SOUTH HOPE
STREET



Music Furnished for all 
Occasions  Dances our
Specialty    

LOS ANGELES
CALIFORNIA

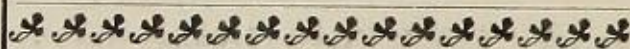


M. KNOLL, LEADER AND PROMPTER

TELEPHONE RED 1026

The CLEVELAND 


IS A GOOD BICYCLE



CLEVELAND CYCLE CO.  332 SOUTH MAIN STREET

Henry F. Kramer

School for Dancing
Physical Culture
Elocution

932
SOUTH GRAND AVENUE

If you need ... MUSIC 
or ... MUSICAL 
INSTRUMENTS

You will be sure to "get your
money's worth" at the Music
Store of :: :: :: :: :: :: ::

J. B. Brown
313 S. BROADWAY



SCHOOL BOOKS BOUGHT
SOLD and :: ::
EXCHANGED



JONES' BOOK :: :: STORE

226 West First Street
LOS ANGELES



CANDY ...



See our French Choco-
lates and Creams
25c. A POUND..

Nothing like them for :: ::
QUALITY AND
FLAVOR :: ::



ICE CREAM AND SHERBET

The Best in the City, \$1 a Gallon.
Hot and Cold Drinks. Up-to-date
Catering :: :: :: :: :: :: ::

HICKS 206
S. BROADWAY

Points Brought Out in the Trial.

The size of Mr. Howard's shoes (10).
Miss Cornwall's age (12).
Mr. Hendrick's wit (?).
Why Mr. Bosbyshell dislikes grapes and trips to Catalina.
That Dunkelberger is in-cline-d to think that the belle of the
school is in 22, III Period.
Whose picture Lucile Walton has in the back of her watch.

Distinguished People.

What made them Famous.

Everett—Rouge.
Hugh Shinn—That Senior B Class song.
Trow Hendrick—Tennis championship.
Margaret Henderson—Literary programs.
John Cooper—His new suit.
J. Lashbrooke—His smile.
Elsie Laux—Delta Iota Chi.
Leo Gibson—His yards of length.
Truman Wiggins } —That trip to San Pedro on Jubilee Day.
Horatio Baker }



The Attractive Route

To the favorite Seaside Resorts is the

LOS ANGELES TERMINAL RAILWAY



Terminal Island (By the Sea)

Catalina Island



Long Beach



San Pedro

Are the favorite and most delightful places
and only a short ride from Los Angeles
where can be found the finest

Open-Sea Bathing

Yachting and Fishing on the Pacific Coast

Information and Excursion Tickets on sale at Ticket Office,
214 South Spring Street, Los Angeles.

S. B. HYNES, Gen'l Mgr.

T. C. PECK, Gen'l Ag't Pass. Dept.

PROF. HARRY A. WALTON, G. I.

Instruction given in the
Royal Game of Golf

Special attention given to beautiful young ladies.

On account of taking so much more time to teach them

The Prices will be Reduced.

Come Early and Avoid the Rush

Address all communications to

PROF. HARRY A. WALTON, GOLF INSTRUCTOR

1367 SOUTH FIGUEROA STREET

Teacher—(in Physics, turning a machine) “Now you see
this is turned by a crank.”

Time, 9 A. M. Place, Room 35—A wheezing, screeching noise
comes from the laboratory outside.

Teacher—“Will you see who is in the laboratory, Miss Chad-
sey?” (Three minute interval.)

Miss Chadsey—“Oh, it's only Mr. Joseph sneezing.”

In Physics.

Teacher—“What is electricity?”

William Yarnell—“Electricity is a phenomenon.”

Voice in back—“Then Yarnell is electricity.”

...BICYCLES

We Always Have
SECOND-HAND WHEELS
at Great Bargains

Great Bargains
in All
Kinds of
BICYCLES

THE WHITE IS KING...

We sell the WHITE,
the IMPERIAL :: ::
the ANITA :: :: ::

BICYCLES

And many other reli-
able makes

All of our 1899 models
we are selling at great-
ly reduced prices, re-
gardless of cost :: ::

We sell for Cash or on
Part Payments

REPAIRING NEATLY DONE

Pumps, Locks, Bells, Spokes
and all Sundries at Lowest
Prices.

Wholesale and Retail Agents Wanted Everywhere

A. R. Maines Mfg. Co.

435 South Spring Street

Telephone Main 410

LOS ANGELES, CAL.



